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Celebrating the festival of their patron, St. John of Nepomuc. Page 116.

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SKETCHES

OF

GERMANY AND THE GERMANS,

WITH A GLANCE AT

POLAND, HUNGARY, & SWITZERLAND,

IN 1834, 1835, AND 1836.

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BY

AN ENGLISHMAN RESIDENT IN GERMANY.

B. 1143

Die Länder wirst du sehen, die das wilde
Gespann des Kriegs zertrat;
Doch lächelnd grüst der Friede die Gefilde
Und streut die gold'ne Saat.—SCHILLER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS

OF

VOL. I.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Introductory Observations — Hamburg — Inhabitants of the Vierländer — The late Poet Klopstock — Inveterate Smoking of the Hamburgers — Cruelty of Marshal Davoust — Heligoland — Altona — Kiel — Graves of the Huns — Lake of Ploen — Duchy of Holstein — Lubeck — Hanseatic League — Dobberan — Monument to Prince Blucher — Rostock — Stralsund — The Island of Rugen — Pomerania — The Baltic 1

CHAPTER II.

Return to Hamburg — Güstrow — Schwerin — Ratzeburg — Departure for Berlin — Roads — Lauenburg — Ludwigslust — Mecklenburg — Historical Glance — Sovereigns — Inhabitants — Aristocratic Prejudices — Nobility — Climate — Low-German Language — Prussian Frontier — Mile Obelisks — Perleberg — Fehrbellen — Spandau — Galley-slaves — Charlottenburg — Mausoleum of the late Queen of Prussia — Arrival at Berlin 36

CHAPTER III.

PAGE

Brandenburgerthor—Unter den Linden—Palace of the King —Statue of Blucher—Royal Palace—Legend—Museum— Anecdote of an English family—General aspect of Berlin— Theatres—Condittoris — Dram-shops—The late Chancellor Hardenberg — Prussian Jurisprudence—Prison Discipline— Public Instruction—Hackney-coaches—The Police—Manufactures—Commerce—University 56

CHAPTER IV.

Historical Glance of the House of Hohenzollern—Attempt to assassinate the King of Prussia—Character of the Crown Prince—Military—Political Observations—Society at Berlin —National Character—Berlin Cockneyisms—Mode of living —Military Despotism—Potsdam—Tomb of Frederick the Great—Sans Souci—Tivoli Gardens—Monument of the People—Public Promenade the Thiergarten 84

CHAPTER V.

An unexpected Rencontre—Departure for Warsaw—Province of Neumark — Prussian Postilions — Custrin — Zorndorf— Landsberg—Prussian Poland—Posen—Table d'hôte—Russian Poland—Frontier—Custom-house—Aspect of the Country—Condition of the People—Warsaw—Society—State of public Feeling—Return to Posen—Some account of the malady Plica Polonica—Ophthalmia 108

CHAPTER VI.

PAGE

Silesia—Battle-field of Lissa and Frederic the Great—Breslau —Kälisch — Tomb of Blucher — Zobtenberg Mountain— Schweidnitz—Mineral Bath of Salzbrun—Castle of Fürstenstein—Landshut—Mountainous range of the Riesengebirge— Schmiedeberg—Decline of trade—Historical sketch of Silesia —Character of the People—Cemeteries 133

CHAPTER VII.

Ascent of the Schneekoppe—The Châlet of Hempelsbaute— Adersbach Labyrinth of Rocks — English Spleen—Mineral Bath of Warmbrun—Mode of bathing—Ruins of the Castle of Kynast—Legend of its Lady Kunigunde—Visit to the Waterfalls—Valley of the Elbe—Friedrichsthal — General Observations upon the Riesengebirge and its Inhabitants .. 158

CHAPTER VIII.

Liebwerda Mineral Springs—Bohemia—Prague—Hradschin Palace—Charles X. and his Family—Cathedral—Monument of St. John of Nepomuc—Fête of the Saint—Queen Libussa —Excursion to the Valley of Scharka — St. Ivan and the Castle of Carlstein—General Observations—Character of the Bohemians—Moravia—Route to Vienna—Field of Austerlitz 185

CHAPTER IX.

PAGE

Departure for Carlsbad—Rail-road—Incendiarism—Carlsbad—Promenades—Discovery of the Springs—Anecdote of the King of Prussia—Töplitz—Mineral Waters—Battle-field of Culm—Adventure in the Mountains — Smugglers — Saxon Switzerland — Polish Traveller — Fortress of Königstein — King's palace, Pilnitz..... 214

CHAPTER X.

Dresden—General aspect of the Town—Japan Palace—Collection of porcelain — Picture Gallery — Theatre — Baths — Amusements—Lord Findlater's Coffee-garden—General Observations — Departure for Muskau—Bautzen—Province of Lusatia—Inhabitants—Château and Park of Prince Pückler Muskau — Return to Dresden — Meissen—Leipsic—Fair—Promenades—Gipsy Prophecy of the Death of Prince Poniatowski—Book Trade—Literary Piracy—Battle of Leipsic —Its disastrous consequences to the Inhabitants..... 242

CHAPTER XI.

A Glance at Thuringia—German Authors—Schiller—Göethe—Scene at the Inn at Borna—Chemnitz and its Manufactures —Mining District—Erzgebirge Mountains—The Madonna of Culm—Egar—Wallenstein—Franzbrun Mineral Springs—Valley of the Egar—Wunsiedel—Melancholy fate of three Englishmen—Alexanders-bad — Ascent of the Louisenberg and Ochsenkopf—Berneck—Baireuth—Hermitage—Franconian Switzerland—Grottos 273

CHAPTER XII.

PAGE

Muggendorf—Scene at the Inn—Bamberg—Miracles of Prince Hohenlohe—Erlangen—Students—Anecdote of the King of Bavaria—Nuremberg—Cathedral—Monument of St. Sebalde by Peter Fischer—An English Traveller—Anspach—Wildbad Mineral Springs — Werthheim Wines — Wurzburg — Legend of the Scottish Saint, Kilian—Public Institutions—Wurzburg Wines 308

CHAPTER XIII.

Historical Sketch of Franconia—Mineral Baths—Kissingen—Bocklet and Bruckenau—Beautiful Scenery—Departure for Cassel—Fulda—City of Cassel—Wilhelms-höhe—Anecdote of Jerome Bonaparte—Pyrmont—Character of the Hessians —Ruins at Gelnhausen—Taunus Mountains—Ascent of the Alt-König—Description of the Mineral Springs of Wiesbaden —Schwalbach—Schlangenbad—and Ems—Excursion to the Hartz Mountains—Marburg—Kingdom of Hanover—Göttengen University—Students—The Brocken 336

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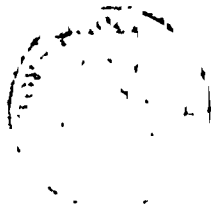
SKETCHES of HUNGARY and the HUNGARIANS, including a Tour through Transylvania, the Carpathian Mountains, and the Turkish Provinces on the Banks of the Danube to the Black Sea and Constantinople, with a Map from the latest Authorities, and numerous Illustrations taken from Drawings made expressly for this Work.



GERMANY,
FROM
The latest Authorities
1836.
NORTH SEA
BALTIC SEA
DENMARK
SWEDEN
HANOVER
PRUSSIA
SAXONY
BAVARIA
SWITZERLAND
FRANCE
The red line indicates the Water forming the Principal Rivers.

SKETCHES

OF

GERMANY AND THE GERMANS,

In 1835 & 1836.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory Observations—Hamburg—Inhabitants of the Vierländer—Klopstock—Smoking—Marshal Davoust—Heligoland—Altona—Kiel—Graves of the Huns—Lake of Ploen—Holstein—Lubeck—Hanseatic League—Dobberan—Monument to Prince Blucher—Rostock—Strahlsund—Rugen—Pomerania—Baltic.

To delineate the features of such a country as Germany is an arduous undertaking: would that my ability to execute it were equal to my inclination; for I mingled with her children till acquaintance matured into friendship; I studied her language and literature, till their charms developed themselves to my admiration; I ascended her magnificent Alps, climbed her highest mountains, traversed her dark forests, and fertile vales, penetrated her deep ravines, and romantic glens, till my

attachment was won for a soil which contains every element of pictorial beauty. I made my home in her most important towns, and drank the cup of hospitality at the table of the prince, the noble, the merchant, and the peasant; yet I will not swell my pages with a bombastic catalogue of my patrician friends, nor allow party feelings to bias my representations; I shall also studiously refrain from invading the recesses of private life, by publishing the names of those individuals, to whom I may have been indebted for information. The neglect of this courtesy, I need scarcely tell my readers, has been attended with serious consequences to many persons living under arbitrary governments, who in the fulness of unsuspecting confidence betrayed political sentiments which were never intended to meet the public eye. Owing to this most culpable practice, an English gentleman is now too frequently regarded, by foreigners, in the character of a domestic spy! And I would, in all sober seriousness, counsel such of my compatriots as intend to cross the channel, when they solicit letters of introduction, to request their friends to insert the words, Mr. —— has not the slightest intention to write a book!

With these preliminary observations, I shall now proceed on my tour, and commence my narrative on board the Tourist, steam packet, bound for Hamburg, in which I left London in the spring of 1834, for the north of Germany. A description of my fellow-travellers would not afford either information or amusement; suffice it to say, they were a motley group of Russians, Danes, Swedes, and—of course—English.

One family of my dear wandering countrymen, evidently better acquainted with pounds, shillings, and pence, than Germany, had hired a French servant in London, who persuaded them that through Hamburg was the most convenient route to the mineral baths of Nassau! A little inquiry convinced them it was somewhat circuitous, and a small portion of experience proved that even an English servant would have been more useful, as the Frenchman was entirely unacquainted with the German language.

After an unusually quick passage of forty-eight hours, we arrived within sight of Heligoland, from whose summit Britannia's red cross banner was proudly waving, and shortly afterwards entered the magnificent Elbe, whose monotonous shores continued most unpicturesque, till we arrived at Blankenesse, from whence the approach to the king of the Hanseatic towns is most imposing. To the left is the noble river, sweeping in a fine curve of several miles, with its many islands and sloping shores, charmingly diversified with wood and cultivated fields, and dotted with windmills, cottages, and villas. Before us we have Hamburg and Altona, apparently forming one town, whose towers, mingled with masts, appear rising out of the bosom of the mighty stream,—the whole sheltered by a range of wooded heights, among which we have an occasional glance of the upper town, the whitewashed houses appearing like so many castellated châteaux; while on the right bank, which is low and flat, there is an extensive prospect over the vast plains of Hanover, bounded in the far distance by a chain of hills.

A stranger's first impression on landing at the old town of Hamburg is decidedly unfavourable; the most prominent objects remind him of the worst parts of Rotterdam, narrow streets and stagnant canals, redolent of those exhalations so offensive to a sensitive nasal organ; but on ascending the new town, he is agreeably pleased by a succession of clean wide streets, with handsome well-built houses, which sufficiently indicate that they belong to a rich, populous city.

As a commercial town, Hamburg has the advantage of being situated upon three navigable rivers, the Elbe, Alster, and Bille. Antiquarians pretend it is the Marionis of the Greeks, and the Grambriviorum of the Latins, that Jupiter Ammon was adored there, and hence the origin of its name, Ammonia. Be this as it may, it is now, owing to its advantageous position, (being in a manner the gate to the whole of Northern Europe,) the first maritime and commercial city in the Germanic Empire. Of the hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, who form the population, eight thousand are Jews: the latter I should judge to be the most despised of all the tribes of the house of Israel, for they are treated on every occasion, by their fellow citizens, with as much contumely as the negroes on the other side of the Atlantic by brother Jonathan.

Hamburg is honoured with the appellation of free! but it would almost seem as if the epithet were bestowed in derision; for being one of the Lilliputian members of the Germanic confederation, she is subject to the decisions of that despotic assembly, however tyrannical they may be, and in few German towns have I wit-

nessed a more rigid enforcement of the censorship of the press. In consequence of her commercial relations, she is so entirely under foreign influence, and so foreign in her manners, feelings and attachments, that she can scarcely be called German.

The military contingent of the little republic is fourteen hundred, besides the national guards, and a corps of police, about four hundred: the latter are extremely well organized, perform the duties of firemen, and watch the rise and fall of the Elbe, whose inundations are frequent and sudden: a pillar with an inscription informs us of the height this river attained during the dreadful inundation of 1771, which laid nearly the whole town under water. In consequence of this fearful calamity, a most humane law has been enacted, making it compulsory upon those who inhabit the upper part of a house, to receive, as inmates, the sick and children of those who dwell in the cellars. I need scarcely add, that the lower part of the houses are all tenanted by the poor.

Hamburg does not contain a single public edifice of striking architectural beauty: the Exchange is an elegant building, but by no means splendid; and the Orphan-house is merely celebrated as a benevolent institution. Among the churches, the most worthy of observation is St. Michael's, whose beautiful spire is fifty feet higher than St. Paul's of London. It is peculiary well adapted for astronomical observations, and commands a very extensive prospect, which a clear May evening afforded me an opportunity of enjoying to perfection. Altona and Hamburg lay beneath me, around which

gardens, parterres, groves, orchards, and pretty villas, were charmingly mingled. The majestic Elbe, studded with verdant islands, was seen winding its course through the immense plain; it was high tide, and numerous vessels, with their broad pennons gracefully waving in the breeze, floated in and out of the harbour. On the opposite coast lay the level country of Hanover, bounded at the dim horizon by a chain of hills, and the indistinct outline of the towers of Lunebourg. Towards the Baltic the view is not less extensive, comprising part of the plains of Holstein and Lauenburg, with the town of Lubeck. The landscape is altogether so delightful, that no traveller will regret the ascent, but he must be accompanied by fine weather and a good glass.

The most fashionable part of the town is on the banks of the Alster; here the river forms a basin, called the binnen Alster, so extensive that it occupies half an hour to complete the circuit, and on a summer's evening, when the vast lake is covered by so large an assemblage of gaily painted boats as to resemble a regatta, and the citizens in their best attire are enjoying the cool breezes on its shores, or crowding the numerous coffee-houses that surround it, my readers may easily imagine that few cities possess a more agreeable promenade than Hamburg.

To form an idea of the good things consumed by the well-fed Burghers of this flourishing city, a traveller should visit the principal market-place, and the banks of the Elbe, early in the morning: he will then see the harbour literally covered with boats, laden with such

provisions as would tempt the appetite of the most fastidious epicure,—Elbe salmon, oysters and lobsters from the German ocean, haddocks, &c. from the Baltic, beef and mutton from the fat prairies of Holstein, game from the neighbouring forests, together with the produce of her own territory, the "Vierländer," which are said to rival the Egyptian Delta in fertility.

The inhabitants of these fortunate little islands, the "Vierländer," are most primitive in their habits and manners, and are said to be very wealthy; they regard strangers with jealousy, and invariably intermarry with each other. The married women frequent the market, to sell the produce of the dairy and poultry-yard; while the young damsels are the flower-merchants, they are every where distinguished by their variegated costume, which is generally a violet-coloured petticoat, bordered with black ribbon, and stomachers composed of a mixture of red and green: the maidens wear their hair long and plaited, and a Turk would be in raptures on beholding them, for their good-humoured faces, shaded by broad straw hats, appear round and rosy as the full moon,—in short, whoever delights in contemplating the beauties of Rubens, may here find them in perfection. The men are as easily discoverable by their dark-coloured tight jackets, and small-clothes of most ample dimensions, and globular form: these are confined at the knees, where they are met by tight, black boots, contrived it would seem for the purpose of exhibiting to the best advantage the spindle-like proportions of the limbs they encase. A broad hat, in the Quaker style, completes their costume.

PEASANTS OF THE VIERLÄNDER.

While visiting the market, I observed a curious custom prevalent among the maid-servants: after depositing their purchases in long narrow baskets, they cover them with a printed cotton shawl of the brightest colours: thus equipped, the pretty damsels look as if each was carrying under her arms a baby in a cradle, enveloped in a gay quilt. The rosy plumpness of these lasses sufficiently indicates that they feed on other viands than salad or saurekraut; they are, I presume, somewhat fastidious, for a friend informed me some few years since they made such forcible remonstrances to the Burgomaster, that it was found necessary to pass a law, interdicting masters from compelling their servants

to eat salmon more than a certain number of days in the week!

The public baths, including hot, cold, and vapour, are admirably arranged: they have separate dressing-rooms, and a saloon for general accommodation, where visitors may be supplied with light refreshment: those of the "Stadt London" are of a superior description, being of marble, and fitted up with every attention to comfort: the water may be medicated according to the wish of the bather with sulphur, steel, salt, or medicinal herbs: the charges are very moderate.

Hamburg, though principally commercial, has nevertheless not been inattentive to the fine arts and literature, which are liberally patronized by many of the rich merchants. The city library contains several thousand volumes, together with many valuable autographs of eminent men, manuscripts, and rare engravings; while few towns are more amply provided with literary institutions, to all which respectable foreigners easily gain access. Here, Archenholz, the able historian of the seven years' war; took up his abode; and at a later period, the immortal Klopstock, the David of the New Testament: the latter died here, sincerely regretted by the inhabitants, who vied with each other in rendering those honours to his memory so eminently his due. On the day of his funeral the shops were closed, the vessels in the port lowered their colours, a funeral dirge was sounded by trumpets from the towers of the churches, and the bells were tolled: upon his bier was placed his noblest work, the Messiah, surrounded by a wreath of laurel; and upwards of a hundred private carriages, besides

numerous equestrians and pedestrians, followed in the train. At the gate of Altona, the corpse was received by the governor and military *en grande tenue*, together with the principal inhabitants of the town. This imposing ceremony was terminated by a choir of young girls, dressed in white, strewing his grave with flowers, and chaunting his own ode to Immortality.

Is it not a glorious triumph for Christianity, thus to witness the spontaneous tribute of a whole people in honour of a bard, who drew his stream of inspiration from her sacred source? Klopstock, the moral, the Christian author, of humble extraction, without connexions, without fortune, was respected and beloved by the members of every religious denomination during his earthly career, and his passage to a better world more resembled a triumph, than the last mournful scene of frail mortality; whilst the writings of the immoral and the sceptic, though they may win a little evanescent notoriety, yet confer not enduring renown, and only find readers among the foolish herd, who thirst after every wild theory, however absurd, so it is but novel, and the lapse of time invariably consigns the author and his works to the shades of oblivion. It is much to be regretted that our language does not possess a good translation of the "Messiah." "Faust" has had hundreds; but the beautiful, the holy verses of the inspired Klopstock have had but one; and that is not only full of errors, but entirely destitute of the spirit, the energy, and the beauty of the sublime original.

The majority of the inhabitants of Hamburg are members of the reformed Church, but exhibit as strong an attachment to Sunday amusements as the most

pious Catholic; and, although this is the grand day of public diversion, yet let not my readers suppose that the citizens are altogether neglectful of their sabbath duties, as the churches are well attended in the morning, it being in the afternoon that the pursuit after amusement is so actively carried on: then indeed the environs are filled with the gay citizens, the river covered with pleasure-boats, and the roads teem in every direction with persons of all ranks hastening to enjoy their various sylvan and rural recreations, while the sound of music and dancing is heard in all the houses of public entertainment. To a native of sober England, the aspect of such a gay scene is absolutely confounding; but here the prospect of the Sunday's recreation is anticipated with pleasure, alike by the merchant, the mechanic, and the labourer. And to the stranger, who mixes among the gay throng, an admirable opportunity is afforded of studying the character of the people; and I am inclined to think, the conclusion upon the whole would be favourable. The only drawback to my enjoyment was the universal habit of smoking tobacco,—the coffee-houses, the ball-rooms, the marquees, villas, cabarets, and promenades, in short, every place in which human beings were congregated was filled with a dense mass of this disagreeable vapour. The whole of the male population were armed either with a pipe or a segar, even boys of eight or ten years of age were to be seen indulging in this disgusting practice. The fair enemy of tobacco-smoke, Mrs. Trollope, would here have been completely horrified, for even some of the women are addicted to this most un-

feminine indulgence; and I have not unfrequently seen a handsome well-dressed girl receive from her inamorato, not a glass of lemonade, but a genuine Havannah, which she instantly commenced reducing to ashes with a *goût* as keen as that of a Spanish dandy in a coffee-house at Madrid.

"The universal prevalence of this mania through the whole of Germany," says an intelligent German writer, "has created an entire revolution in the diseases of the inhabitants, and through it the duration of life has been considerably abridged. The descendants of the ancient Germans, who were remarkable for their robust frames, broad shoulders, and expansive chests, have degenerated, by the too early use of tobacco, principally because it is inhaled before the constitution is formed, and capable of supporting its debilitating influence. I do not pretend to deny that its use may be beneficial to some constitutions; but to the tender plant of youth its effects are most certainly pernicious. In short, I have met with several instances of persons whose health has been entirely restored by refraining from its enervating indulgence."

But to quit this vapoury subject, the higher classes and merchants are very hospitable to strangers, particularly the English, whom they imitate in their manners, dress, and domestic arrangements; and owing, I presume, to this predilection, and the increasing trade with us and the United States, the English language is universally spoken, and its literature as universally cultivated. The tradespeople are much inferior to ours in intelligence, obliging manners, and honest dealing: they also

very generally speak English, but this class acquire it solely for the purpose of cheating our unsuspecting countrymen. This propensity in the Hamburgers is, however, very foreign to the general character of the natives of Germany.

The charitable institutions are numerous, and well regulated; the hand of benevolence is extended even to those whose lives are forfeited to the law, for during the period that elapses between condemnation and execution their palates are permitted unlimited gratification: this strange custom no doubt originates in a merciful intention, still I cannot avoid considering it a misplaced exertion of benevolence, thus to pamper the appetites of those who have so deeply outraged the laws of society that they are condemned to be sacrificed to its vengeance.

Perhaps no other town in Germany suffered more severely during the late war than Hamburg. Prior to its commencement, her prosperity was at its zenith, her merchantmen floated on every sea and rode in every harbour; but the destructive influence of this curse of humanity had well nigh consummated her ruin, for Marshal Davoust, one of the most inexorable ministers of the rapacity and vengeance of Napoleon, plundered and massacred the unfortunate citizens without mercy. In the midst of the carnage and pillage of the infuriated soldiery, a deputation of the most influential inhabitants waited upon the Marshal, praying that he would terminate their sufferings; when the barbarian angrily replied, "*Vous n'avez rien en propre, rebelles! que vous êtes, votre peau même appartient à L'Empereur!*" A gentleman of

this city informed me, that, from 1806 to 1814 the visits of their French friends cost them one hundred and forty millions of marcs banco, partly by the robbery of the bank and partly by forced contributions.

Since the peace, Hamburg has gradually retrieved her former flourishing condition, and now welcomes to her port the ships of every nation, while her own vessels continue increasing both in number and importance.—Still her situation is precarious: the influence of Prussia extends to her very gates, for it controls the decisions of her neighbour Mecklenburg by means of the 'Erbverbrüderung established between the two powers; and is not the prize too valuable to render it probable that Prussian cupidity will resist the temptation of taking forcible possession, when a favourable opportunity presents itself? for it is a possession that would secure to her immense importance in the north of Europe, as her territories would then be bounded at once by the German Ocean and the Baltic. Against the rapacity of Denmark, Hamburg contended for centuries; but she was then ably supported by the powerful Hanseatic League: what barrier has she now to place against any aggression which Prussia may at some future time meditate? Is there not, then, reasonable grounds for apprehending that her prosperous condition will be transitory in its duration, and that futurity may be fraught with perils to the devoted city?

With respect to the Prussian commercial league the opinions of the Hamburgers are divided, and, as may

* Compact of inheritance, by which two powers mutually agree that the survivor shall inherit the possessions of the other.

naturally be expected, are much modified by their individual interests; but the general impression seemed to be, that smuggling would increase to an extent most injurious to the Prussian revenue; indeed I was credibly assured that a company of contraband traders had been already formed: and this system will continue so long as Hamburg remains a free port, or England holds possession of Heligoland; and when we remember the powerful temptation to illicit traffic in the shape of protecting duties, can we feel surprised?—for instance, the duties upon cotton goods, are from eighty to a hundred per cent! and on calico for printing, a hundred and twenty-five per cent!

I shall now introduce my readers to Heligoland (insula sancta), which is only a few hours' voyage from Cuxhaven. It was taken by the British from Denmark during the late war, and confirmed to them at the peace of 1814, most probably because they would not give it up. The impression produced on a near approach is not agreeable, as the whole island, with its cluster of sand banks and rocks, presents an appearance of the most arid sterility, scarcely affording sufficient nourishment for a few sheep: however, with the aid of imported provisions, it maintains a population of 3,400. The women perform the agricultural labour; and the men, a fine athletic hardy people of the genuine Friesland race, are principally engaged in maritime occupations, such as fishing, piloting, and, if the truth must be told, in smuggling, and exhibit no small degree of self-complacency when they call themselves subjects of "Gross Britannien." The construction of the light-house

is worthy of the great despot of the seas, strong and massive: the stair-case and gallery are of iron, and the colossal lamp sheds a lustre so bright, that the distant mariner might almost deem it a brilliant meteor. It is the beacon to those ships which are about to enter the Elbe, the Weser, and the Eider; and it is scarcely necessary to add, that Heligoland is a possession of great importance to England, not alone in a commercial point of view, but in the event of a war with the Northern Potentates, for by commanding the entrance to these navigable rivers, together with the Holstein canal, which unites the Baltic with the German Ocean, she may be said without exaggeration to hold the key to the whole of north Germany. During the late war, it was the depôt from whence our colonial produce and manufactures were surreptitiously introduced into Germany, *malgré* Napoleon's prohibitory laws, edicts, and proclamations, as it now is, notwithstanding his most potent Majesty of Prussia's laws, edicts, and proclamations, and ever will be as long as it remains in the hands of England, and Englishmen manufacture cheaper and better goods than their neighbours.

The "Nord Albingia" of Charlemagne, Holstein, commences at the gates of Hamburg, and is decidedly the most valuable jewel in the diadem of Denmark. Altona, although not the capital of the duchy, is nevertheless the second town in point of commercial importance in the Danish dominions, and is with reference to Hamburg not inappropriately named "Altona," (too near) being merely separated from that city by a short avenue of lindens. Like its great rival, its

maritime commerce is extensive, and its manufactures flourishing, for which it is principally indebted to the settlement of a colony of enterprising Protestants, and also to the wise and prudent measures of the Danish government, who not only protected and encouraged commerce, but tolerated every sect of religion, and that at a period when less enlightened rulers chased from their territories all those who refused to conform to the religion of the state. The town is remarkably pleasant, being built on a gentle undulating hill, shelving down to the Elbe; the public buildings are elegant, and the general aspect of the town neat and clean; the population, which is on the increase, amounts to upwards of thirty thousand, including three thousand Jews.

A description of my route from hence to Kiel would not afford more pleasure to my readers, than it yielded me amusement, when I passed over the dreary heaths through which it lay; but let it not be supposed that sterility is the general character of the duchy, for the west, washed by the German Ocean, is extremely fertile; the same observation is applicable to the east, on the shores of the Baltic, which abounds with picturesque views, romantic lakes, &c.

The principal attraction of Kiel is the Holstein canal, which commences at Friedrichsort, about half a league from the town; we would suppose this very useful undertaking, which unites the Baltic with the German Ocean and thereby saves a sea-voyage of several hundred leagues, would be the means of giving an impetus to commercial activity, and of producing a very considerable revenue to the proprietors: no such

thing; they are not even receiving three per cent. on their outlay of capital, and the commerce of Kiel itself is merely confined to a few commission houses, and a little ship-building. In short, it is only on those days when the packet arrives, or departs to Copenhagen, that we perceive a little bustling activity in its almost deserted port.

During my journey to the lake of Ploen, I was much interested by several mounds, from ten to twenty feet high, and from a hundred to three hundred feet in circumference: these simple but enduring monuments of a great people, of which we have so few traditions, are generally covered with moss, and romantically shaded by fine old oaks; they are held in great veneration by the natives, who term them *hünen-graber* (graves of the Huns). I also occasionally observed huge blocks of granite, of a square form, called *Opfer-altaren*, said to be those used by the Druids while celebrating their horrible rites.

After passing these relics of antiquity, the fine lake of Ploen suddenly unfolded itself: it is four German miles in circumference, surrounded by a chain of hills; the general character of its scenery is wooded fertility and beauty, no where rising into the sublime. On the banks we perceive several pretty villages, some rearing their tiny spires among the lofty pines, others shelving down to the water's edge; these, with its romantic islands, and the fine old ducal castle, form a very pretty picture. The little town of Ploen, which adds a pleasing feature to the landscape, is situated on a peninsula; the town, however, loses all its charms when we

enter its deserted streets. The island Bischofswerder is famous for being, in days of yore, the residence of the hermit, Saint Wicelin, who converted the natives to christianity; tradition still points out the decayed beech, whose ample foliage was the only shelter possessed by the saint against the inclemency of the weather.

Notwithstanding nature has so richly lavished her gifts upon this beautiful district, yet the absence of those traces indicative of a wealthy population are sensibly felt: here are no splendid villas, with their extensive parks, and well laid-out grounds, no pleasure-boats, with their snowy sails, skimming over the lake to relieve the stillness that reigns around; but the absence of these animating features in rural scenery is principally evident to the inhabitant of Great Britain, who is not accustomed to link the idea of solitude with that of the beauties of nature. However, the careful, not to say diligent cultivation everywhere visible, evidences that he is at least in the neighbourhood of skilful agriculturists; and owing to the mild and paternal character of the Danish government, and the moderation of its fiscal exactions, abject poverty no where obtrudes itself, and he will find the inmates even of the poorest cottages well fed and decently clad. During the whole of my progress through the duchy, I did not encounter a single beggar.

Holstein may with truth be said to be a land flowing with milk and honey; the bees collect the latter in abundance from her numerous wild flowers and extensive heaths; and the produce of the dairy is so abun-

dant, that Holstein butter is to be found in the most remote districts of North Germany. I have not unfrequently seen in a dairy from two to three hundred milk-pails, and a dairy-maid has usually the care of from eighteen to twenty cows. I have often met these rosy, round-faced lasses returning from the fields, attended by their donkeys, whom they employ in conveying home the source of their riches. The luxuriant pastures and meadows of this northern Arcadia are equally favourable to the breed of horses, considered the best in Germany for heavy cavalry, and constitute a source of great profit to the landsman. But it is not cattle alone which brings wealth to the landed proprietor; the timber, particularly the oak and beech, are of a most superior quality. I have frequently seen growing from the same parent trunk four or five stately trees, real giants of the forest; it would appear, therefore, that a damp, changeable climate, for such is Holstein, is favourable to their growth, and also tends to the perfection of nature's noblest work; for we find here some of the best grown men and women in the north of Germany.

On my route to Lubeck I passed through Eutin; its diminutive capital (of the same name) is in perfect accordance with the size of the principality, which is eight German miles in circumference, with a population of nineteen thousand, and belongs to the Duke of Oldenburg. It has a most romantic lake, Kellersee, renowned for the delicacy of its eels; and the beauty of the scenery attracts many visitors during the summer months. Among the many points of view with which the neigh-

bourhood abounds, that from the summit of the Parinerberg is the most extensive. It commands not only the entire principality, but the town and lake of Ploen, together with Lubeck and its environs; even the Baltic is visible in the distance, as if its bright sparkling waves were wedded to the horizon.

After leaving the agreeable vicinity of Eutin, I soon found that I had left all that could charm the eye; for the country, as I approached Lubeck, wore the flat swampy aspect of that most unpicturesque country, Holland. As such scenery afforded little temptation for a pedestrian tour, I engaged my place in the Lubeck stage, here called a *stuhl-wagen*. The body of this most primitive carriage was composed of basket-work, and in form somewhat resembled a furniture caravan, but considerably longer and narrower; six seats were suspended across it, by means of stout leather thongs; the whole was painted with the most gaudy colours, and set in motion by the united efforts of a pair of stout Mecklenburg horses, the traces being unusually long, even for Germany. This very *outré* set-out could not have measured less than sixteen yards in length. Owing to the jolting of the vehicle over a road which might have been paved about a century ago, the passengers appeared in imminent danger of being sent to make a nearer acquaintance than was agreeable with the stones; and it was only by grasping the sides of the vehicle that I was enabled to retain my place: yet such is the force of habit, that my fellow-passengers, who amounted to eighteen, sat as steadily as if they were riding in a carriage of Long Acre manufacture, over a Macadam-

ized road, laughing and chatting with the most exemplary German philosophy. Happy people, thought I; if such is your patience under the ordinary evils of life, how easy must be the task of your rulers; you will never, through the magnifying medium of ill-grounded discontent, enlarge the specks upon the state fabric, till they appear mountains.

Lubeck, with its many towers, has a most imposing appearance in the distance; and I could not but admire the noble avenue of linden and chestnut trees that surround the town, whose variegated blossoms not only spread cheerfulness around, but perfumed the air with their aromatic odour. The streets are broad and straight, the squares spacious, and the charm of Dutch cleanliness diffused over the whole.

Among the public buildings, the Rathhaus is the most conspicuous; it is a fine old building, though now merely interesting for containing the hanse-saal, where the deputies from the Hanseatic towns were accustomed to assemble. But it is Saint Mary's church that principally merits attention, for it ranks among the first-rate German ecclesiastical edifices. The interior contains several fine old paintings by Holbein and other artists of the German school: "The Dance of Death" is a curious specimen of the arts in the fifteenth century. The ball commences by two skeletons playing on the flute, followed in succession by twenty-five figures, who represent the various gradations of human existence, all tripping on the light fantastic toe: it has been so often repaired, that it has nearly lost all appearance of originality.

The old church clock is considered the most ingenious specimen of early clock-work that has been preserved. It represents the changes of the heavenly bodies until 1875: and, when it strikes twelve, a number of automaton figures are set in motion: the Electors of Germany enter from a small side door, and perform the ceremony of inaugurating the Emperor, who is seated upon a throne in front. Another door is then opened, and Christ appears, when after receiving his benediction, the whole cavalcade retire amidst a flourish of trumpets by a choir of angels. On each side are bas-reliefs, illustrative of passages in the life of our Saviour; in that of the last supper, a mouse is seen peeping from beneath the snow white table-cloth: and be it known to thee, gentle reader, that this little "timorous beastie," has the honour of representing the armorial bearings of the once puissant Lubeck. This epithet may with every justice be applied to the northern Carthage, when we remember that, single handed, she achieved an important victory over the Danes in 1227, and again defied the whole force of that powerful state in refusing to deliver up Gustavus Vasa, to the Nero of the north, Christian II.

In the thirteenth century, Lubeck was elected chief of the Hanseatic League; her burgomaster treated with sovereigns, declared war, and concluded peace. When we recollect, that the treasures of Asia and Africa passed through her ports, and that she held in her hands the sceptre of European commerce, the dreary silence that now reigns in her streets and port, must cause a sigh for the instability of human greatness.

Her decline has been referred to various causes, such as the desertion of the herrings from her shores! the accumulation of sand-banks in the different ports and rivers on the Baltic: but, more particularly, to the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope; which has been the means of diverting commerce into a new channel. Other influences have no doubt contributed, for the Hanseatic League may be compared to a luxuriant tree with the germ of decay in its root; the towns composing it, had, it is true, ports and ships, but no territories, no colonies, they were merely bazaars for the reception of merchandize; Tyre, Carthage, Venice, &c. were the same, and all experienced a similar destiny. The prosperity of England rests upon a securer basis: she has not alone an extensive territory, but numerous colonies, speaking her own language, and actuated by the same spirit of enterprise; and these will in future ages, whether they are dependent, or independent, open immense resources to the mother country.

The political institutions of Lubeck are similar to those of Hamburg, and she is, like the latter, a free town; her population, in junction with the small surrounding territory, amounts to forty thousand, and as a member of the Germanic Confederation, her military contingent is four hundred. Her commerce and manufactures have become so unimportant as scarcely to deserve mentioning; the former is confined to commission houses, and the transit of merchandize by flat-bottomed boats, on the shallow rivers that surround her; and the latter to sugar refining, leather, spirituous

liquors, gunpowder, and tobacco, in all its various forms. However, the good citizens are not yet bankrupt in hope, for they anticipate a renewal of their trade when the projected rail-road shall be completed, which will unite it with Hamburg; but, it is to be wished, that it may prove a more profitable speculation than the Holstein canal: and though those rail-roads already in operation connect towns teeming with commercial activity, yet the experiment may succeed, of first making the rail-road, and then creating the commerce!

Prior to the late war, Lubeck was fortified, but in common with most German towns, her fortifications were rased by the French, and the present generation has benefitted by the misfortune of their predecessors, for the stagnant moat, with its pestilential exhalations, has been converted into an agreeable promenade. We perceive the following inscription at the entrance:— "The care of these grounds is confided to public opinion;" and they could not have been entrusted to a better guardian, as the undisturbed neatness of the grounds sufficiently testify; indeed the conduct of the citizens not only when taking a promenade, but on every other occasion, evinces great attachment to good order and regularity; they breakfast, dine, and sup, at the same hour; the shops close at the same hour; and after nine o'clock in the evening, there is not a creature to be seen in the streets! They are enemies to theatrical, and to every other species of public amusement; and, as may be easily supposed, their religious opinions tend somewhat to the puritanical.

Travemünde, a small town about three leagues dis-

tant, is the sea-port of the little republic. The river Trave unites it with the capital, but the advantages of its situation are rendered nugatory by an immense sand-bank, called the "Platte," which continues increasing. A packet boat sails from hence every week to Riga and St. Petersburg: the voyage is usually accomplished in from ten to fourteen days.

After leaving Travemünde, I immediately entered the duchy of Mecklenburg Schwerin, and continued my route along the coast through Wismar, formerly a most important town, and one of the best ports in the Baltic; but from the loss of commerce it has a *triste* appearance, and seems fast verging to decay. During the thirty years' war it was taken and retaken by the Swedes, who kept possession of it till 1803, when it was transferred by purchase to the Duke of Mecklenburg.

I was not sorry to hasten from its dreary streets to a small sea-bathing place, situated in the centre of the most picturesque scenery on the Baltic, which fully justifies the appellation of Dobberan, (beautiful town), for, as it now lay before me, with its fine old Gothic church, the castle with the ducal colours waving in the wind, the ruins of the monastery, the white houses mingled with the variegated foliage of the wooded heights, and the glimpses occasionally obtained of the sparkling waves of the Baltic, I have rarely seen a more charming landscape, in which softness is the prevailing feature. With respect to the town itself, in point of external beauty, it is much upon a level with the others in the neighbourhood of the Baltic, except

that it is more animated during the bathing season, when, being a favourite resort of the duke, who is affable in his manners, and extremely popular, it attracts a great number of fashionable visitors. Like most German bathing places, king Faro has here also established his throne, whose subjects bring him offerings until despair and ruin too often overtake them. The environs abound in fine prospects; that seen from the summit of Dietrichshagen, is the most extensive. The eye grasps almost at a glance the greater part of the dukedom of Mecklenburg, the coast of Holstein, the islands of Rügen, Fermern, and Laland: it is even said that some eyes (mine were certainly not of the number) can discern Copenhagen.

The town of Rostock, only a few leagues distant, is interesting as being the birth place of Marshal Blucher, and for containing a fine monument erected by the inhabitants to the memory of their gallant countryman. On the front of the pedestal is inscribed—

Dem Furst Blucher von Wahlstatt die Seinen.

"His countrymen to Prince Blucher von Wahlstatt;"

and on the back the following lines, which I shall endeavour to render into verse, for the gratification of those of my readers who do not understand the German:—

Im Harren und Krieg,
Im Sturz und Sieg,
Bewusst und gross,
So riss er uns vom Feinde los.

" In the perils of war, or in councils' debate,
In defeat, or in victory's laurel'd repose,
He was daring, yet cool, not depressed, nor elate,
And delivered his country from tyrants and foes."

The next thing that arrested my attention at Rostock, was the apparently superstitious veneration paid to the number seven. It has seven gates, and seven streets, the latter branching out from its handsome market-place; seven bridges, and seven doors to the town-house, seven bells and seven doors to Saint Mary's cathedral, and seven fine old lindens in the Rosen-garten: and, last of all, the number seven represents the arms of the town; which, though now shorn of its beams, was at one time of some importance, and formed part of the Hanseatic League. From its name, Rostock, (urbs rosarum) we should be inclined to suppose that the rose was here in its true home, nevertheless it appears doubtful, in this ungenial climate, if roses ever existed in sufficient numbers to justify the appellation; if they did they have certainly died of a decline, like the trade of the town, which is now merely confined to home produce, and the importation of a few colonial articles, together with the Berlin fashions for the beau-monde of Mecklenburg. Saint Mary's church is interesting, as it contains the remains of the justly celebrated Hugo Grotius.

A few leagues from hence I crossed the frontiers of Prussia. Truly this nation is much indebted to the winged creation, for they have adopted the eagle as an ensign, and they owe their colours to the magpie; not however, that either the colours or the ensign were

necessary to convince me that I was within the barrier, as that circumstance was abundantly evidenced by the saucy arrogance of the custom-house officers, and the display of a little army of *gens d'armes*. Here, for the first time since I left England, my passport was demanded, and my luggage examined, notwithstanding I had wandered over Hamburgh and its little territory, and the dukedoms of Holstein and Mecklenburg. I found the hunt through my portmanteau was after "Englische waaren," which, nevertheless, like the cholera, cross the frontier in spite of every preventive cordon. The Prussian police are determined to exclude not only foreign manufactures, but foreign beggars; for I observed at the custom-house two poor mechanics from Lubeck, who were on their way to Stralsund in search of work, but they were obliged to retrace their steps, because they could not produce the sum of twenty Prussian dollars (three pounds), which it is imperative every stranger should possess before he is allowed to pass the Prussian frontier! If this admirable precaution were in force in England, we should not be inundated with German broom-girls, Italian vagabonds, and pennyless strollers from every part of Europe.

Stralsund, the first town in Swedish Pomerania, appears as if built upon an island, being bounded on one side by the Baltic, and on the other by a marshy lake. It was formerly the capital of Swedish Pomerania, and, prior to the late war, deemed impregnable; during the thirty years' war it withstood the whole force of the imperial army under Wallenstein, who

declared, in the most arrogant manner, in presence of his whole army, "If Stralsund were chained to heaven, I would tear it down." But modern science and French daring accomplished what the less skilful Bohemian was unable to effect; the fortifications were destroyed, and promenades with cheerful gardens have succeeded. I presume Prussia has more confidence in the pacific dispositions of her northern neighbours, than in those of the ambitious Gauls, to whom her southern frontier is exposed, for she is constantly strengthening her fortifications on the Rhine, while she leaves her line on the Baltic totally undefended. The public buildings of Stralsund possess neither interest nor beauty, and the streets are narrow and badly paved. I suppose it has had some especial reason for its partiality to the rays of the sun, (Stralsund,) for it has adopted them for its name and ensign; for my part, I was not once gratified with a sight of its exhilarating beams the whole time I remained within its gloomy precincts. Since its annexation to Prussia its maritime commerce has considerably declined; a few manufactures being all that now remain of its once flourishing trade. The inhabitants, amounting to sixteen thousand, are more Swedish than Prussian in their feelings and habits, and regret the loss of their old masters.

The Island of Rügen, with its cluster of islets, is only separated from Stralsund by the strait Gelle, about an English mile in breadth. It was torn from the main land in 1309, during one of the most violent hurricanes on record. Rügen is the largest and most picturesque of all the German islands, its circumfer-

ence being seventeen German miles, with a population of thirty-three thousand, exclusive of that of its satellites. It is the great point of attraction to all the lovers of beautiful scenery in the north of Germany, where sandy plains and swampy heaths are the prevailing character of the country. Indeed, wherever we move through this fairy island, our admiration is excited, for we perceive the usual features of nature, not only most highly finished, but at the same time modelled on the most reduced scale. At one time we are wandering through the silent recesses of a small ravine, skirted on either side by the dense foliage of a forest, or overhung by a romantic elevation, having every characteristic of Alpine scenery except size and eternal snows; we then pass into a Lilliputian valley teeming with fertility, or enter a tiny glen, fringed with a tangled mass of thorns, briars, and wild flowers, which fill the air with a fragrant perfume; at another time our vision grasps the whole island, its chalky cliffs and the surrounding islets. In short, the general character of the scenery is beautiful without being sublime; and although we have sometimes a glimpse of the wildly picturesque, yet beauty and softness are the prevailing features, and would be perfect of its kind, but for the absence of those great essentials to landscape scenery, the roaring of the cataract, and the silvery stream that sings and dances along its own wild domain; the want of these is, in some slight degree, compensated by a few small lakes, and numerous bays and creeks. True it is, we feel the absence of the castellated tower, and ivied ruins, yet who could behold the colossal graves

of the heroes of the north, and the Druidical remains, without feeling at the same time awed and interested? Never at any time did I approach these relics of a great people without feeling my imagination transported to the shades of antiquity, and while whole nations have passed away, dynasty after dynasty, these simple, enduring monuments still exist. In appearance they are exactly similar to those I alluded to in Holstein, and the few that have been opened were found to contain weapons, urns, and ornaments, with some of the skeletons in a sitting position.

Bergen is the capital of this little world, where villages are dignified with the appellation of towns, and hamlets with that of villages. Even here we have a little bath for the beau-monde, prettily situated near Potbus, on the brow of a hill overhanging the sea, and united by a fine avenue of noble trees to the extensive park of the Prince von Potbus. This nobleman, whose possessions in these islands are very extensive, is the lineal descendant of the ancient princes of Rügen.

Every place has its lions, and every people their traditions, the most popular here is, that Odoacer, the first king of Italy, was a native of Rügen. It appears that the hordes of the north landed at Arcona, the most northern part of the island, and assembled their forces at Jomsburg, then a famous city, the ruins of which are still pointed out, here they were joined by Odoacer, Prince of Rügen, who led them to the conquest of Rome.

These islands being very remote, and seldom visited

by foreigners, the inhabitants are primitive in their habits and manners; the clergy are extremely hospitable, and consider it a condescension on the part of a stranger to accept a seat at their frugal board; their houses, generally of a respectable description, surrounded by orchards and vine-bowers, appear like so many miniature palaces studded over the islands, when compared with the comfortless huts of the peasants. The good pastors admirably contrive to render their snug benefices hereditary; for should it happen that there is no male heir, the widow, daughter, or niece, marries a candidate for holy orders, who is then inducted into the vacant living. The inhabitants are principally of the reformed church, and their language is a patois of the low German, intermixed with Swedish, which an Englishman would find little difficulty in comprehending. They live together in the greatest harmony, and are industrious and frugal, if we except being somewhat addicted to schnapps-drinking. Should any trifling dispute arise, the pastors, who are regarded as superior beings, exercise the triple diplomas of law, physic, and divinity, and generally succeed in reconciling the differences, healing the bodies, and tranquillizing the minds of their flocks.

Among the adjacent cluster of islets, Hittensoe is the most interesting; it is only four leagues in length and one in breadth, with a population of about six hundred; and if I found the natives of Rugen simple in their customs and manners, these are so in a ten-fold degree. A stranger, on observing their huts, which are merely a composition of peat and turf, with little

more appearance of architectural knowledge than is displayed by the beaver, would conclude that they were entirely excluded from any intercourse with their more refined neighbours. In these simple structures, the whole family, bipeds and quadrupeds, eat, drink, and sleep, while the smoke is left to wander about until it can find its way out! These children of nature chiefly support themselves by fishing and rearing cattle; the latter constitutes the principal employment of the fair sex. The men frequently migrate to wealthier countries, and become seamen; but invariably return when they have acquired a small competency. The women rarely leave home.

Pomerania, of which these islands are a part, was formerly governed by its own dukes; but in consequence of their erbverbrüderung with the Prussian monarchs, it reverted, owing to the failure of male heirs, to that family. With the exception of Rugen, and its islets, the whole country is flat: and, although it possesses a line of coast on the Baltic of sixty German miles, yet it has only three ports, Stralsund, Swinemünde, and Colberg; and even these are almost deserted, owing to the accumulation of sandbanks, and the nearly total absence of commercial activity. Notwithstanding these ports, with Memel, Danzig, &c. and a coast of upwards of two hundred leagues, belong to Prussia, yet she can no more be considered a maritime power than Austria, however zealously her dreaming patriots may endeavour to impress the contrary opinion; and the want of efficient nurseries for her seamen, the shallowness of most of her harbours,

together with the poverty of the country, and consequently the want of enterprise, will probably preclude her from ever becoming so. In fact, the whole eastern coast of the Baltic is not adapted for the navigation of large ships, on account of its want of depth, and the shifting of the sand, which every year causes the wreck of many vessels. Like the Mediterranean, it is tideless; and this, combined with the many rivers that flow into it, is the cause of its being so frequently frozen over: and as these rivers descend from the mountains, and take their course through a country whose soil is principally sand, they carry with them large quantities, which in process of time has accumulated, and continues accumulating, in vast masses, near their mouths; so that future ages may witness the verification of the prophecy of the famous witch of Rugen, who predicted, that the day would come when travellers should pass on dry land from Germany to Sweden and Denmark.

CHAPTER II.

Güstrow—Schwerin—Ratzeburg—Return to Hamburg—Departure for Berlin—Roads—Lauenburg—Ludwigslust—Mecklenburg—Sovereigns—Inhabitants—Nobility—Climate—Low-German—Prussian Frontier—Obelisks—Perleberg—Fehrbellen—Spandau—Galley-slaves—Charlottenburg—Mausoleum of the late Queen—Arrival at Berlin.

HAVING hitherto confined my route principally to the shores of the Baltic, I now resolved upon journeying through the interior of the duchy of Mecklenburg to Hamburg. For that purpose I retraced my steps along the coast to Rostock, with the intention of taking Schwerin and its pretty lakes in my way.

The only town worth mentioning between Rostock and the latter is Güstrow; which for interest depends not upon the fame of the living, but the renown of the dead, as it contains the cemetery of the ducal house of Mecklenburg. A fine old building, formerly the palace of the reigning dukes, is now converted into a House of Correction. A republican satirist might be tempted to say, that the class of the inhabitants were changed, but not the character, for that cheats and dissemblers were to be found in the palace and the prison.

Schwerin, without exception the most agreeable town in the north of Germany, is most romantically situated upon a magnificent lake, six leagues in length;

and as we skim along its glassy bosom, there is all that constitutes the beautiful and the picturesque. The town, with its venerable cathedral; the imposing Gothic castle, enthroned on an island; the gently sloping shores and well cultivated fields, intermingled with villages, villas, and cottages; while the charming prospect is every where richly shaded by the finest forest scenery. The town itself, though old and venerable, will attract little beyond a passing glance from the traveller; but being the capital, it is more animated than any other town in Mecklenburg, and a few days in summer may be delightfully spent in visiting its neighbourhood. The surrounding country is beautiful and diversified, and many of the views over the lake enchanting. The angler at least may idle away a few days in pursuing his favourite pastime, for the lake abounds with fish; and he will find, at the village inns on its romantic banks, if not a good dinner, most certainly a hearty welcome.

At Ratzeburg I once more entered the territories of his Danish Majesty. Like Schwerin, it is pleasantly built on the banks of a lake, whose waters unite with the Baltic by means of the river Wakenitz. Here we find a curious collection of antiquities, discovered in an old temple of the Obotritens, among which the statues of Radegast (the god of war), and Sieba (Venus), are interesting specimens of the sculpture of this barbarous tribe. Ratzeburg, with its small territory, was formerly an independent bishopric. In the thirteenth century two of its bishops, ancestors of Prince Blucher, performed miracles of such magnitude as to create a

fame as great as the military renown of their brave descendant. For the edification of my readers I have translated two of them.—It appears that in the year 1256 a dreadful famine reduced the starving inhabitants to utter despair; when, in consequence of the intercession of the holy bishop Ulrich, the empty granaries were filled in one night with a sufficient quantity of corn to supply not alone his own subjects, but the inhabitants of the surrounding country. His successor and nephew, Weipert, was more selfish in the exercise of his miraculous power; for his Holiness the Pope having refused to confirm him in the vacant see, on account of his extreme youth,—behold, the auburn locks of the young saint suddenly changed to a venerable gray! The Pope acknowledged the miracle, and not only confirmed him in the see, but canonized him!

My route between this town and Hamburg did not offer a single point worthy of observation. The soil, for the most part sandy, is nearly destitute of vegetation; and it was only occasionally among the heath and half-starved pines, that I observed a few patches of stunted corn: so that my reconnoitering faculties enjoyed a complete holiday till I once more found myself in the good old city of Hamburg; and having here regained my luggage, and received a few letters from England, I immediately set forward on the great commercial road, to visit Berlin, distant seventy leagues.

So long as the road continued within the territory of Hamburg, it was pleasant and well kept, passing

through a succession of gardens and orchards, with their pretty villas; but we no sooner entered that part of the duchy of Lauenburg belonging to the king of Denmark than the scene entirely changed; the road became one of the worst over which I had ever travelled; and notwithstanding this, a heavy tax is levied upon all travellers, under the name of Koffergeld, not one kreutzer of which is ever expended in repairing the roads. Although in a previous chapter I eulogized the Danish government for its mild and paternal administration, yet in this department they are extremely supine, or their authority must be delegated to the most dishonest hands, as I found the roads wretchedly kept throughout their German possessions.

The repeated concussions which myself and fellow-passengers received in the well-packed eilwagen, as we were jolted over the huge masses of stone, caused the conversation to consist of little else than exclamations of vexation. The "Ah, mon Dieu!" of a French commercial traveller, was echoed by the "Jesus Maria und Joseph!" of a pious Catholic, intermingled with the "O mai!" of a Hebrew pedlar, and the "Herr Gott Sakrament!" of a South German Kaufmann. These exclamations were iterated and reiterated by the motley group, till we arrived at the small town of Lauenburg; and to add to my misfortune, the aspect of the country was not calculated to beguile my attention; for, with few exceptions, it consisted of nothing else than dreary heaths and sandy plains, unenlivened by vegetation, save here and there a stunted pine.

The landscape somewhat improved as we approached

Lauenburg, presenting a gleam of verdure in the desert. The town is prettily situated on the banks of the Elbe, surrounded by an amphitheatre of small hills, which in any other country but this monotonous plain would have been passed over in silence; and, as I beheld the Hamburg steam-packet dashing majestically up the river, I very much regretted not having adopted that conveyance to Berlin; for though the banks of the Elbe are any thing but picturesque in this part of the country, still they must exceed the land route in beauty, and the traveller is at least exempted from swallowing doses of sand against his inclination.

On again entering the duchy of Mecklenburg the road changed in every respect for the better, but the aspect of the country became even more monotonous. Dense pine forests succeeded the arid heaths of Lauenburg, without a single habitation for miles. This continued without intermission till we arrived at Ludwigslust.

The traveller who has visited the fine old Gothic castle at Schwerin, and the enchanting scenery that surrounds it, must feel surprised that the Dukes of Mecklenburg should have deserted it for this morass, unredeemed as it is by a single feature of fertility or beauty; but princes, like common men, have their whims; and it was the lust (pleasure) of Louis Duke of Mecklenburg to subvert the laws of Nature, by creating beauty where deformity had previously existed, and thus to bequeath his name to posterity as the founder of the town of Ludwigslust. In this instance

art has indeed triumphed, for the palace is a beautiful chaste building, and the spacious park and pleasure-grounds, considering the soil and situation, are laid out to great advantage, including fine gravel walks, a luxury seldom met with in Germany. However, when viewed from the high road, the pleasing effect of the building is sadly marred by two wooden guard-houses, which completely intercept the view of its finely-proportioned wings; and the artificial cascade, fed by a pool of stagnant water, intended as an ornament! would have been better omitted. A splendid avenue in front leads to a very tastefully designed church of Grecian architecture; but the most attractive object is the Russian chapel, containing the mausoleum of the Grand Duchess Helena of Russia; and to those who have never seen a temple dedicated to the Greek form of worship, it might be interesting.

I was prevented viewing the interior of the palace in consequence of a levée, but, *en revanche*, I enjoyed a pleasant promenade through the grounds, which were enlivened by the presence of the Crown Prince, the military, and a numerous assemblage of the *beau monde* of the court and town, together with the cheering strains of a fine band of wind instruments.

The Duke having made Ludwigslust his principal residence, buildings have considerably multiplied within the last few years, insomuch, that what was recently a village, has now the appellation of town; but to judge from the pale complexions of the inhabitants, it cannot have been selected on account of its salubrity; and having experimentally proved the fact, I can testify

that the myriads of mosquitoes generated by the marshes do not render it an agreeable residence for strangers.

Mecklenburg was originally peopled by the Obotritens, a Vandal tribe, who, after sanguinary wars with their powerful neighbours, the Saxons, were finally conquered and united to the German empire by Charlemagne. It is remarkable, that during the whole lapse of time, from the darkest ages of antiquity to the present day, this people have been governed by the same dynasty, being the only reigning house in Germany of Vandal origin; and though this illustrious and very ancient family has been at different periods expelled the country, yet they still continue to hold possession of their ancient tenure. During the thirty years' war, Ferdinand II. transferred the dukedom to Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, and in our own days Napoleon took forcible possession. It is highly honourable to the patriotic sovereign of Mecklenburg, that he was the last to join the confederation of the Rhine, and the first to declare war against the usurper.

The population of the duchy is about four hundred thousand, and that of the junior branch, Strelitz, seventy-six thousand. Nevertheless, from the extent of territory, and the fertility of the soil, it is fully equal to maintain a million, and considerably more, if the lakes were drained, which might easily be effected by canals to the Elbe and the Baltic.

It would also be beneficial to the country if the land were more equally divided; for the sovereign possesses in domains, four-tenths, the nobility five-tenths, leaving one-tenth only to be divided among the people at

large. The inhabitants are in general a fine athletic race, distinguished by fair complexions, from the prince to the peasant. The landsman, unlike his neighbour in Holstein, is poor. I sought in vain for those appearances of comfort and plenty which there delighted me; and yet, like Holstein, it is one of the most fertile provinces in the north of Germany, and exports provisions in large quantities to Prussia and Hamburg, while the poor natives are obliged to be contented with potatoes, horse-beans, and sauer-kraut.

During my tour through the more remote villages, I found it was impossible to procure a comfortable dinner. Fresh meat was entirely out of the question; the general bill of fare at the inns consisted of potatoes, bread, butter, and eggs; and those of a superior class added bacon and sauer-kraut. My drink was always confined to wretched beer or schnapps, and when I demanded wine, they looked at me as if my intellects were deranged. My bed was not unfrequently a straw palliasse, and the only covering a feather-bed, enveloped in a gay-coloured cotton cover, the whole supported on a bedstead five feet long, composed of deal boards nailed together, in form not unlike a packing-box. As for attempting a comfortable horizontal position, it was impossible: I was therefore obliged to adopt the half reclining attitude of the Germans. These miserable arrangements are common to all the remote districts of Mecklenburg, Pomerania, and Prussia, and if to them you add a couple of wool mattrasses, substitute a goose down plumeau for the feather-bed, and walnut-tree for deal, you have the usual bed

of the whole of the inhabitants of the empire of Germany! Curtains there are none, and comfort does not exist for any person beyond the height of four feet six inches!

As Germany supplies Europe with princes and princesses, it would appear as if Mecklenburg alone was sufficient to furnish it with nobles, for it is computed that the nobility include one half of the population, the possessions of six-eighths of these being limited to their *stambaûme* (genealogical trees). During my progress through the country, I met with a Herr (Baron,) who exercised the profession of relieving men's chins of what in Christendom is considered an incumbrance; and at one of the inns I found a Herr Graf[1] for a landlord, a Frau Gräfin[2] for a landlady, the young Herren Gräfen[3] filled the places of ostler, waiter, and boots, while the fair young Fräulein Gräfinnen[4] were the cooks and chambermaids. I was informed, that in one village, of which I now forget the name, the whole of the inhabitants were noble except four, and these were married to Geborne Fräuleins[5]!

During one of my lake excursions, I had for my companion a retired merchant from a southern state in Germany, who, ignorant of this prepossession in favour of noble rank, purchased an estate on the banks of one of its beautiful lakes. He had wealth, talents, intelligence, and gentlemanly manners, but he had no quarterings! How, then, was it possible for the high-blood natives, who perhaps traced their descent from the

[1] Count. [2] Countess. [3] Counts.
[4] Unmarried Countesses. [5] Ladies nobly born.

Vandal Deities, to visit him! At length, finding that the humid air and lakes of Mecklenburg were no equivalent for absolute solitude, he was preparing to remove to some country less aristocratical in its social institutions. ...

I observed wooden shoes in very general use among the inhabitants; on inquiry, I found they tended, by preserving the feet dry, to prevent in some degree the colds and consumptions which a climate so humid naturally produces. This is partly owing to the country being situated between two seas, and partly to the number of lakes and rivers by which it is intersected. Like Holstein, the breed of horses and horned cattle are here excellent, and a source of great profit to the landed proprietor, as these find a ready sale in every part of Germany. A traveller might be puzzled to account for the endless number of buffaloes' heads which thrust themselves upon his notice in every direction; he might perhaps be led to conclude, that, next to horses, they formed the staple commodity of the country: no such thing; they are merely the armorial bearings of the reigning family; and it is rather a curious coincidence, that a buffalo's head was the emblem of Radegast, the Vandal deity of war, from whom, I presume, they trace their descent. In every part of Mecklenburg, herds of swine and flocks of geese abound; the former wander nearly wild through the extensive forests, supported by acorns and roots; while the latter literally cover the banks of the lakes and rivers with their white plumage, resembling at a distance flakes of moving snow. In my rambles through

the country, it was my fate to become more than once the object of their most violent animosity, particularly in passing through narrow lanes; here I repeatedly encountered flocks of some hundreds, who, with outstretched necks and extended wings, were hissing and gabbling, evidently determined to dispute my further progress. Pray don't laugh, reader, for I assure you, that blows from my cane only infuriated them still more; for as fast as I beat off one score of my assailants, another came boldly to the attack; but perseverance will conquer geese of every description, and this weapon at length subdued my hostile gabblers in Mecklenburg.

A traveller acquainted with the German language, but ignorant of "Platt-Deutsch" (the original Saxon language), would experience great difficulty in travelling through the remote districts of this country, as the majority of the people only speak the latter. I found it not only in very general use throughout the whole of this duchy, but in Holstein, Schleswig, Pomerania, and part of Westphalia. This very extensive district being for the most part low and flat, was probably the origin of its distinctive appellation Platt-Deutsch. It is unquestionably the true mother of the English and Dutch languages, and bears a nearer affinity to the Swedish and Danish than to High German. An Englishman would not, I think, find more difficulty in comprehending it than a native of High Germany, for the words that bear an exact similarity to our own language are numerous; though, certainly, an acquaintance with German would considerably facilitate his progress.

Previously to the time of Charles V., Platt-Deutsch was generally spoken in the principal courts of Germany. However, about this time the Reformation commenced, and the writings of Martin Luther, which circulated with rapidity throughout the whole empire, being composed in High German, first began to undermine the influence of its rival; to this succeeded the thirty years' war, and the principal actors therein being the sovereigns of Austria and Bavaria, who spoke High German; and the Swedes a different dialect of the Teutonic, the Low German rapidly declined, and in process of time, degenerated into a mere provincial dialect, such as we find it at the present day; and as it is entirely banished from the courts of Law, the Pulpit, and Literature, it may perhaps at some future period become entirely obsolete. It is spoken in its greatest purity in that district, between Hamburg and Schleswig in Denmark, from thence along the Baltic to Pomerania.

How much is it to be lamented, that the nobility of these provinces do not cultivate it, for it is the naivest, sweetest, and most poetical of all the Teutonic dialects, and considered to be the richest; and its great similitude to our own language, points out the legitimate source from whence to enrich it; for, singular to say, it bears a much greater affinity to the poetic effusions of our ancient bards, than to its sister High German, at least in melodious softness and poetic character, being entirely exempt from all the harsh and guttural sounds of the latter. Is it not then to be regretted, that Johnson was unacquainted with this dialect, and may we not

confidently assert, that if a new dictionary were compiled by an author perfectly acquainted with its beauties, our language might be enriched more copiously, and with better effect, than from those sources to which we usually resort,—the Latin and French? In short, that literary *chef d'œuvre* "Reinike dé Fos," printed at Lubeck in 1498, ought alone to preserve Platt-Deutsch from oblivion.

After all this desultory wandering, I must once more reconduct my readers to the beaten track between Ludwigslust and Berlin. On approaching the Prussian frontier, the sand-steppes wore an appearance of still greater desolation; and on crossing the barrier, the first object that arrested my attention was an obelisk of granite, upwards of thirteen feet high, with a very fierce-looking eagle carved upon it, painted black, with yellow feet, and crowned with a gilt diadem, holding in its claws the sceptre and sword of state, while several of the most illustrious European orders shone resplendently upon its breast, and that of the garter encircled its leg! Thus these ferocious indicators of the Royal Prussian Government glittered in all their gilded pomp upon the mile stones, or, to speak more correctly, mile obelisks! up to the very gates of Berlin.

As I expressed my admiration of the splendid mile stones and majestic eagles to a decent-looking countryman, standing near me, he answered with no little degree of ill-humour, saying, "yes! yes! to you as a stranger they may appear very grand, but I fancy, if you had to contribute your share towards the erection

of all that foolish finery, you would be of a very different opinion.—Nein! Nein!" continued he, "things are sadly changed from what they were in the days of Old Fritz. All consideration for the people is now sacrificed to show; for instance, the Government issues orders that such and such a thing, although perfectly preposterous, is to be done, and we, unfortunate landed proprietors, are obliged to complete it, at whatever expense or inconvenience to ourselves: there is no alternative. But this is not all," added my radical acquaintance; "we are obliged to keep the eagles in their present gaudy state, or subject ourselves to a heavy fine, whenever the Herr Inspector drives this way."

The village consisted of the custom-house, a few wooden houses, and a large imposing looking inn. From its respectable outward appearance I hoped to enjoy comfort and plenty, but the first glance at the large scantily furnished room, nearly dispelled the delusion, which was quite dissipated when the supper made its appearance, consisting of beer-soup, a pair of meagre fowls, which had been alive only half an hour before, together with potatoe-salad, and sour Moselle wine, and, by way of dessert, an enormous bill! When I remonstrated with my landlord on the amount, he produced his polizeibuch of prices, stamped with the royal eagle of Prussia, against whose sovereign mandate there was no contending, assuring me, at the same time, that the taxes were enormous, and his profits very inadequate to his expenditure; "for," added he, "I cannot afford to keep fresh meat in the

house; my own family are too poor to eat it; the few strangers that pass this way rarely stop; and the Prussians are contented with beer-soup, butter-bemme, and schnapps.

After supper, a pair of gens d'armes entered my apartment, and demanded my passport, which cost me eight silver groschens, the officer assuring me it was a customary donation to himself for the trouble of carrying it to the municipality and back again. My luggage also underwent another strict investigation!

The next morning I set out very early for Berlin. Perleberg was the first town we arrived at. It is only remarkable for its ugliness and an antique statue of a warrior in the market-place; and being detained a full hour, while my passport was a third time examined, I had ample leisure to study its deformity.

After passing through several small towns and villages, we came to Fehrbellen, a town peculiarly memorable to the Prussians; for here they first distinguished themselves under the great Elector of Brandenburg in 1675, by gaining an important victory over the Swedes, who had been hitherto their conquerors. This glorious battle secured to them undisputed possession of the whole of Pomerania, and laid the foundation of their future greatness.

The remainder of my journey to Spandau, which is only a few leagues from Berlin, was barren both of incident and amusement. Marshes and bogs were only varied by gloomy forests of pines, and a few villages appearing like specimens of the first attempt at architecture, while the inhabitants, with their sallow com-

plexions, withered by the prevalence of easterly winds, looked as if they were half-starved; indeed, the scanty crops of the few spots which their indefatigable industry had brought into cultivation, sufficiently accounted for their wretched appearance. The women, especially those advanced in life, were most unprepossessing, and the gaudy red shawl twisted round their head, à la mother red-cap, contrasting with their meagre, wrinkled, weather-beaten countenances, rendered them the exact prototypes of the witches in Macbeth.

Spandau is regularly fortified, and considered one of the strongest towns in Prussia, and being built on the influx of the Spree and the Havel, the environs can be inundated, when deemed necessary to increase the strength of the fortifications. Here the state prisoners are confined; and the only human beings I observed in the almost deserted streets, were a band of galley-slaves, guarded by soldiers. I think I never beheld men whose countenances wore more decidedly the stamp of villany. The dark lowering brow of the murderer, and the squalid cheek of the libertine, were as distinctly marked as the swaggering audacity of the quarrelsome brawler: the whole were in chains, whose weight varied according to the enormity of the crime. They were clothed in an uniform, one half of which was black, and the other white, (the colours of Prussia), and as they walked along, suffering from the heat and toil, I have rarely beheld more painful specimens of degraded humanity.

The first gleam of Charlottenburg through the forest of pines was gladly welcomed, as it announced my un-

interesting journey to Berlin was nearly completed. The distinguishing characteristic of the palace is magnitude; some architects admire its finely proportioned dome, but, being painted a verdigris colour, encircled by gilt crowns, and surmounted by an ungraceful statue of Victory, reposing on a gilt ball, the effect of the whole is that of a gaudy toy; and certainly a large clock in the centre does not redeem the other appearances of bad taste, particularly the desert of a square in front, which is one dead surface of loose sand to the gates, without pavement, turf, or shrubbery, and through which my jaded horses were scarcely equal to the task of dragging me.

After glancing through the apartments, which were furnished with simplicity and good taste, I proceeded to visit the mausoleum of the late Queen of Prussia. The approach to it is through a prettily laid out pleasure ground, presenting more appearances of luxuriant vegetation than could have been expected from the nature of the soil and climate; the walks are kept in admirable order, and one splendid avenue terminates at the temple, which is partially sheltered by the melancholy shade of cypresses and weeping willows, through which the setting sun was darting his parting rays, like the smile of Hope, illumining for an instant the countenance of Sadness. The whole of the elegant façade of this graceful little temple, including the Doric portico, the flight of steps leading to it, and the fine vases filled with immortelles, were of polished granite; it bore no inscription, save the simple but expressive Greek characters A Ω. The interior is

equally beautiful and in good taste. At the upper part of the building reposes the monument, and never can I forget the effect produced, when the castellan withdrew the covering and disclosed the sculptured figure of the angelic queen. The first impression produced was overpowering admiration and sympathy; for there is in the statue not so much the rigid repose of death, as the calm deep sleep of innocence. It was such a figure as haunted the imagination of Byron, when he penned those beautiful lines:—

> "He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
> Ere the first day of death is fled,
> Before decay's effacing fingers
> Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
> And mark'd the mild angelic air,
> The rapture of repose that's there,
> Some moments, aye, one treacherous hour,
> He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
> So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
> The first last look by death reveal'd."

The attitude is easy and natural, except the feet, the position of which might, I think, have been more graceful. She is represented in a recumbent attitude, on a pallet, with her feet crossed, and her arms folded over her bosom. The whole of the figure, except the countenance, part of the neck, and the arms, is enveloped in transparent drapery, admirably executed. A simple Grecian bandeau confines her hair, but it is the saint-like beauty of her face and figure, the recollection of her heroism and virtues, her connexion, alas! how close a connexion, with suffering and misfortune! that ranges the feelings on her side, and merges criticism in

admiration: the countenance is lovely, the expression of the features beautifully feminine, and such was the sad feeling called up by contemplating their beloved and lamented queen, of whom it is a perfect resemblance, that out of a large party present, there was not one among the women who did not shed tears. No ostentatious inscription records her virtues, that is unnecessary; for they are chronicled, aye, chronicled for ever in the heart of every Prussian: a buffalo's head and the Prussian eagle simply announce the house to which she owed her origin, and that to which her destiny was linked. The drapery and figures carved on the magnificent candelabra are deservedly admired, and the whole reflects great honour on the king, who has thus imperishably recorded his devoted affection for his heroic wife, and on the artists who designed and executed it, Messrs. Schinkel and Rauch.

On my route to Berlin, which is only a short league distant, I every where perceived the heralds of a great capital, crowds of well-dressed people, vehicles of every description, numbers of neat villas, and various places of public entertainment, all gay with the festive sounds of mirth and dancing. I was most fortunate in the weather, the moon was shining with all her splendour, and as I passed through the Thiergarten, the pines on either side the road pencilled their dark outlines till I came to the Brandenburgerthor, which appeared like a triumphal arch, and Berlin itself like a city of palaces reared by fairies; for the shadowy indistinctness of the pale moonlight concealed the various imperfections which the broad beams of day would have betrayed

to be the work of man. The centre of the street Unter den Linden was a complete bower, beneath whose shade were promenading the gayest among the Berliners, officers in full uniforms, aides-de-camp with their waving plumes, bourgeoise of all classes, and ladies in white draperies, who flitted along like so many aerial visions. The street continued one succession of splendid buildings, till we arrived at the Hotel de Russie, which corresponded in magnificence with all that surrounded it.

I confess I have never received so favourable a first impression of a town; and the poverty of the country through which I had travelled, had the effect of making the splendour of Berlin appear to greater advantage, and of creating a feeling of surprise that it could support so rich a metropolis.

CHAPTER III.

Brandenburgerthor—Unter den Linden—Palace of the King—Statue of Blucher—Royal Palace—Legend—Museum—Anecdote of an English family—General aspect of Berlin—Theatres—Conditoris—Dram-shops—Hardenberg—Prussian jurisprudence—Prison discipline—Public instruction—Hackney coaches—The police—Manufactures—Commerce—University.

I LEFT my hotel early the next morning, to view, by truth-telling daylight, the portal and promenade through which I had passed the preceding evening. This really magnificent gate, built in 1790, after the Propylæum at Athens, is the most beautiful ornament of the town. Six fluted Doric columns on each side support a finely proportioned entablature, without any pediment, but surmounted by an attic; between these pass five portals; the centre, eighteen feet in width, is exclusively confined to the use of the royal family; and the remaining four, each twelve feet wide, are destined, two for carriages and equestrians, and two for pedestrians; and as, on entering or quitting the town, every carriage, equestrian, or pedestrian, is obliged to pass through the right of the two portals peculiarly appropriated to

them, all confusion is by this admirable arrangement avoided. The height of the columns is about forty-five feet, and their diameter five feet nine inches.

This very imposing structure, the most colossal of the kind in Europe, except the Porta Orientalis at Milan, (which, however, is unfinished,) is adorned by bas-reliefs, representing the deeds of the Margraf Albert, the founder of the house of Brandenburg, and the combats of the Centaurs and Lapithæ. However, the principal ornament of the gate is that which crowns the entablature—the chariot bearing the famous bronze figure of Victory, supporting the Prussian eagle in triumph, and guiding her horses, who, full of life and energy, are represented in the act of bounding forward. It is a very spirited work, particularly the figure of Victory, which so captivated the imperial spoliator of nations, that he caused her to be transported to Paris. The Prussians deplored their loss, but at this time they were the vanquished. When they entered Paris in 1814, as conquerors, their first care was to send their lost treasure to her native home; and her return was, in truth, the triumph of *Victory*. She was received by music, discharges of cannon, fire-works, and the acclamations of the whole population, which overwhelmed every other demonstration of public rejoicing.

On each side of this majestic portal are two neat temples of Grecian architecture, dedicated to the service of those priests of Mars, whose duty it is to examine the passports of strangers, and to prevent the entrance of contraband merchandise. Immediately after passing through the spacious square "Pariser

Platz," commences the street "Unter den Linden," the most superb in Berlin, and, I am inclined to think, in Europe. It is three-quarters of a mile in length from the Brandenburgerthor to the royal palace; and the five noble avenues in the centre are composed of chestnut, linden, aspen, acacia, and plantain, whose varied foliage contrasts beautifully with the numerous elegant palaces and public buildings that line each side of the street. It is the corso of Berlin; for here the fashionable and the wealthy exhibit themselves and their equipages: here are the palaces of the Queen of Holland and Prince William of Prussia; the seminaries of the artillery and engineers; the academy of the fine arts; the opera house, the arsenal, and the king's palace. In short, in whatever direction we turn our eyes, whether to the Brandenburgerthor, or the museum, majestic structures seem vying in magnificence with each other, intermingled with the statues of Prussian heroes, presenting altogether one of the finest architectural vistas of any city in Europe.

We are so bewildered with such an assemblage of domes, palaces, churches, &c., that we know not where first to bestow our attention; but the majestic appearance of the arsenal renders it one of the most striking buildings, and well deserves its reputation of being, next to the museum, the finest edifice in Berlin. Its character is unpretending simplicity, which often pleases more than the most elaborate design. The military trophies and emblematical groups deserve praise, both for their conception and execution. The roof is ornamented with statues, &c., and in every respect it is a

perfect temple of Mars, all the decorations being of a military character; even the light fence that surrounds it is formed of chains attached to reversed cannons. In the interior, a Frenchman may amuse himself by contemplating hundreds of banners with the imperial eagle, captured by Prussia, and a suit of armour said to be that worn by the Maid of Orleans. Adjoining is the guard-house, an elegant Grecian temple, with a Doric portico, guarded on either side by the marble statues of Generals Bulow and Scharnhorst; and opposite is the private palace of the King, a chaste, unornamented building, elegantly furnished, and containing a few well-selected paintings. The apartment of the Queen Louisa is interesting, as it remains precisely in the same state as when she last occupied it.

In the front of the palace is an ornament whose appearance I was totally unable to account for. It is a horse-shoe, embedded in the wall of the second story. Upon inquiry I learned that it owes its present elevated position to the following circumstance. One evening as the Crown Prince was returning at a brisk pace from riding, the horse, on his arrival opposite the palace, threw up his shoe, and broke the window of the room in which the royal family were assembled: it was subsequently placed in its present prominent situation to commemorate the extraordinary event! A wooden gallery in the form of a bridge connects the palace with that belonging to the Princess of Leignitz, the king's left-handed wife. It has a singular, not to say a grotesque appearance. The marriage of Frederic with this lady, who, however, is very amiable, has not

been popular, as the Prussians consider it sacrilege to the memory of the heroic Louisa.

Marshal Forward (the pet name of the Prussians for the heroic Blucher) still protects the master he so faithfully served, for his statue is only a short distance from the palace. Its height is eleven feet. The left foot of the hero rests upon a howitzer, and his right hand grasps a sabre; his head is uncovered, and his figure partially enveloped in the graceful folds of a military mantle. The position is dignified and commanding; and M. Rauch, the artist, has preserved the likeness most faithfully. The pedestal, which is, unfortunately, too small in proportion to the figure, is decorated with bas-reliefs illustrative of the most memorable events of his life. The design is in the best style of chaste simplicity, and the execution admirably correct. It is one of the brightest leaves in M. Rauch's garland of immortality.

The architects who designed Berlin have placed the buildings without reference to any fitness of locality: thus, for instance, the Catholic church is reared by the side of the opera-house, and the royal theatre has for its next neighbours the German and French churches; as if the only intention had been to create an imposing effect, by assembling together at one view all that was superb in the town. The royal academy is also peculiarly unfortunate in its situation; for though a fine building, yet the basement is occupied by the royal stables; thus being, at the same time, the temple of the muses and the mules!

The Catholic church is a very unworthy copy of a

most beautiful original, the Pantheon at Rome. The tiles which cover the dome are an absolute deformity; and being situated between the immense opera-house and the gigantic royal library, it bears at a distance a great resemblance to a bee-hive. The royal library owes its fantastic form to a chest of drawers that happened to be standing in the room of Frederic the Great when the architect was exhibiting his plans: the whimsical, impatient monarch, hurriedly exclaimed, "There! there is a model for you!" pointing to the article in question.

The royal palace is principally imposing for its magnitude; and such is the irregularity of its architecture, that it appears as if every sovereign of the house of Brandenburg, from the simple Margraf to the present king of Prussia, had each added a separate portion, according to his own individual taste. It was with feelings of the greatest veneration I entered the room in which Frederic the Great was accustomed to pass his moments of retirement; and when I beheld his camp furniture and military paraphernalia, I almost fancied I saw the old hero in his cocked hat and long boots. The state apartments, particularly the Rittersaal, are very splendid.

Every castle in Germany has some supernatural legend attached to it; and my loquacious castellan did not omit to recount the tradition of this, "The Weise Frau" (White Lady).

"In days of yore," said my informant, "previous to the death of any of the Hohenzollern family, a phantom in the form of a white lady, always made her

appearance. It so happened, in the year 1660, that the noble knight Borsdorf, immediately after quitting the royal table, where he had manifested the most ardent attachment for the charms of hock and tokay, met the dreaded spirit on the top of the staircase on which we are now standing. Elated with wine, the brave veteran made a desperate thrust at the figure with his sword, exclaiming, 'Du alte Hexe und Sakerments-Hure! hast du noch nicht Fürstenblut genug gesoffen?' (Thou old witch! thou infernal hag! art thou not yet sated with princely blood?) The lady, enraged at the insult, hurled him down stairs; and after lingering a few days, he expired. The phantom, I presume, dreading a repetition of such rough treatment, never again made her appearance: but it is said," continued my historian, in a solemn whisper, "that the groans of the master of the horse are heard on every anniversary of the night on which he fell a victim to ghostly vengeance."

After taking a cursory glance at the palace, leaving the cathedral with its elegant dome to the right, and passing through an avenue of lindens and acacias, I arrived at the museum,—a building equally deserving commendation, whether we regard the beauty of its architecture, the magnificence of its decorations, or its admirable adaptation to the purposes for which it was designed. The situation is peculiarly favourable, as it stands isolated from every other building; nor does the entrance derogate from its grandeur, for we are conducted by a noble flight of steps to a splendid portico of eighteen Ionic columns, extending the whole length of

the edifice. We immediately enter a superb rotunda, filled with antique statues judiciously arranged. From thence we pass into a long and spacious saloon, supported by twenty columns of very good imitation of red granite. This is also filled with statues, unfortunately many of them mutilated, and repaired by modern artists. There is, however, one among them, that would ennoble even a more mediocre collection,—the beautiful bronze figure found in the Tiber, "The boy in an attitude of supplication," presented by Pope Clement XI. to Prince Eugene. It reposes upon a pedestal of ancient porphyry, and is valuable both as a work of art, and also as being one of the few bronze statues which have descended to us from the ancients. I now ascended a noble staircase, and entered the gallery of the rotunda (similar to that of the dome of St. Paul's), which leads to the gallery of paintings. The vista is most imposing. On either side we have a long range of saloons, hung with crimson paper to imitate velvet, bordered with gilt mouldings, in which the paintings of each school are separately arranged; thus affording an opportunity of viewing the various schools of painting from their dawn to their zenith. But, though the collection contains many good specimens, yet, if I may be allowed to use the phrase, the jewels are not worthy of the setting. The apartments appropriated to the reception of vases, coins, casts, &c., were not then completed.

The museum is open to the public twice a week; but strangers, on producing their passports, are at all times admitted. The Prussian government, throughout the whole kingdom, has most laudably interdicted the

servants belonging to the different public royal establishments from exacting the slightest gratuity, whether from native or stranger; but I am sorry to say this prohibition is very little regarded, for I generally found them not only eager, but importunate in their demands. I cannot bid adieu to this admirable structure without expressing my admiration of M. Schinkel, the architect, whose splendid genius has so largely contributed to the creation of Berlin's beauty. His productions will be the best eulogy of his talents to posterity, and perpetuate his renown so long as a taste remains for the pure and classic models of immortal Greece.

The museum has one set of ornaments I had almost forgotten to mention; not the equestrian groups, similar to the famous statues on the Monte Cavallo at Rome—for these are of undoubted excellence,—but the brood of black eagles, perched in a straight line along the principal façade, each pair of birds looking into each other's face—

> ——— "As if to them were given
> Nought else worth looking at on this side heaven."

A stranger, at a distance, might suppose them a conclave of swallows, in close conference as to what road they should cut through the air in their next migration! Surely the refined genius of the talented Schinkel cannot have been answerable for this outrage against good taste? No: if I am rightly informed, it was perpetrated in obedience to the absolute commands of the king! who, it appears, has as great a mania for decorating every public object throughout his dominions

with the Prussian eagle, as the well known Irish lord, whose very plebeian extraction rendered it difficult for the sages of the heralds' college to discover his armorial bearings; and when at length the wished-for privilege was assigned him, he instantly caused it to be engraved alike on carriage and wheel-barrow, on the plate of the saloon and the pewter of the kitchen. But let not my readers suppose that I mean to insinuate aught disparagingly of the antiquity of the illustrious house of Hohenzollern, who, history records, were Burg-grafs of Nuremberg so early as the fourteenth century.

The most aristocratical street in Berlin is the Wilhelm's Strasse. Here we find the palaces of the king's sons, Charles, Frederic, Albrecht, and August, with those of the Duke of Cumberland, and Prince Radzivil, besides a numerous catalogue of the nobility.

In the front of one of these palaces we perceive the words "Hotel de Radzivil;" and the Berliners relate, that an English lady and gentleman having arrived at Berlin, resolved upon obtaining refreshment and rest at this very fine looking hotel; and seeing a couple of empty carriages in the court-yard, they nothing doubted the correctness of their belief. Having come to this determination, the next point was to put it in execution; but as neither of them could speak a word of German, they were obliged to have recourse to the language of pantomime; and having, through this medium, made the post-boy stop, they next, by the same mute eloquence, ordered the servants (whose acquisitions as linguists were confined to their native Polish and a

little German, to convey their luggage up stairs, and bring them some refreshment. The domestics, who, from the elegant appearance and manners of the strangers, concluded that they were the invited guests of their prince, supplied them with every thing they requested. Our travellers were in raptures; their admiration was unbounded at the elegance of the appointments, the courtesy of the attendants, and the Berlin hotels were pronounced the *beau-ideal* of perfection. The prince returned the following day, and immediately on hearing the details, surmised the truth, was delighted with the mistake, and detained his unconscious guests for some days, ignorant of the blunder, till their reiterated demands for the bill produced an *éclaircissement,* to the great amusement of the prince, and the confusion of our English travellers.

This noble street terminates in a fine spacious square, Wilhelms Platz, bordered with acacias and lindens, among which are stationed the very fine marble statues of the six celebrated generals of the seven years' war. But the area, in conformity with the Berlin fashion of blending magnificence with slovenliness, is filled with loose sand, literally ancle-deep, which on a windy day floats about in clouds, to the no small annoyance of the promenaders. This inconsistency is, perhaps, no where more evident than in the splendid structures, called the German and French churches, in the Place des Gendarmes; they are nearly similar in external appearance, and, in architectural beauty, the first ecclesiastical edifices in Berlin, and would not disgrace even imperial Rome; yet one is desecrated, by the occupation of

that department of the police whose office it is to punish rogues and vagabonds; while the other is left, in open defiance of good taste, as a receptacle for dirt, dust, and cobwebs.

Berlin, as I before observed, appears a city built for effect; all that is beautiful is concentrated, as it were, in one focus, and in diverging from this we are doomed to encounter a great number of glaring incongruities. The streets, broad even to dreariness, have not the advantage of trottoirs, and few of the houses exceed two stories high; add to which, the small sharp stones with which the pavement is formed, renders walking so disagreeable, that I think promenading Berlin during the summer months might well exempt a Catholic from purgatory. An Englishman, accustomed to the hive-like population of his own commercial cities, would be inclined to suppose that pestilence had been dealing, at no distant period, desolation throughout the city. My readers will more easily credit this, when I tell them, that the circumference of the town exceeds five leagues, and the number of inhabitants only amounts to two hundred thousand. This gloomy tristeness reigns triumphant over most of the streets, except when a review, or some other public occasion, attracts the population of the provinces.

The architecture of the public buildings is also censurable for its tiresome uniformity, arising from a too frequent repetition of the same forms and combinations; for even granting that its Ionic porticos (the most general style) are perfect models of perfection, yet their endless repetition is wearying even to satiety. One of the most beautiful among these Ionic porticos,

is that of the new theatre in the Gendarmes Platz. This building was intended to excel every other former production of Prussian architecture, both in magnificence and refined taste. Perhaps it may have some pretensions to the former, so far as the multitude of statues that crowd its roof is concerned; for we find it decorated with all the heroes and heroines of the heathen mythology who could claim the slightest right to be there; as to the latter, as far as relates to the display of pure architectural beauty, it is considered a complete failure. While admiring the beautiful portico, we feel surprised that the same artist who created it, could have constructed the remainder with so many incorrigible defects, except when we remember that it is easier to erect porticos, and colonnades, according to fixed rules and proportions, than to combine harmony, elegance, and taste, in the entire building.

I think I have now noticed the principal objects upon which the eye of the tourist rests as he passes through Berlin. That the most fastidious traveller will discover much to admire is certain, but it is equally true, that it cannot assume the lofty station claimed for it by Prussian patriotism; and though, on account of its beautiful architecture, the Prussians are pleased to style it the Northern Palmyra, yet I fear, that the unfortunate lath and plaster will, at no very distant period, be the means of imparting a still greater similarity with the ruins of the desert!

Another great alloy to Berlin, as a residence, and, consequently, to its future prosperity, is its situation, which being perfectly level with the river, presents a

serious, I am afraid, an insurmountable, obstacle to its cleanliness, and consequently, its salubrity. Two lazy gutters drag their weary length along each side of the street, and, in some places, even overflow the pavement, exhaling an effluvia at once noxious and disagreeable; these empty themselves into the Spree, whose sluggish course, more resembling a stagnant canal than a river, is so tedious in conveying away the pollutions it receives, that, during the heat of summer, the public health is seriously affected; and it was a fact, announced by the authorities, that, during the summer of 1834, the deaths exceeded the births by forty-four weekly. What the heat of Berlin may be, during the dog-days, I hope I shall never personally ascertain; for even in May, a heavy suffocating vapour seemed to fill the air, caused no doubt by the action of the burning rays of the sun on the fields of sand and morasses. The sensations of the natives I cannot pretend to describe, but an inhabitant of our more humid isle feels as if the thirsty atmosphere were absorbing all the moisture from his frame; add to which, Berlin is most wretchedly calculated to supply this waste of fluids with any thing like satisfaction: for the beer and the wine may dispute for pre-eminence in weakness and acidity! In short, I would recommend my countrymen to visit Berlin during the winter; the noxious gases exhaled from the drains are then purified by the severity of the frost, the sandy fields are covered with a mantle of snow, the gloomy forests are rendered more cheerful by glittering garlands of icicles, festooned from pine to pine, and the river being congealed into a solid mass, becomes the arena on which

the skaters perform their graceful evolutions. In addition to this, there are excellent operas and concerts, together with intellectual society, which render this city a most agreeable winter residence.

Like all other capitals, the winter is also the season for the theatres, and some of them are really splendid, when we consider the amount of the population. The opera-house was built by the order of Frederic the Great, after the model of the Parthenon; the roof is ornamented with statues, and the interior, which is magnificently decorated, is capable of containing two thousand persons. His present majesty is a very zealous patron of the ballet, and generally enters his private box immediately before it commences every opera night. The performances are got up with a gorgeousness of scenic decoration, which shows that the Berliners are perfectly awake to the charms of glare and tinsel. But though Spontini, the composer of the Vestal, is the director, yet I do not think he has succeeded in creating so pure a sympathy for sweet sounds as is evinced by the Viennese; at all events, music is not here so universal a passion as in the somewhat Italianized circles of the Austrian metropolis. Perhaps this may be owing, not altogether to the want of musical taste, but rather to a more general diffusion among the higher classes of a relish for intellectual pursuits. The man who spends his whole morning at the piano, preparing for his evening exhibition, is likely to have his brain but very scantily stored; and, if the Berliners prefer worshipping science, learning, and literature, the selection confers honour both on their taste and judgment. The popular prima

donna is Mademoiselle Heinefetter, a singer of great promise, and a worthy successor of Mademoiselle Sontag. The new theatre is dedicated to the performance of the regular drama, and is generally well attended. This theatre also contains the large and splendid saloon appropriated to subscription balls and concerts, which are very frequently honoured by the presence of the king and royal family.

Among the amusements of Berlin, we may also number a lounge at the conditori's. These somewhat resemble our pastry-cooks, but are fitted up with a far greater attention to elegance and luxury. They consist of spacious saloons, most brilliantly furnished with an abundance of small marble tables and ottomans. Here we find not only fragrant hyson, aromatic mocha, frozen tutti frutti, with every description of confectionery, but the most *recherché* foreign wines, together with all sorts of liqueurs, from maraschino di zara, down to raspberry syrup; and, for mental refreshment, we are supplied with the daily newspapers, journals of the fine arts, &c,—the considerate censor having previously expunged whatever would be dangerous for the public to digest! Appended to each of these resorts of the fashionable, is the smoking saloon; here we find pipes piled up like stands of arms, ready for the visitors: and, strange to say, it never enters into the head of a German that there is any thing disagreeable in using a pipe common to a whole city! This, however, is not confined to the conditori's; for, in the houses of the wealthy and the titled, I have frequently seen the servant enter with his master's pipe in his

mouth, which he had been deputed to light, and transfer it to his master, who instantly began puffing with great alacrity. Should the attendant wish to be very respectful, he wipes it with the tail of his coat, and, if his lord is fastidious, he repeats the operation with his pocket-handkerchief!

Instead of condittoris, the lower classes have their dram-shops; and, most assuredly, they must consume an immense quantity of spirits to support in such splendour the houses that provide them; even our own gin-palaces sink into utter insignificance in comparison, particularly with those in the Konigs Strasse. On entering the principal of these temples dedicated to inebriety, the stranger finds himself in a spacious room, whose ceiling and walls are inlaid with looking-glasses, and ornamented with crystal chandeliers; in the centre he perceives a full length statue of Frederic the Great, in full uniform, and, at the further extremity, glittering with gold and tinsel, those of Bacchus and the Apollo Belvidere, surrounded by rows of barrels, painted with the most gorgeous colours; above which are shelves, displaying every variety of coloured bottles, filled with liqueurs, whose contents are indicated by gilt labels; the sparkling fluids of which are dispensed from behind a long counter, by about a dozen male and female attendants: the latter selected for their beauty. By night the effect is absolutely dazzling; illumined by a blaze of light, the mirrors multiplying the reflected objects a hundred fold, and the well-dressed attendants distributing their glasses of nectar (*Anglicè*, poison) with a smile. My first pil-

grimage to this establishment was on the afternoon of a grand review day, when it was not only crammed with citizens and soldiers, but the crowds extended far into the street, all in pursuit of spirits. After great difficulty I obtained admittance, when I found that every individual of the motley multitude were, to the honour of the women, lords of the creation.

Another of these temples, in the same street, is scarcely inferior in vulgar splendour; here the wide folding doors are sufficiently large to admit a carriage, and the first object that attracts attention is a door of painted glass, over which the Peruvian sun, made of crystal, is constantly revolving: the effect is most brilliant when illuminated. The apartments, like those of the rival establishment, are decorated in gaudy finery and tinsel.

The universal spread of the pernicious practice to which these gorgeous temples owe their origin, both here, and in our own country, is a subject of mournful contemplation. That it is tacitly encouraged by the legislature is certain, and yet, apart from all moral considerations, how is it that governments, who seek to fill their treasuries by such means, do not remember that the source of wealth is industry, the offspring of intemperance idleness; and that one day passed by the working part of the population in the haunts of inebriety, is a loss to the revenue of all that would have increased it by the creating hand of productive labour.

We must, however, in justice, accord to the German the palm of being less quarrelsome in his revels than our own more choleric countrymen; for, while wander-

ing through the most wretched streets of the Prussian metropolis, we are rarely disgusted by those scenes of brutal violence which so often disgrace our own large towns. This is, in a great measure, referrible to a most effective police, and the influence of those salutary laws which have been enacted solely with a preventive view. For instance, the man who gives the first blow is not only severely fined and imprisoned, but his antagonist is permitted to wreak upon him his full vengeance, (short of maiming or bloodshed,) without being liable to punishment. The German is, consequently, rarely provoked into any other manifestation of hostility than the most abusive language, which his adversary retorts with the same Billingsgate weapon, and thus they continue, till wearied and out of breath, they separate, mutually growling. So that a stranger, on witnessing this womanly exhibition, might justly conclude them to be altogether destitute of animal courage.

Prussia cannot be accused of want of gratitude to the memories of her illustrious warriors, for they animate the streets, squares, and bridges, both in marble and in bronze. The clumsy, but spirited, equestrian statue of the Great Elector, Frederic, guards the langen-Brücke (long bridge), so called, I presume, in contradistinction to the shortness of its brethren, of which there are forty in Berlin. The Prince of Anhalt Dessau is the centinel opposite the royal palace, and the old veteran Blucher, bareheaded, maintains his post in all weathers in the Linden Strasse, while even the thunder of Napoleon's cannon could not disturb the heroes of the seven years' war from their station in the Wil-

helms Platz; but to a stranger it appears singular that no public monument exists in Berlin to Frederic the Great, or any testimonial of national gratitude to the illustrious statesman, Hardenberg.

This minister, the greatest that Prussia ever possessed, and who ranks among the most illustrious of Europe, may almost be said to have effected, single-handed, the salvation of his country; yet his measures of improvement were checked by the ravages of war, thwarted by the prejudices of the aristocracy, the influence of court intrigue, and the personal animosity of the Crown Prince; still, whatever he commenced he prosecuted with an energy and single-mindedness that insured success: he laid the axe to the odious Erbunterthänigkeit (feudal vassalage), begun by the minister Stein, and with one stroke of his pen emancipated the serfs, and called into being a new class of landed proprietors. The aristocracy were deprived of their exclusive privileges, particularly that of exemption from taxation, the financial system was reformed, and the domains of the sovereign and the church were sold to relieve the burdens of the country. That some of his measures, were precipitate, and even unjust, must be conceded, such as the refusal of all indemnification to the landed proprietors for the loss of the services of their boors. But in extenuation of the minister, let it be remembered, that the nation was on the verge of ruin: for war, and the spoliations of a ruthless conqueror, had spread poverty over the land; yet this truly great man overcame every difficulty, he skilfully availed himself of those resources which the wreck of his

country afforded, and finally succeeded in restoring the financial system to a healthy state, and in placing public credit upon a secure basis. At his death he bequeathed to his monarch for a legacy, the prosperity of his country, while his fellow-citizens embalmed his name with their gratitude, and Europe accorded him the rare eulogy of an honest statesman.

Although no part of the Prussian dominions enjoys the privilege of trial by jury, except her Rhenish provinces, yet, so far as I have been able to ascertain, justice is generally impartially administered, and her judicial institutions bear a high character in Germany. The judges are always selected for their talent, probity, and moral conduct, and indemnified for their services with a liberality which places them above the temptation of being corrupted; but though the decisions in civil cases are almost invariably just and upright, yet, in political questions the arbitrary power of the government acknowledges no controul. For instance, even if a political offender is acquitted, he may be remanded to prison, perhaps for life, if the government so wills it, without the delinquent having the power to claim the protection of the courts of judicature, or to insist upon a final sentence being pronounced. It is, however, but justice to the government to say, that its despotic power is very rarely abused.

In its mild and paternal character, it may read a lesson to ourselves, for the punishment of death is rarely inflicted, yet this humane government still sanctions the cruel practice of breaking the criminal alive on the wheel, which, however, is only inflicted in

the most aggravated cases of murder, and, I believe, confined to that part of Saxony which was ceded to Prussia in 1815. I very narrowly escaped witnessing this dreadful mode of execution a few years since, in passing through Wittenberg, as the wretched delinquent had suffered only a few hours previous to my arrival; I saw the machine and the whole of the appalling apparatus, on an eminence near the town.

The prison discipline to which those delinquents who are guilty of minor offences are subjected, is admirable in every respect; the inculcation of morality and religion forms its groundwork, and the unceasing practice of industry, if I may so speak, the superstructure, they provide by their labour for their maintenance, and the overplus of the proceeds is left to accumulate, till the term of imprisonment expires, by which means they frequently realize a sufficient sum to ensure their future prosperity. If ignorant of a trade, they are taught one, and I have been assured by more than one superintending officer, that the reformation of the offenders, is for the most part complete, and instances of a return to a course of crime by no means frequent.

Perhaps there is no part of the Prussian administration more commendable than that which places education under the control of a minister of public instruction. However, as this subject has been so often discussed by abler pens than mine, I shall merely give a slight sketch. Firstly, The various details of the schools are arranged according to certain rules, from which the masters are not at liberty to depart. Secondly, These masters are all appointed by the minister, being

first prepared at seminaries instituted expressly for that purpose, when they undergo such an examination as demonstrates their fitness, previous to receiving the sanction of the minister: hence, no person who is not qualified for the important task of education, is allowed to undertake it. Why is this not the case in England? Why is it, that the vulgar, the illiterate, and not unfrequently the immoral, may be seen attempting to form the plastic mind of youth, and giving it a bias towards evil, from which it never recovers? There are also public establishments for the education of those who devote themselves to the histrionic profession, including schools for declamation, music, dancing, &c. These are also under the superintendence of a director, to whom the progress of the pupils is reported monthly, and, who examines them publicly twice a year.

Many of the regulations for the internal administration of the city, are not less praiseworthy; particularly with respect to hackney coaches, i. e. droschke, completely Russian in their appointments; the drivers of these are universally dressed in a sort of livery, and subject to the express control of the police. Each coachman is furnished with a supply of small printed tickets, containing the price of the distance, or the length of time for which he is engaged, the number of his vehicle, the day of the month, and the number of persons he conveys, (the reason of this last regulation is, that the fare varies accordingly). This he is compelled to deliver to the passenger, under a severe penalty. Owing to this simple, but excellent arrangement, strangers, even the most timid females and children, use them

without the slightest apprehension of insult, or imposition; for, if a driver exhibits the most trifling misconduct, a complaint to the police insures instant redress, without any trouble to the applicant, but as fine, imprisonment, and at length dismission, is certain to follow a repetition, imposition or insolence rarely occur. If experience has proved this admirable regulation to be of such general utility in Berlin, how great would be the benefit resulting from its adoption in our own overgrown metropolis; perhaps no evil of our domestic administration calls more loudly for reform than the whole system of hired carriages in the metropolis: a regulation so simple as that I have described, would not only protect the proprietors from being robbed by their servants, but the public from imposition, insult, and, it may be, from death.

The government is armed with a strict and stern police, whose individual members, in their eagerness to evince the sincerity of their zeal, sometimes exceed their orders, particularly in political matters, and invade the sanctuary of private life, no doubt tacitly encouraged by the higher authorities; but every oppressive act of their agents, which might tend to bring the government into invidious contact with public feeling, never fails to be publicly disclaimed. Yet, in our hatred of despotism, let us not be blind to the substantial good resulting from many of the police ordinances, though at first sight they appear vexatious to a Briton; ill-judged they can never be deemed, for it is evident they have been framed with talent, foresight, and a consideration for the wants and necessities of the people; indeed, in

no country are the person and property, both of the native and stranger, better protected. Provisions are preserved from adulteration, and their prices regulated: and, in this important department of the police, the office is no sinecure, as their duties are strictly attended to. Even the stranger, in his passage through the country, is not liable to imposition from the hotel-keepers, so frequently the case in other countries, for a list of the prices, regulated by authority, is suspended in the public saloon of each hotel. Again, if his memory has so ill-befriended him that he has forgot some article on his journey at an inn, public conveyance, &c., he has only, in order to recover it, to apply to the officer who is appointed for the purpose, and who is to be found in every town throughout the country. To this excellent regulation, I am indebted for the recovery of a valuable gold watch, and although I had travelled upwards of a hundred miles before I discovered my loss, yet having given the necessary information to the proper authorities, I found it waiting for me at the termination of my journey.

The charitable institutions are equally well appointed; for the indigent are not received into public establishments to pass their time in idleness, but furnished with suitable employments, the proceeds of which are applied to their maintenance, and the remainder funded for their future support. In this country it is only the sick and the cripple who are supported by eleemosynary aid.

Since the peace of 1815, commerce, industry, and manufactures have rapidly progressed, advanced alike

by the patriotic encouragement of the sovereign, and the public societies for the promotion of national industry; yet, in this respect, when compared with England, she is still in her infancy. By the aid of the fine fleeces of their Spanish sheep in Silesia, they have succeeded in manufacturing woollen cloths of every texture, which, to an unpractised eye, would appear equal to our own: but even the Prussian merchant acknowledges them to be much inferior, both in fineness and durability. However, for this article, there is no necessity for Prussia to resort to the stranger, consequently the duty on the foreign article is low. In silk they have not been so successful, notwithstanding the cemeteries are all planted with mulberry trees; the silk-worms, I suppose, having refused to naturalize themselves in so cold a climate. The cotton manufactures, established by Frederick the Great, have not kept pace with some of the other branches of national industry; and it is only by imposing a prohibitory duty on English manufactures, that the belles can be compelled to wear them. But the two productions in which the Prussians excel, are ornamental porcelain and cast-iron. Of the former, I saw some very beautiful specimens; the drawings were good, the colours brilliant, and the porcelain fine;—while the latter is deservedly the national boast, and considering the apparently intractable nature of the material, we know not which most to admire, the beauty of the forms, or the delicacy of the workmanship. The ornaments for women have already found their way to every capital in Europe, and the copies in relief of some of the most celebrated

paintings of antiquity have awakened the admiration of every traveller of taste. Nor is it in the lighter articles of fancy alone to which they have applied their ingenuity; as colossal statues, bells for churches, bridges, and various other objects of public utility, are fabricated of the same material, and with a strength and solidity that seem to ensure their duration [1].

The commerce of Berlin is greater than we should be led to expect from its inland situation; but to this the Spree, which appears nothing better than a broad muddy ditch, acts as a useful auxiliary; for this river being united to the Oder by a canal, brings down the minerals, corn, and manufactures of Silesia, and entering the Havel at Spandau, which runs into the Elbe at Werben, in Brandenburg, is the means of opening an uninterrupted communication between Berlin and the German Ocean, while the Oder unites it with the ports on the Baltic.

In speaking of the public edifices of Berlin, it is scarcely necessary to eulogize the architects, who rank among the first in Europe. M. Schinkel, who, like Michael Angelo, is at once architect, sculptor, and painter, is a constellation of talent rarely met with. Painting, sculpture, and engraving, fostered by the munificent patronage of the king and royal family, have obtained a high degree of perfection. Literature, science, and learning, are all deeply indebted to the same protecting care; and the names of Alexander von

[1] Since my return to England, I have seen some ornamental articles of cast iron of home manufacture, whose beautiful workmanship threatens to eclipse the productions of our rival.

Humboldt, and a host of others, abundantly prove that it has not been undeservedly bestowed.

The university of Berlin was founded in the year 1810, principally at the instigation of Professor Wolff, the philologist, who formerly filled a chair at the university of Halle. This gentleman encountered considerable opposition at the commencement of his undertaking, from the minister, Stein, but being warmly supported by Humboldt and Müller, their perseverance at length subdued every obstacle, and the establishment started into being. The king generously bestowed a palace, and placed the requisite funds at the disposal of the directors. Many doubts existed as to the wisdom of introducing a crowd of unruly students into a large capital; but all the prophecies of ill were falsified, and the academicians were found to be more tractable in proportion as they were found to be of no importance when compared with the mass of the population. At present, this university is one of the first in Germany, and only rivalled as a medical school by that at Göttingen. Since 1830, the government has afforded every encouragement for the purpose of increasing the number of students; it being feared that the universities in South Germany would inoculate the pupils with revolutionary principles: and since the refractory spirit which some of these seminaries have exhibited, it has been enacted, that only those who have been educated at Prussian universities are eligible to fill the offices under government.

CHAPTER IV.

House of Hohenzollern—Attempt to assassinate the King—Character of the Crown Prince—Military—Political Observations—Society at Berlin—National character—Berlin Cockneyisms—Mode of living—Military despotism—Potsdam—Tomb of Frederick the Great—Sans Souci—Tivoli—Monument of the People—Thiergarten.

THE strength of the Prussian monarchy has, like most others, been gradually built up. In the year 1417, the Emperor Sigismund sold the Electorate of Brandenburg, with the territory annexed to it, for the sum of four hundred thousand florins, to Friedrich von Hohenzollern, Burg Graf of Nuremberg, the younger branch of that house, whose senior line are at present the petty sovereigns of two small principalities in Wurtemberg, called Hechingen and Sigmaringen. From this prince sprung a succession of excellent rulers, who have swayed this country since the fifteenth century. On assuming the electoral authority, Frederick found his democracy was composed of half-savage Germans and Vandals, while his aristocracy consisted of robber knights, living solely by rapine! The sovereign, however, who shone out in resplendent relief, above all who preceded him, was the great Elector Frederic Wilhelm, contemptuously called by Austria, who was jealous of his rising importance, the King of the

Vandals (*Vandalen König*). This great prince was in fact the founder of the Prussian monarchy; he first brought into cultivation the ungrateful soil, introduced among his people the arts of civilised nations, encouraged and protected commerce, and invited the oppressed of every nation to take shelter in his dominions, and, as a successful warrior, added to his territories Magdeburg, Pomerania, Minden, &c.

His immediate descendants were not distinguished above their contemporaries, till we come to Frederic the Great, whose father assumed the title of King of Prussia. The acts of this brave prince are chronicled in the history of Europe; he immortalised both himself and his country; under his sceptre the star of her glory shone at its meridian, and her soldiers were the bravest in Europe: yet, notwithstanding Prussia was at the pinnacle of military fame, history hardly affords an example of so rapid a declension, as that to which a vacillating and short-sighted policy conducted her. There was, indeed, an army of lions, but the great chief who created them was no more; yet, though defeated and humiliated, their country all but erased from the map of Europe, the treasury exhausted, and the army demoralised,—yet the national enthusiasm of the people burst forth, and they exhibited a devotedness to their king and country rarely equalled; no age or sex shrunk from the exertions that were demanded, squadrons of volunteers were formed from the desk, the shop, and the plough, and these were the victors at Katsbach and Leipsic, these were the men who marched

triumphantly to Paris, wrested the land of their fathers from the fangs of its conqueror, and obliterated the stain on Prussian valour.

The early career of his present majesty of Prussia was the most unfortunate of all the princes of the house of Hohenzollern. His every act and movement seemed swayed by the influence of evil destiny, until nothing was left of the powerful monarchy and splendid army bequeathed to him by his ancestors, but the ruins of the one, and the French bulletins announcing the successive defeats of the other. That he now reigns sovereign of Prussia, is entirely owing to the patriotism of his people, English subsidies, and the rare talents of one of the greatest ministers that ever presided over the councils of a nation. Fortunately, the king had the wisdom to discover, ere it was too late, his own inability to steer the helm of state, and to resign it to abler guidance. To this circumstance Prussia is indebted for many of her most valued institutions and present prosperous condition; and it is very generally believed, that if Hardenberg had not been opposed by the influence of the Crown Prince and Russia, he would have accorded the representative constitution to the country, guaranteed by the sovereign in his adversity.

Although the intellectual attainments of his majesty are not considered by his subjects to be of the highest calibre, still his moral worth and amiable manners are the theme alike of infancy and age, and he has no tastes more hostile to the happiness of his people than a

passion for the military splendour of reviews, and the more peaceful pageantries of melo-dramas, operas, and ballets!

I was sorry to learn, during my stay in Berlin, that an attempt had been made to assassinate his majesty, some short time previous to my visit. As many versions of this singular circumstance were then in circulation, I shall give that which seemed to be most generally credited; for it is not easy to obtain an accurate account of any public or political occurrence in a country where the censor so industriously exercises his scissors. The king, it appears, was taking his accustomed promenade alone in the pleasure-grounds attached to his palace, when he observed two young men in the dress of students issuing out of a thicket, advancing hastily towards him, whose bearing and manners were evidently hostile; his majesty, dreadfully intimidated, hastily retreated, and alarmed the guard, who searched the garden without discovering the fugitives. Notwithstanding the apprehension of the monarch, still many of the Berliners persist in doubting that the young men had any intention more murderous than to present a petition! But be this as it may, conscience must have whispered that he had too much cause for fear, as upwards of three hundred beardless boys were at that moment languishing in prison for political offences.

A very general misapprehension appears to exist in England respecting the character of the Crown Prince: he is usually represented as being harsh and despotic; whereas the contrary is really the fact, for time and

experience have modified and altered those opinions which he was known to entertain in early youth; and although he exhibits an un-German partiality for Russian influence, still he is said to entertain a more decided predilection for peace and her gentle train, than for war and her desolating attendants. The fine arts have found in him a liberal patron, and he has manifested so decided an attachment to religion, that he is sneered at by the sceptic for his bigotry; however, even his enemies must acknowledge, that his moral conduct reflects lustre upon his principles. In truth, it is no exaggeration to say, that the amiable manners and exemplary conduct of the whole of the royal family render them as pre-eminent as their rank.

Prussia may be justly termed the Sparta of Germany. The king and his sons, the noble and peasant, all are soldiers; and the highest subjects in the realm must commence their military career by serving in the ranks. This indiscriminate amalgamation has the good effect of diffusing intelligence among the people, who, by constant collision with their superiors in rank, manners, and education, acquire habits of thinking, which no system of education, however perfect, could impart: still this good is not without its alloy, for the military service engenders such determined habits of idleness and dissipation, that the industrious classes, of every grade, denounce the whole system in no measured terms; they also assert, and I fear the consequence is but too natural, that the corruption of public morals has gone hand in hand with its advancement and extension; and though the pay of the military appears

low, a private receiving only about three pence a-day, economy characterising this, as well as every other public department of the Prussian government, still, the country being poor, the enormous expenses incurred in supporting such a vast military establishment press heavily upon the people, for the army is computed to be at present two hundred and twenty thousand: this force, in case of war, may be augmented by mustering the landwehr, to half a million; and on invasion, or cases of great emergency, they pretend that they can bring into the field one million, including the veterans and those below the military standard. This may appear to my readers an undue proportion out of a population of twelve millions and a half; but we must remember, that here, like every other part of Germany, the women perform a great portion of the agricultural labour.

The wisdom of the government in maintaining such a great military force, appears problematical even to the Prussians; and I have not unfrequently heard it asserted by some of her most intelligent sons, that the resources of the country, in the event of a war, would be utterly inadequate to support half the number of her present army, without the assistance of foreign subsidies. Some go further, and contend that the spirit of speculation in their government extends even to the military; and that in the event of a general war, Prussia and her soldiers would ally themselves to that power who held the heaviest purse. These are, however, only the opinions of individuals; but it is very obvious to every impartial observer, that the lead-

ing principle of the Prussian government is the production of effect, and in this they admirably succeed.

Prussia is exceedingly unfortunate in her situation. Her Rhenish provinces lie open to France; her possessions on the Baltic and in Poland to Russia; and Silesia to Austria. Add to this, she has not even the advantage of an integral territory; for Hanover, Saxony, and Hesse, divide her provinces from each other; and, as a natural consequence of her weakness, she has servilely thrown herself into the arms of her powerful neighbour, Russia. Whether it be owing to this influence that the government manifests such a decided feeling of hostility to England and her interests, I know not; but, certainly, in her exhibitions of this enmity, she has been most industrious, both in her commercial tariff, to which she has had the adroitness to gain over the minor states in Germany, and also in the language of the public press, which is, we know, here the organ of government. Let us take up any of her say-nothing, stupid, political journals, and we shall probably find some bitter censure upon England and her inhabitants. But, for our consolation, we know that they do not speak the sentiments of the people, but those of the government; for the Germans have just as much of a free press as coincides with the will of the Dictator, the imperial Nicholas! whose puppet, with what truth I know not, the Prussians assert M. Ancillon to be. However, we must admire the sagacity of the writers; for whether manufactured in Frankfurt, Augsburg, or Berlin, the pills given to the British lion are very carefully sugared over. Still,

if an English statesman breaks the sweet incrustation, he will make several notable discoveries; for instance, that our commerce is rapidly declining! our trade with Germany at an end! and our feeble, tottering, Whig administration scarcely able to restrain a people on the verge of anarchy; and, above all, burdened with a debt that cripples all our energies! That we should have no market for our manufactures if we depended upon Prussia and her allies, is most certain; but such is their superiority, that they will force their way throughout the civilized world, to say nothing of our own colonies, which are all rapidly advancing in wealth and importance, and consequently consume vast quantities. And as for our revolutionary tendencies, there is not, at this moment, a single political offender within the walls of our prisons, throughout the whole empire! Can any other country in Europe say the same? And surely M. Ancillon cannot be so ignorant, as not to know that the finances of England were never more prosperous than at the present moment, nor the country possessed of more abundant resources for carrying on a successful war.

I shall postpone the consideration of the commercial league to a future chapter, and merely say that the general opinion here is, that it has originated in the refusal of England to receive Prussian corn and timber, unless burdened with duties which almost amount to a prohibition! But the fact is, that Prussia's real object was the extension of her political influence; for, as we before observed, conscious of her weakness, she eagerly grasps at every opportunity of increasing her weight in

the councils of Europe. That she is perfectly justified in so doing cannot be disputed, and we must certainly admire the superior talents of her diplomatists; but so far as England is concerned, she ought in gratitude to remember, that it was the produce of our manufactures, in the form of subsidies, that enabled her to stem the torrent that had well nigh swept her to destruction; and perhaps the day is not far distant,—indeed the present state of Europe creates the suspicion that it will not be long delayed,—when they may be again sought after. She may now imagine herself safe under the protecting wings of the Russian eagle, but Prussia would do well to remember that history affords too many examples of the spoliation of the less potent state by the cupidity of her more powerful neighbour; and it is more than probable that both Austria and Prussia will yet have ample cause to regret the dismemberment of Poland, for Russia must always gain when she leaves her snowy deserts in the rear.

Since the French revolutionary explosion of 1830, which shook the foundations of so many European thrones, the political horizon of Prussia has assumed a different aspect. The active exertions of the monarch and his government in assisting at the strangulation of Polish liberty, was fatal to their popularity, not only in Prussia, but throughout Germany. Hence, as they no longer felt the same confidence in the loyalty of the people, it was found necessary to multiply spies, and redouble the rigour of the censorship. The national bursts of enthusiasm in favour of the king, and the freedom of speech which I was wont to hear on a for-

mer visit to this country, during the administration of Hardenberg, have ceased, and given place to suspicious silence.

The apprehensions of the government, whether imaginary or real, have been considerably increased by the writings of the aristocracy, several of whom are not destitute of talent, notwithstanding they cling with the most pertinacious tenacity to their ancient prejudices; and as their rank gives them access to the king, who is naturally timid, they are never weary of denouncing the republican principles of those classes who are not noble; ascribing their prevalence to the allotment system, which has created a large body of small landed proprietors like those of France, thereby throwing an overwhelming influence into the hands of the people, to the imminent danger of the annihilation of all kingly forms of government. This question has been ably argued in a recent work, entitled "Tutti Frutti," by Prince Pückler Muskau; and although his book contains much interesting information on the state of Prussia, and on many points a great deal of good sense, yet the author is too prejudiced on the subject of feudal vassalage to argue with candour and impartiality. So far as I have been able to judge, I would say that republican principles are not on the increase in Prussia. True it is, the industrious classes are rapidly rising in wealth, intelligence, and importance, while the privileged classes are amusing themselves with "*far niente*," or in contemplating their "*stambäume*" (tree). There is decidedly a spirit abroad among the people; a desire to be included among those intellec-

tual nations of Europe, who enjoy the blessings of rational liberty, and which the friends of despotism may misconstrue as revolutionary. It would be unjust to the intellectual natives of Prussia, and indeed to all Germany, not to admit that this feeling is becoming more and more universal; for nations, as they advance in civilization, become, like children, impatient of their leading-strings. However, let it not be supposed that the Prussians are the abject slaves of a despot; for though the form of government is absolute monarchy, yet public opinion acts as a controlling influence upon its exercise, preventing and restraining its abuses; hence, even an isolated act of tyranny would be certain of exciting such a commotion as might endanger the existence even of the Hohenzollern dynasty. It is nevertheless predicted by many, that the death of the present monarch will be the signal for some popular movement, as the Crown Prince is not a favourite, partly owing to the enmity he displayed towards the favourite of the people, Hardenberg, and partly to the decided partiality he exhibits for Russia and her alliance.

Berlin is far from being so lively a capital as Vienna. The higher ranks, like those of other cities, amuse themselves with balls, routes, and card parties, not remarkable for their gaiety; but they are never crowded to suffocation, like those of our own country. The most popular recreation is the theatre, which even these reformists do not scruple to attend on sundays. The court circle is numerous; but its social intercourse is restricted principally to its own members, few foreign-

ers being admitted to join it on terms of intimacy except the Russians, who are here the privileged class. This is the more to be regretted, as the king and the whole of the royal family are distinguished for great urbanity of manners, and the ladies are among the most delightful and amiable in Berlin, over whom presides one of the most fascinating women of her day, the beautiful princess Von Leignitz. This want of hospitality in the court is said to originate in the extreme parsimony of his Majesty, who inherits from his ancestors, in an eminent degree, this most un-royal propensity.

The fashionable circles of Berlin are not remarkable for hospitality; and, whether from inability, or that they are infected with the economical habits of the court, there is a total absence of luxury in their entertainments, the only recreation being cards; and as there is neither political nor any other decided tone of party feeling, which always animates conversation, the soirées are monotonous. In short, it is only at the houses of the corps diplomatique that we find any thing like what may be really termed agreeable re-unions. One thing, however, may console the English, that if they are not popular with the government, they are decidedly so with the people; and should any of my countrymen, in their rambles through Prussia, meet with an old soldier who has fought at Waterloo, he will be certain of a most cordial welcome.

The Prussian character differs materially in many respects from that of the rest of the Germans, owing,

I presume, to the mixture of the Teutonic and Sclavonic races, the latter predominating. Their temperament is also more mercurial. But though the palm must be assigned to them in vivacity, quickness of intellect, and companionable qualities, yet the balance is not in their favour. They are more loquacious, and infinitely less clean; more inclined to gasconading; and on most occasions manifest a supreme contempt for that precept of St. Paul, "Before honour is humility." If we are to credit only one half that a Prussian warrior relates of the number of Frenchmen he has killed with his single arm, we should wonder how France was able to supply men. "Prussia was the Saviour of Europe." "If it was not for Prussia, Wellington and the English would have been annihilated!" These empty boasts I have heard iterated and re-iterated by youthful military dandies, who perhaps had never seen a shot fired except at parade.

The opinion entertained that the German language is spoken in its purity at Berlin, is very ill-founded, as the errors committed in the pronunciation are numerous. Of course this observation does not apply to those who are highly educated. The following are a few of what may be termed Berlin cockneyisms: for instance, "mir" is constantly substituted for "mich," and G for J. The stories related of the equivoques arising from the latter are innumerable; and the unlucky natives, when in other parts of Germany, frequently give serious offence. When addressing a friend, their language is a tissue of complimentary superlatives; and it is equally extravagant when irri-

tated or excited; for a Prussian, unlike another German, is not contented with one "donner und wetter," but exclaims, "a hundred thousand millions of thunder and weather."

Whether it be owing to the universal prevalence of parsimonious feeling, or the extreme niggardliness of the soil, which is for the most part sandy and unproductive, the Prussians are in general extremely abstemious; bread, butter, and potatoes, being the principal articles of consumption,—the latter with the lower classes; and the former, I have seen, all ranks partake of half-a-dozen times daily. If you visit a friend, it is more than probable the lunch will be butter-bemme (bread and butter): if you go to an inn, and order refreshment, without specifying any thing particular, this will be certainly brought. Still, however popular, it divides its empire with potatoes, which a stranger, taking notes, might with every justice enter in his pocket-book as the national food, since I have frequently seen them served in six different forms, the bread was made from them, the soup thickened with them, there was fried potatoes, potatoe salad, and potatoe dumplings; to which may be added potatoe cheese, which, by the bye, is one of its best preparations, and will keep many years, for which we are indebted to Prussian ingenuity. The following is the receipt, if any of my readers feel inclined to try it.

The potatoes, which should be mealy, must be boiled, and then grated: to this add the sixth part of its weight in curd, and a little salt. The whole must be well kneaded together, and left to stand three or four

days; in winter longer. It is then to be kneaded a second time, when it should be made into a form, and left to dry in the usual manner. The older it is, the more agreeable the flavour. If you wish it to be particularly good, take two-thirds potatoes and one-third curds, to which add a little sheep's milk. Thus prepared, it will remain free from decay for years; but it must be kept in a dry place, and covered.

But if the Prussians are abstemious in eating, I cannot say so much for them in drinking, as schnapps is the universal beverage among the lower orders. The prevalence of this attachment to spirits, and which extends throughout the whole of North Germany in a greater or less degree, is no doubt the cause of the pallid countenances so observable in that country. They plead as an apology, that the country produces no wine, and is equally unfavourable to the manufacture of beer. This custom of dram-drinking is not altogether confined to the lower orders, for even those in the better ranks of life are accustomed to take their *petit verre*, by way of creating an appetite!

Tea and coffee constitute the favourite refreshment of the higher classes; the latter, when they can afford it, is popular with all. The great Frederic, who was notoriously parsimonious, attempted to effect a reformation in the national taste, by the imposition of heavy duties; but the only effect was to create as much clamour and discontent as if a famine had taken place. "Fools!" said the monarch, "they do not understand that this has been intended for their benefit; for what is now indulged in as a luxury, will ultimately become

a necessity, make them poorer, and consequently more miserable." His prediction has been most truly verified. However, economical substitutes have been of late years adopted for these luxuries, as coffee is now very generally made from acorns, prepared in the following manner:—

The acorns, when perfectly ripe, should be kept for some short time, in a dry place. They are afterwards cut in small pieces, first throwing away the husk; then roasted, ground, and prepared precisely as coffee.

This preparation, the use of which is recommended by eminent medical men, is said to be valuable, both as a tonic, and for the nourishment it affords. It is daily becoming in more general use throughout Germany, and may be found prepared at all the chemists. The blossoms of the linden-tree supply the place of tea with the poor. The flavour is very agreeable; and it is, to say the least, a very innocent ptisan, and certainly does not irritate the nerves. I have cured myself frequently of a slight cold by drinking plentifully of it. The German doctors recommend it as a beverage in almost every disease.

Notwithstanding the eulogiums which must in justice be accorded to the social institutions of Prussia, and the privileges which, in many respects, the people enjoy under the humane sceptre of his present majesty, still the degree of despotism exercised by the military is on many occasions vexatious, not to say tyrannical, exceeding any thing I had witnessed even in Russia. Of this I experienced an instance the morning I left

Berlin for Potsdam, which was that of a grand review. On arriving at the gate of the city, I found that the further progress of my carriage was impeded by a long line of military: to pass until the whole had defiled, amounting to several thousands, was impossible, for the carriage of no private individual was allowed to break the ranks. I was therefore obliged to rein in my impatience as best I might. In vain I remonstrated with the officers; in vain I represented the facility with which my request could be granted; I was answered by some with smiles, and by others with a refusal couched in no very courteous terms, while my coachman was the object of vulgar mirth to the soldiery. A short distance from the town I again encountered a similar interruption: this time it was a regiment of cuirassiers, and though the flower of the Prussian army, yet the pleasure of contemplating them under such circumstances was one I could well have dispensed with; however, every thing has its termination, and so had the soldiers, and I was again *en route*.

On reaching Potsdam, a ray of fertility once more greets the eye of the traveller, to which the Havel contributes all its beauty; for not being confined to any definite channel, it occasionally spreads into small lakes, here and there diversified by a passing sail: we have also a few well-wooded eminences on its banks, which the natives, unaccustomed to estimate the altitude of nature's giants, think proper in their simplicity to denominate mountains: still the variety is charming, particularly after being accustomed to the contemplation of the somniferous sameness of the sandy

plains and languishing fir-woods that surround the capital.

We perceive at Potsdam quite as great a display of architectural parade as in Berlin. The gate through which we enter, from its altitude and style of building, resembles a triumphal arch; but the solitude that reigns throughout its splendid streets was, I had almost said, appalling: this can create no surprise, when we remember that the town is large enough to contain a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and its actual residents amount only to thirty thousand, the half of whom are soldiers. In short, it looks like the shadow of a glory that has passed away, and one cannot help wishing for some of Prometheus' fire to animate the numerous statues on the roofs, and set them walking in the streets. Many of these magnificent buildings, with their military trophies, Grecian porticos, nymphs, and goddesses, offer a ludicrous contrast to the purposes to which they are now so ignobly desecrated, as these mimic palaces and temples are inhabited by monarchs whose thrones are their shopboards, and the only deity worshipped in the temples is Mercury. But as it was the royal toy, the creation of Frederic the Great, that circumstance will alone attract the passing traveller so long as Potsdam exists.

The König-schloss, (palace of the king,) will not repay the trouble of a visit, either by the beauty of its architecture, or by a promenade in its dreary pleasure-grounds, where you are either buried in sand or blinded by it, according to the pleasure of this mobile material.

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I must apologise for so frequently alluding to this nuisance, but really, my dear reader, enjoyment on a windy day in summer, within the boundaries of Prussia's sandy plains, is " a thing to dream of, not to feel."

The Garnisons-kirche is much more interesting, as it contains the simple tomb of Frederic the Great. The victor of Jena, who had, or pretended to have, a sympathy with talent and renown, came after the battle, as if in mockery, to desecrate the last resting-place of the royal patriot, whose whole life had been spent in defending his country from the curse of a foreign conqueror, and who, could the grave have burst its cerements, would assuredly have chased away its destroyer; for, as if determined to render his sacrilegious profanation more complete, he bore away the sword, sash, and orders, of the departed hero!

The most interesting reminiscence at Potsdam of the great king, is his favourite retreat, Sans Souci, standing on an eminence close to the town, with which it is connected by an avenue. It appears much neglected; the park-gate through which we enter is literally falling to pieces for want of paint, and the grounds merely exhibit sandy promenades, shaded by a profusion of trees, and ornamented with myriads of mouldering statues and decaying temples. The best part about them is the succession of terraces that lead to the pavilion: these are fitted up with glass frames, and contain a rare collection of exotic plants, besides fruit-trees of the most southern climes; many of them were planted by Frederic, for he had an absolute passion for

gardening: here, while training his trees, he was accustomed to receive his ministers, ambassadors, and generals.

Sans Souci is not interesting for architectural beauty, but because Frederic the great lived in it. The double circular portico is certainly a very pretty thing, but much too splendid for the remainder of the building, which is neither lofty nor imposing. The situation, however, has been well selected, for it commands all that the country affords of a prospect: the town, the river Havel, its villages, and woody eminences, together with Arnold's wind-mill, half concealed by groups of trees, still performing its evolutions, while those who raised so keen a contention respecting it—the monarch and its owner—are mingled with the dust.

The interior of the palace is as unpretending as its modest exterior, and, if we are to estimate the refined taste of the great king by the very mediocre paintings that cover the walls of the gallery, where he used to take his promenade in rainy weather, we shall not feel inclined to assign him a high rank as a connoisseur of the fine arts. The only apartment that has been preserved, as he left it at his death, is the library, a small circular room: most of the books are in the French language, among which we perceive his own work, "Les Œuvres du Philosophie:" here is his little writing table, ink-stand, hand-bell, sand-box, and sofa. It was amusing to see how industriously a band of young military aspirants alternately occupied his seat, as if, like the mantle of Elijah, it would have the effect of animating them to deeds of heroism. The only

ornament of the chamber in which he died is a very good portrait of Gustavus Adolphus, said to have been a great favourite of Frederic, and a correct likeness of the heroic king. The bed has been removed, which has given great umbrage to the Prussians, together with the arm-chair in which he breathed his last, after a long reign of forty-six years; and, although at the advanced age of seventy-five, he retained his intellect so perfectly, as to be able to transact public business the day he died. How serenely tranquil must have been the dying hour of the royal philosopher, who, after a whole life of storm and strife, saw his country prosperous, his people happy, and his sceptre ready to pass undisputed into the hands of his successor. How fortunate were his last moments compared with those of other brilliant meteors, who have astonished the world by their great military talents! Julius Cæsar perished by the stiletto of a friend; Gustavus Adolphus on the battle-field of Lützen received his death blow from the treacherous hand of one of his own officers, the Duke of Lauenburg: and the ambitious scourge of Europe, expired chained to a barren rock, the captive of the nation he hated, far from the country he had adopted, from the people he had ruled.

With the exception of Potsdam, the environs of Berlin offer little to interest a stranger. The Tivoli is the favourite resort of the beau-monde, that is, of all well dressed people who can afford to pay three silver groschens (four-pence) for permission to enter. This little tax has certainly the effect of rendering the company select, for the royal family

and the élite of the capital do not scruple to visit it; and, as the road thither is bounded by an arid waste, the contrast is the more pleasing. On ascending a small eminence, the traveller finds himself in a prettily laid out pleasure ground, filled with the gay and fashionable, promenading, or taking refreshment under elegant painted marquees. Fairy-like cars invite him to descend the Montagnes Russe, or, if he prefers ascending to the ball-room, he will find it blooming with flowers, and filled with singing-birds, and at the same time, he may contemplate the sylph-like figures of the fair dancers, as they whirl through the giddy mazes of the waltz, enlivened by the strains of a fine band of military music; while in the other saloons, if his benevolence should induce him to labour for the amusement of the company, he will find harps and piano-fortes in abundance. At stated periods, the gardens are brilliantly illuminated, and superb fire-works are occasionally exhibited.

On leaving the Tivoli gardens, we can also contemplate the Volks-Denkmahl (monument of the people), perched upon a sandy hillock. But why so popular a monument, erected by a monarch to perpetuate the valour of his people, in defending their country from foreign aggression, was placed outside the walls of the city, in a dreary wilderness, is a question I cannot solve. The Constitutionalist tells us, that his majesty's gratitude having evaporated after the peace, he exiled it, in order that he might not behold an object which always reminded him that he owed his throne to his subjects! And, although the first impression produced on view-

ing it, gives one the idea of a colossal toy, yet, we cannot but think, that it would have found a more appropriate situation in any of the deserted squares of the capital. It is a lofty Gothic tabernacle, surmounted by a cross, bristled with pinnacles, and pierced with niches, entirely constructed of cast-iron,—each of its twelve niches being adorned by a bas-relief, representing a battle gained by Prussian valour, during the late war, and filled with a statue, intended to be emblematical of some distinguished Prussian warrior; however, most of them are portraits of different members of the royal family! but that of Katzbach is filled most appropriately by the gallant Blucher. Many of the statues have been modelled by M. Rauch, and admirably executed; but, from the want of simplicity and dignity in the whole, it finds but few admirers.

The "Thiergarten" (Zoological Gardens) is, however, the pride of Berlin, the great public promenade. The origin of its name is, as the antiquarian would say, wrapped in the obscurity of by-gone times; for not even the shadow of an animal could I descry, save some fourfooted favourite trotting after one of the ancient dames of Berlin. Having thus, patient reader, told thee what it is not, I will proceed to tell thee what it is: behold, then, a gloomy, damp, low, and unhealthy park, from which the cheering rays of the sun are excluded by the dense foliage of dark pines, diversified by stagnant ponds, emitting in summer the most insalubrious vapours; and, instead of grass or gravel, the visiter wanders over a bed of sand, which being never watered, except by the dews of heaven, scatters

itself, without distinction, over carriages and horses, pedestrians and equestrians. It has, to be sure, a pavilion, belonging to one of the king's sons, misnamed the "Belle-vue,"—the principal feature in the prospect being the lazy Spree, as it slowly winds its course towards the Havel.

CHAPTER V.

An unexpected rencontre—Departure for Warsaw—Province of Neumark—Prussian postillions—Custrin—Zorndorf—Landsberg—Posen—Table d'hôte—Russian frontier—Poland—Aspect of the country—Condition of the people—Warsaw—Society—State of public feeling—Return to Posen—Plica—Ophthalmia.

ALTHOUGH I consider it an impertinence to intrude affairs merely personal on the attention of the reader, unless they tend in some way to illustrate national manners and peculiarities, yet, as the following circumstance had the effect of causing a considerable deviation from my intended route, I shall make no further apology for inserting my little episode. During my séjour at Berlin, I was agreeably surprised to meet with a much esteemed relative; but what motive could have induced him at his time of life, for he had already descended into its autumn, to brave the inconveniences of travelling, was to me a riddle, for I knew he was not partial to foreign countries, and rarely moved from home, even in his own. However, a rencontre with an old friend is always agreeable, and while chatting over the scenes of by-gone days, his servant came to solicit his commands, but, if my

surprise was great at meeting with my venerable relative, never was my self-command exposed to a severer test than when I traced in the features of the livery servant before me one of Poland's bravest sons, Count ———, with whom I had been formerly on terms of intimacy. But here was another puzzle;—had the wheel of fortune, in its circuit, precipitated him so low? Impossible! Or was this disguise assumed for some particular purpose? Be this as it might, I suffered no expression to escape indicative of his being recognised; and time, which unravels most mysteries, revealed to me, that the mission of my friend to Germany contained a sufficient portion of love and danger to be nearly allied to the romantic. It appeared, that fate introduced to the house of my relative the brave Pole, who, like Othello, spoke—

> ——— "Of most disastrous chances;
> Of moving accidents by flood and field:
> Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
> Of being taken by the insolent foe,
> And sold to slavery."—

And the lovely daughter of his host thought "it was pitiful, wondrous pitiful;" and gave him, for his pains, not only a world of sighs, but her heart. The fond parent combatted her inclination by every argument his mind could suggest, but they availed nothing; till at length he consented to give his beloved girl to the man she preferred, and he was now, with all the prudent caution of an anxious parent, actually journeying to Poland, in order to investigate the truth of the

young soldier's statements relative to his rank, connexions, &c. As to fortune, at present he had none, except uncertain remittances from his father; for he was a proscribed exile, and his life forfeited should he return to his fatherland.

I soon discovered that my friend, unaccustomed to travelling, and, above all, arrived at that period of life when repose is generally more desired than action, was already thoroughly fatigued with his journey; and frequently hinted his great wish that I would consent to become his substitute. The young Pole was equally solicitous for the exchange; and after various pros and cons, it was decided that I should proceed to Warsaw, accompanied by my brave friend disguised as my servant. I acquiesced in this arrangement the more readily, as I was most desirous of beholding a country which had so lately fixed the attention of Europe upon its death-struggle; and, accordingly, lost no time in making the necessary arrangements respecting passports, letters of introduction, &c. And as my young military hero was so completely metamorphosed that his recognition was certainly most improbable, we set forward in high spirits on our somewhat chivalrous expedition.

On the first gleam of day we bade adieu to Prussia's beautiful metropolis; and as I cast my eyes around on the landscape, blooming with gardens and corn-fields, I could not help admiring the creation, for such it was, of this persevering people; particularly as I remembered, during a previous visit to Berlin, having seen it little better than a waste. At that time little armies

of men, women and children were engaged in carrying upon their backs sand and loam to mix with the moor, and moor to mix with the sand, and this from a considerable distance. I could not forbear reflecting, was it likely that a people with such energy, who have already made such gigantic strides in importance among the nations, should continue to inhabit this ungrateful soil, while the south of Germany, teeming with luxuriance, lay within their grasp? May we not say, with a prophetic spirit, that Prussia is destined to give laws to divided Germany? and has she not already made the first step by her commercial union with the minor states? The very difficulty of procuring nourishment has endued the people with an energy capable of surmounting every obstacle, as the boisterous sea, which washes the shores of England, has imparted to the British sailor courage and resolution to navigate every other.

The province of Neumark, through which we were now travelling, is the most sterile district of Prussia: seas of sand, and stunted pines, were only diversified by morasses, and a few miserable huts. The sleepy traveller may indeed resign himself to its balmy influence without disquietude, as he is certain of not passing a single interesting object; nor will his slumbers be disturbed by the prowling bandit, for the few peasants he meets will invariably greet him with the friendly salutation of "Friede mit euch" (peace be with you).

While travelling over this extensive waste, I had sufficient leisure to admire the true German phlegm of my postillion. He commenced by giving his horses the

reins while he was striking his flint to procure a light, to set in motion the darling pipe. This operation was continued a full quarter of an hour, till his imperturbable patience and perseverance overcame even the humidity of the atmosphere. After progressing a short distance, he stopped, to arrange some trifling disorder in the harness: this difficulty being surmounted, and the pipe emitting volumes of smoke, which the wind blew full in our faces, we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of proceeding without any further interruption. However, we soon received a practical lesson to the contrary, for we now encountered a post-carriage. The first process of the postillions was to stop and exchange some preliminary observations; the next, to descend and commence unharnessing their horses; and, to my utter astonishment, I learned on inquiry that they were going to exchange horses and postillions, in order that each might return to their native homes! Slowly and cautiously proceeded the work, as it was frequently interrupted by much friendly conversation; and when at length completed, they discovered that their pipes were extinguished. Madder, flint, and steel were once more in requisition; and finally, after another half hour, we were again continuing our snail-like progress; not, however, before the friends had primed themselves with a sufficient charge of the beloved schnapps. And thus it continued, till our worn out patience was relieved by the distant prospect of Custrin, whose dark, rugged walls, and bristling towers, were gladly welcomed as an exchange for the dreary uniformity of the pine.

However high Custrin may rank as a fortress, its situation announces it to be a most insalubrious residence, being surrounded by marshes, and built at the conflux of the Oder and the Warthe, whose waters frequently inundate the town and surrounding country.

Zorndorf, a few leagues distant, is interesting for being the theatre of the most sanguinary battle fought by Frederick the Great during the seven years' war. He gained the victory, but had to deplore the loss of eleven thousand Prussians; while his opponents, the Russians, numbered among the slain fifteen thousand. A monument has been erected by the inhabitants of the province to commemorate the spot occupied by the great Prussian during the day.

The country improved much in fertility as we approached Landsberg, a lively animated town, situated on the Warthe. It has several manufactories, and carries on a considerable trade with Poland: but advance only a few leagues further, and the face of the country, people, manners, customs, all undergo a total change. If I had slept, I should almost have been inclined to think the wand of a magician had passed over me, and that I had been transported a thousand miles from civilized Europe. No such thing: I had merely entered Prussia-Poland; and the impression I received will probably never be effaced. The order, neatness, cleanliness, and industry of the Germans, were succeeded by rags and dirt: and numbers of half-naked urchins were running after our carriage, crying, "Kleba! Kleba!" (bread). Miserable villages, composed of what might in justice be termed wigwams,

with a wretched population, continued on to the very gates of Posen.

Notwithstanding all the obtrusive misery observable in this long-neglected and unfortunate country, yet we must in justice admit that the reclaiming hand of Prussia is in many respects visible; not, however, in the removal of the crucifixes, madonnas, and chapels, for these are innumerable, as if there were some necessary connexion between superstition and dirt. The heat was intense; and the long drought had parched almost every appearance of vegetation, which tended considerably to aggravate the disagreeable features of the landscape,—it was in fact a continuation of the same monotonous steppe I have before alluded to between Hamburg and Berlin. But here, I sought in vain for even the gentle swell, like the waves of the ocean, which we perceive in most other plains. No: it seemed as if this immense expanse had been the last resting-place of the waters of the deluge; for it extends from the German Ocean, along the base of the Harz, Erz, and Riesengibirge mountains, to the Baltic, and from thence, including a great part of Poland and Russia, it reaches the foot of the Ural mountains, in Siberia. The soil throughout, with few exceptions, is an alternation of sand and morass, and certainly gives no contradiction to the hypothesis that the whole of this region was at one time covered by the waters of the Baltic. It is, moreover, asserted by German writers, that marine plants, remnants of ships, implements of labour, and human skeletons, have been found, some eight or ten feet below the surface which corroborate the opinion.

The roads, in general, are not badly kept in this part of the country; but, as the government was engaged in making a new one, we were obliged to shape our course as best we might, through the open country. At one time our carriage was dragged through morasses, at another through rivers, till I fully expected we should be obliged to swim for our lives; this danger passed, we entered an ocean of sand, and, to bring our miseries to a climax, a brisk breeze enveloped us in a dense cloud, filling at once eyes, ears, and mouth: however, at length, we had the felicity of regaining the high road near Zirrakow, which continued in good order to Posen.

The ancient capital of the Grand Duchy of Posen offers little to interest the traveller, except the number of Israelitish pedlars that animate the streets, dressed in their oriental costume, with long flowing beards. Upon entering the dining-room of the hotel, I found the guests already assembled at the table d'hôte, the principal part of whom were military officers, and being divested of their jackets, they exhibited a most outré appearance. Let not my readers, however, condemn this as an offence against the courtesies of the dinner table, as the perpetrators had ample apology, when we consider the heat of the weather, and the inconvenient weight of their upper vests, which are universally stuffed with cotton, in order to remedy some fancied defect, or add some ideal beauty! This passion for padding is not confined to the military dandies of Prussia, but extends to those of Russia, Austria, and the minor states of Germany. Our military

guests must either have had a perfect mania for card playing, or the town and neighbourhood possess few objects to interest or amuse; for, as soon as the dinner was removed, they divided into parties, and commenced their lazy pastime; and, as it was only midday, I much regretted they had no other mode of killing time!

The aspect of the country was much more diversified between Posen and the frontiers of Russia-Poland, than our preceding route; we occasionally perceived gentle undulations, which, in this level country, are most gladly welcomed, while the variegated foliage of the noble forests, which sometimes skirted the road, and at others bounded the horizon, imparted a more lively character to the landscape. The roads are excellent, for which we have to thank the Prussian government, and also for widening and paving many of the principal streets through which the post passes; still they have not effected all that could be wished, nor, in truth, what we expect, from the energy and activity which usually characterize the Prussians in every part of their administration. In short, I should be inclined to think, from the immense military force maintained in these provinces, that they consider it a precarious possession.

When we first perceived the Russian eagle, which announced that we were within the frontiers, I observed my friend change colour; and, when the soldiers surrounded our carriage, an unusual custom, I felt, in my turn, rather alarmed, as I anticipated our immediate arrest; fortunately, my apprehensions were unfound-

ed, for the officer merely demanded my passport, and politely requested me to alight. My friend, however, did not recover his self-possession, and, fearful that he might betray himself, I assumed an angry tone, and commanded him, in English, to assist in taking down the luggage; upon hearing which, the principal officer, bowing very low, addressed me, in what was intended to be English, saying—

"I am wery glad to see you, milord, and alle die Englische,—I will attend you in one leetle moment; but dis here diligence has come de feerst, will you so good me excussée? for on account of dem verdammter rebels de Poles, we have received peremptory orders to search after de lettres, and here is one Franch madame among de passageres, dat look suspicious."

In a short time the passengers emerged from the inquisitorial examination they had undergone. The French lady, with a volubility at once French and feminine, anathematizing the barbarous custom of searching the person; I suppose she had forgotten the practice of la belle France, in that respect. The departure of the diligence left the officers at liberty to bend the full weight of their scrutiny upon us, when my English speaking friend commenced another long flattering harangue, the burden of which was the great generosity of the English. I understood his meaning, and slipped a dollar into his hand, intimating my wish to proceed as quickly as possible. It had the desired effect; my baggage was exempted from further scrutiny, my passport signed, and the welcome sound of the post-boy's whip announced we were at liberty to depart.

My friend now related the cause of the agitation I had witnessed in him at the frontier. "One of the custom-house officers," said he, "was formerly a lieutenant in a regiment commanded by an intimate friend, and I momentarily expected he would have recognized me; but how the man has been able to win the confidence of the Russian government, and pass into its employ, except by treachery, I am unable to conceive; however, if I had been denounced, I would have shot the traitor, and fled to the woods; for they should never have taken me alive."

Our route to Warsaw lay through Kleezewo, Semplono, Klodawa, and several other small towns and villages, which barely deserve the appellation; the landscape alternately changing from almost interminable forests to monotonous corn fields, with only here and there a few spots enriched by the hand of taste. The unfortunate peasantry appeared to be in the most degraded state; their wretched huts were utterly unfit for human abode; without a tree, or even a shrub, to shelter their dirt and ugliness, while before their doors were invariably ponds of mud and manure, in which pigs, ducks, and naked children gambolled together. But this is not all, for, in addition to their poverty, they are intemperate; since the beloved Vodka, a spirituous liquor, forms their sole gratification. Yet, in the midst of all this wretchedness, in spite of their rags, sheep-skins, filth, and inebriety, we cannot but be struck with their personal appearance; for we frequently see women, who, if they were only clean, would be admired in any country, and fine broad-shouldered

PEASANTS OF RUSSIA-POLAND.

men, who often exhibit almost Herculean proportions, and intelligent countenances.

This melancholy degradation of the lower orders is partly owing to the long continuance of that abominable relic of barbarism, feudal vassalage, to which the neglect of education, and superstition, have added their full share; the whole consummated by the tragic rule of Russia, who continues sowing the seeds of moral debasement, in order the more effectually to extinguish every spark of public spirit, and love for the liberties of their fatherland.

The partition of Poland, although an act of the most flagrant injustice against the rights of nations, has, nevertheless, been productive of much benefit, by ameliorating the condition of the serfs, in those portions under the more enlightened administration of Austria and Prussia; and, it is to be hoped, that those brave nobles, who now wander as exiles through the more enlightened countries of Europe, will bring with them

should they ever return to their native land, the seeds of a better state of things,—a desire to imitate the refinement, the comfort, and the institutions, they have witnessed, a determination to emancipate and reclaim their unfortunate countrymen, from the bondage and semi-barbarism in which they are plunged; and, perhaps, Heaven has willed their present disastrous condition, and scattered them abroad among the nations, for its own wise and good purposes.

The heat was excessive, and the drought having continued for several months, increased tenfold the miserable aspect of the country; the very trees were stripped of their foliage, for the purpose of feeding the famishing cattle; and the few sheep, who were as lean as greyhounds, were vainly endeavouring to glean the parched herbage which skirted the road. The cold pine alone seemed to defy the scorching beams of the sun, to which we may add the peasants, who evinced an equal indifference, for they were dressed in sheepskin mantles.

The Jews also appeared to be of a most salamander temperament, for their heads were covered with bearskin caps, and their persons enveloped in long, dark, woollen robes, trimmed with fur; at the same time, their flowing beards, of all shades, jet, brown, red, and hoary, which frequently descended to the waist, did not tend to make them cooler. Indeed my intercourse, since I entered Poland, had been almost exclusively confined to the migratory tribes of Israel; for they are the innkeepers, money-changers, bakers, brewers, and distillers.

POLISH JEWS.

As I approached Warsaw, the last tints of the glorious sun were still glowing in the west; the moon, in a graceful crescent, enthroned high on the blue arch of heaven, was shedding her mild light over the devoted city, so lately the theatre of so much bloody strife; and, unlike the vicinity of other great capitals, every thing wore a sombre, melancholy appearance. Instead of gay parties of merry-making citizens, Russian soldiers, with fixed bayonets, were passing and repassing; the only music that greeted our ears was the distant sound of the noisy drum; and to render the scene still more deplorable, groups of half-naked wretches, some stupified by intoxication, and others brawling with the rage of excited intemperance, were issuing from the cabarets, whose interior displayed a combination of filth, vice, and poverty, rarely equalled. On entering the Faubourg, the numerous lights in the windows

were the feeble substitutes for lamps, and disclosed the shadowy outline of heaps of dilapidated buildings, while the moon, as it threw its pale beams athwart the various crumbling edifices, distinctly revealed the desolation of war.

At the sound of the post-boy's whip, the *porte* of the still magnificent capital of the once mighty Polsk revolved on its creaking hinges, and after undergoing another inquisitorial examination, and disbursing a second dollar, we were allowed to enter. On arriving at our hotel, my brave friend fell on his knees, and breathed forth the most passionate thanksgiving that he was once more permitted to visit the land of his birth. His anxiety to see his parents was excessive; but to accomplish this it was necessary to proceed with the greatest caution, for Warsaw is inundated with spies. We therefore left our hotel under the pretence of taking a bath, instead of which, by adopting a circuitous route through a variety of streets, courts, and passages, we completely succeeded in baffling the vigilance of the police, who were evidently watching our motions.

The joy of the venerable couple on seeing their brave son is indescribable,—that of the mother was almost frenzied, and after lavishing on him a thousand kisses, she embraced me; at that moment, the door was hastily thrown open, and two lovely girls rushed in, pushed aside their mother, and nearly smothered me with kisses before they discovered their mistake, to the great amusement of our whole party. In fact, it was not surprising they did not recognize their brother, as

he was robbed of his brown mustachios, and enriched with a dark red wig; at the same time, his fine military figure was encased in the uniform of an English groom: the delusion was so complete, and he portrayed the character with such fidelity, that it was nearly impossible to detect the imposition.

The next day I had again the pleasure of witnessing the happiness of this amiable family, when I received every document that could possibly be necessary to remove the scruples of my relative; and in the evening dined with a large party of the patriotic Poles, assembled for the purpose of celebrating the arrival of my friend, who, it appeared, had been expected for several days. This is the more singular, when we remember that every letter which crosses the frontier is opened by the authorities, and shows, that however arbitrary a government may be, yet when it attempts not only to stifle the etherial spirit of liberty, but to sever the nearest and dearest charities of the human heart, its most vigilant and active measures will prove altogether unavailing; for I found that the Poles with whom I conversed contrived by some means or other to maintain so extensive a foreign correspondence, that they were as well acquainted with every political question which agitated Europe, as if they had passed their time in England.

It is rather a curious circumstance, that the banquet was held at the house of a distinguished Russian, as great an enemy to tyranny, as he is a friend to rational freedom. Yet even here, where suspicion was in a

great measure lulled, it was necessary to adopt the strictest precaution in order to prevent the intrusion of any of the army of spies, who invade the most private sanctuary; and nothing can give a more forcible representation of the state of society, than the simple fact, that instead of the sideboard of plate which in our own happier country is the accompaniment of the festive board, we had here a collection of weapons of defence, in order to be ready to repel any sudden surprise: nevertheless, in the face of all these precautionary measures, I heard language and opinions, and witnessed bursts of enthusiasm, which showed that the spirit of resistance in Poland only slumbers, to awake at a fitting opportunity, and crush for ever the outraged power of the monarch who now wields her destinies; for his barbarities have not only alienated every Pole, but enlisted in their favour the sympathies of the surrounding nations, and the signal for a general Polish insurrection will be the first war in which Russia may be engaged.

My friends related an ancient prophecy, which they say is widely circulated through every part of Poland, and implicitly believed by the people, to the effect that their national independence will be achieved, when the united armies of England and Turkey are directed against the Scythian autocrat; therefore, every rumour of such a war is eagerly and joyfully propagated, and certainly, when a belief of this description is universally spread among a people, who, like the Turks, are both fanatics and fatalists, and which belief is warmly counte-

nanced by their superiors, it may have a powerful effect in stimulating their energies, should England and Russia come in hostile collision.

If there is a Briton base enough to pollute his pen by even palliating the indefensible conduct of those powers who consummated the ruin of this unhappy country by the most unprincipled spoliation that ever disgraced the page of history, let him come and contemplate her wreck! He will every where behold mournful traces of her transition from strength and splendour to weakness and decay; in her large towns he will see palaces without inhabitants, and a people without bread, unsustained by any spirit of enterprise to attempt the cultivation of either arts or manufactures. In travelling through the country, he will see superb castles, with extensive parks, for the most part tenantless and fast verging to ruin, the proprietors either exiled, or bowed to the earth by poverty and despair. He will also see a soil so fertile as to promise abundance to its cultivators, but neglected for the want of sufficient stimulus to exertion. In one word, he will see a country weeping for her sons, and destitute orphans robbed of their country and their home.

No doubt, some of my readers, lovers of peace and order, will accuse the unfortunate Poles of being the authors of their own calamities; but let it be remembered in extenuation, that they were goaded to desperation by the ten years' rule of Constantine, whose ferocious ungovernable temper could scarcely be paralleled by the most remorseless tyrant of the dark ages, and whose harsh and arbitrary acts nothing but insensate

apathy could endure; and this was the man selected by the Russian government, the humane Alexander, as their instrument, to denationalize the Poles. The Polish constitution, which secured to them as a nation their rights and privileges, and comprised all that a people could desire of rational freedom, was trampled upon in defiance of the treaty of Vienna, and the sacred solemn pledge given by Russia to the Polish people; every separate act was violated, until all Poland writhed under the tyrannical lash of a madman, who spared neither sex, rank, age, or childhood.

As the liberal press of England and France have already echoed and re-echoed the tyrannical acts of the present emperor and his brutal instrument, the vulgar Prince of Warsaw, I shall forbear entering into details. But as if determined to consummate the entire destruction of this high-spirited noble people, they are expatriating thousands even of the suspected to the mines of Siberia, and hastening the completion of the fortifications of the town, with the most incessant activity; not for the purpose of repelling foreign invasion, but to effect the destruction of Warsaw and its inhabitants on the first appearance of a popular insurrection. This monument of the tender parental affection of a monarch for his subjects has had to contend against the bitter animosity of a people, so blind as not to discover in it any symptom of parental regard, and who for some time regularly levelled during the night the works which had been erected in the day, until nocturnal guards, and cannon with lighted matches, warned them to remain at home and dream of vengeance.

I candidly confess, that I felt not a little sorry at being obliged to terminate so abruptly my visit to Warsaw; but, as to remain was at a risk it would have been madness to incur, I resolved upon quitting it immediately; I have, therefore, little more to add, except that its palaces, churches, and public buildings all bear the stamp of a splendour that has passed away, but whose glory still lingers beautiful even in decline; and, owing to there being no theatres, concerts, balls, or merry-making, an air of indescribable tristeness pervaded every thing, rendered still more melancholy by the number of people attired in that mournful garb which told of the loss of some beloved relative, or valued friend.

We now took post-horses, and proceeded day and night, as rapidly as it was their pleasure to convey us, towards the frontier of Prussia. I hope my reader sympathizes with my misfortunes, for certainly my friend did not, as he frequently told me how much he admired that title of Shakspeare's "All for love, or the world well lost," meaning, I suppose, to console me for my lost tour, for so it was to all purposes of amusement, having nothing left to record, except that the country was that opiate for the lovers of the picturesque—a plain, the inns dirty, and that their Jewish masters robbed me both of my cash and patience, as my elegantly dressed lacquey invariably marked me as a bird of passage to be plucked without mercy. I had, however, the consolation, that I was re-passing a route over which I had previously travelled, for our destination was Posen. Here my brave friend, in high spirits

at having escaped the claws of the Russian eagle, parted from me with the intention of returning to Berlin, and I proceeded with the determination of investigating the beauties of Silesia. But, in case some good-natured papa should have been pleased to read my romantic little episode for the amusement of his daughter, it may be as well to add, that I subsequently received a letter from Paris, announcing that Count —— had received from the hand of her father his lovely bride. May they be happy!

During my tour through Poland, I met with several cases of that most revolting malady the Plica Polonica. Respecting its origin and nature, great diversity of opinion prevails: some professional men attribute it to the extreme dirtiness of the people, and their immoderate use of fat and linseed-oil; others, to their excessive attachment to ardent spirits, and the badness of the water, which in many districts is solely derived from the marshes; while the most general opinion is, that it had its origin in the East, like many other dangerous diseases, and was first introduced into Europe by the Tartars, when they ravaged Poland in 1287. Be this as it may, it is now naturalized in Poland, is equally prevalent in many parts of Russia, above all in Tartary, and sometimes make its appearance in the adjoining countries of Silesia, Bohemia, and Hungary, and a few solitary instances have been known even at Berlin. It is confined not only to the human species, but attacks animals, both wild and domestic. I witnessed its effects, more than once, in the manes of the horses that drew my carriage. This fact very

much tends to strengthen the supposition of its originating in local causes, such as marsh-miasma, &c., particularly when we remember, that the inhabitants of marshy districts, and the banks of rivers, which in this flat country annually overflow their banks, are peculiarly liable to it, more especially those on the banks of the Weichse, (Vistula) where it appears in its most malignant form, and which has given its name to the disease itself, Weichsel-zopf. Although the lower classes are most frequently the sufferers, on account probably of their filthy habits, yet some of the noblest and wealthiest families in Russia and Poland are not exempt: the Jews, who in these countries are perfect idolaters of dirt and oil, are likewise very often its victims; and it is a fact, that persons with a blonde complexion and light hair seldom exhibit it. Neither is it hereditary in families of this description. Every instance I myself witnessed was in persons of dark hair and sombre complexions, and more melancholy specimens of suffering humanity I never beheld: they appeared as if in the last stage of a consumption, cadaverous and emaciated. I regret to say, that little hope can be entertained of its eradication; for under some circumstances, and to certain constitutions, it is contagious, and decidedly hereditary. On these two points I made the most minute inquiries, which were invariably answered in the affirmative.

When propagated by contagion, it appears in eight days, and in some instances even in three or four: in such cases it is invariably preceded by a violent fever, head-ache, noise in the ears, &c.; but when self-en-

gendered, let the local causes be what they may, it usually commences with the most complicated symptoms, such as violent pains in the head, ears, joints, eyes, muscles, in short the whole system is affected; even the nails on the fingers and feet fall off, or assume unnatural forms: these symptoms usually continue for about three or four weeks, from all of which the unfortunate patient is immediately relieved when the virus of the disease makes its appearance. It is now that the deepest horror of the afflicted sufferer begins, for a pus emitting a most intolerable smell is exuded from the head, and then descends into the hair, till every separate fibre is sensible to pain, and the hairs twist themselves together till they form a clotted mass of living corruption, which has been known to grow upwards of ten feet in length; but these are cases of extraordinary malignity. The most general form is, however, that of an entangled zopf (tuft) at the top of the head, susceptible of the slightest touch, even to the influence of the weather, thereby rendering the unhappy sufferers the most unerring barometers. The hair, however, though the seat of suffering, is the channel through which the disease is carried off, as the moment the separate fibres begin to enlarge, the other painful symptoms gradually disappear; hence, when it is supposed that this virus is lurking in the frame, every means are adopted to encourage the formation of the Plica.

After the disease has run its course, which, however, is uncertain in its duration, the entangled mass gradually dries, new hair grows underneath, and its separation

may now be attempted with safety, as these symptoms indicate that the malady is terminated, though in some cases it has been known to return; it is, however, advisable that the operation should not be delayed, otherwise the new hair will unite firmly with the diseased mass, and continue for years. But the great danger lies in dividing it prematurely, when convulsions, blindness, apoplexy, madness, or even instantaneous death ensues. The medicine which the Poles use as a preventive against this disease, is a decoction of the herba plicaria, lycopodium, selago C. with branca ursina, vinca pervinca, or helleborus, to which is added yeast, and then left to ferment like beer, and drank as the ordinary beverage. When the Plica exists in a mild form, it is by no means considered to abridge the duration of life. I witnessed it in a peasant, who had been slightly afflicted for forty years, and in a Jew upwards of eighty years old; the latter had periodical attacks in his beard. Both these persons declared that otherwise they had enjoyed excellent health their whole life time, with the single exception of being tormented with an unnaturally voracious appetite, which is invariably an accompanying symptom. The more ignorant classes of the people are so impressed with the belief of its being a preventive of every other disease, that it is no uncommon thing for them to adorn themselves with an inoculated plica!

Ophthalmia is also a very common disease in Poland; but of late years it appears to be on the increase. It exhibits, however, a much more malignant form when

attacking foreigners than natives; as a Russian officer, while I was at Warsaw, informed me that upwards of ten thousand of his countrymen were then its victims, many of whom, it was feared, would never recover their eye-sight.

COSTUMES OF POLAND.

CHAPTER VI.

Silesia—Battle-field of Lissa—Breslau—Kälisch—Tomb of Blucher—Zobtenberg—Schweidnitz—Mineral bath of Salzbrun—Castle of Fürstenstein — Landshut — Riesengebirge — Schmiedeberg — Decline of Trade — Historical Sketch of Silesia—Character of the People — Cemeteries.

I WAS not a little pleased to leave Sarmatia's luckless land behind me, if for nothing else than that I should henceforth be spared the humiliation of having my passport examined at every stage, and of answering all the silly questions of the vulgar postmasters, who are also police officers; for although the Prussian authorities are strict in the discharge of their duties, yet their conduct is gentlemanly, compared with that of the petty tyrants in Russia, to say nothing of the pleasing aspect of the country, particularly on entering Silesia, where the difference is peculiarly striking. Towns, villages, and hamlets multiply; the peasantry are clean, and better clad; and, increased comfort bringing with it increased merriment, music and dancing were frequently heard—sounds, alas! now seldom met with among the once happy inhabitants of Poland; and by

the time I arrived at Glogau, I perceived every indication of being in a country, at least half German.

Glogau, the capital of the department of the same name, was formerly strongly fortified, till the French decided that this was a very unnecessary precaution; and if a traveller were to judge from the immense military force he sees here and in Prussia-Poland, he would be led to infer that the government did not consider themselves very secure of the affections of their subjects.

I stopped at Parschwitz, on my route to Breslau, to examine the magnificent convent of Leubus. Even a very zealous Protestant must feel inclined to pardon Catholicism all its sins, when contemplating the beauties of such structures as this. The chapel contains a few fine paintings by Willmans; and the splendid forest of oaks, which partially shades the building, imparts to the whole landscape softness and solemnity.

Perhaps my readers may have discovered by this time that I have a decided penchant for the memory of Old Fritz (the pet name of the Prussians for Frederic the Great); they may also be of the opinion, that, on this subject, I am apt to be a little prosy; if so, I beg they will take a long skip, for I am come to the battle-field of Lissa, the theatre of his most daring, most glorious achievement. Even Napoleon, whose admiration of military talent was chiefly limited to his own exploits, did not hesitate to recognise the great military genius that Old Fritz displayed on this occasion.

Frederick, with his little army, arrived on the field of Lissa, after a fatiguing march from Rosbach, fully

expecting to effect a junction with General Bevern and a numerous division of the Prussian army; but, instead of this, he received the dispiriting intelligence that his general was completely routed, and consequently his last hope of saving Silesia destroyed, as Breslau and Schweidnitz had capitulated to the victorious troops of Austria. Such a combination of misfortunes would have bowed down the spirit of any ordinary man; but the great mind of Frederic rose with his danger; and to the utter astonishment of the enemy, he took a commanding position, harangued and inspirited his little army, which amounted only to thirty-three thousand, gave battle to the Imperialists, who numbered ninety thousand; and though already flushed with victory, and fighting with the most determined bravery, yet they were entirely defeated, solely through his superior tactics; he had also so well matured his plans, that if the shades of night had not covered the retreat of the vanquished, it would have been one of the most complete victories on record. This splendid achievement not only enrolled his name as the first general of the age, but secured the important duchy of Silesia to the Prussian sceptre. His laconic message to the British minister, written on the head of a drum, announcing the important event, was truly characteristic of old Fritz: "J'ai joué le tout! J'ai gagné le tout!"

After the battle he rode with a few followers to the castle of Lissa, (still in the hands of the Austrians, and full of superior officers who had fled from the field,) and requested accommodation for the night. The de-

mand was so singular and unexpected, that the officers felt doubtful whether they were to be considered as prisoners. However, they thought it would be the wisest course courteously to grant his request; and the novel spectacle was presented of a guard of soldiers rendering military honours to their victor, and of hostile generals acting as hosts to that very conqueror to whom the next morning they were to resign their swords.

Breslau, the capital of Silesia, is the most bustling, animated town in the Prussian dominions; and its advantageous situation on the Oder renders it one of the most important as a commercial position. The inhabitants are evidently wealthy; and the number of new buildings, ornamented villas, and pleasure grounds in the environs, eloquently tell that it is in a prosperous state, to which, no doubt, the great wool fair at Easter, supplied as it is by the superior fleeces of the Silesian breed of Spanish sheep, mainly contributes. It is the first fair of the kind in Germany, and attracts numerous merchants. During its continuance Breslau is seen to the best advantage; for owing to the variety of persons in the oriental costume, which crowd the streets and public promenades, it has more the appearance of an Eastern than an European town.

The old town, with narrow dirty streets, we certainly cannot admire; and I would seriously recommend strangers who may visit it in rainy weather to bear in mind my advice,—Beware of the water-spouts! which, from the tops of the houses, discharge their contents into the middle of the streets. However, a glance at its handsome environs will amply repay the trouble of a

visit; for here we again find the good effects of French victories, to which Breslau, like many other German towns, is indebted for its beautiful promenade. Taken altogether, I should infinitely prefer residing here to Berlin. There is not that dreariness in its streets; the theatre is also good, the country beautiful, the manners of the people frank and friendly, without the desire to make the world believe that they are the owners of double the wealth they possess. There is also a good public library, a university, with literary institutions sufficient to supply the wants of those who have an appetite for learning; while good and cheap provisions will satisfy those whose desires are of a more sublunary character. But above all it opens a wide field of interest to the antiquarian in a ramble through its numerous churches, as they are all more or less ornamented with monuments of the middle ages, and curious old paintings of the German school, besides a great many exquisite ones by Willmans, usually termed, par excellence, the Silesian Rembrandt.

The Rathhaus is more conspicuous for its antiquity than beauty; and the traveller, while contemplating it, may be at the same time edified, by tracing, in the grotesque figures painted on it, the most veritable history of his Satanic majesty!

The church of the Dominicans is remarkable for containing a celebrated painting of the Madonna; and that of St. Bernard possesses a series of paintings, representing the life of St. Hedwig, most interesting specimens of the fine arts in their earliest infancy; but it is St. John's cathedral, erected in the eleventh

century, which boasts of the relic most valued by the devout, the very identical finger with which the Baptist pointed at the Saviour when he exclaimed, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world!" St. John has also had the honour of being elected, not only as the patron of the town, but to represent its armorial bearings. However, it appears that his protection has not been sufficiently potent to save his protegé from being several times plundered by the enemy. But the more efficient protection afforded by her warriors, Breslau, like Berlin, has most gracefully acknowledged, having erected monuments to their memory, particularly to General Tauenzinn, who saved the town, and to Marshal Blucher, who saved the country. The former, intended to be very splendid, is a complete failure, as a work of art; that erected to the memory of Blucher has been more successful: it is colossal, and of cast-iron, from the Berlin foundry, executed by Rauch.

However flourishing the other manufactures in Breslau may be, I can assert, without fear of contradiction, that her distilleries, breweries, and condittoris, are in a most prosperous condition, for they are distinguished throughout the town like brilliant meteors. A merchant assured me, that at least a hundred distilleries were in full operation, besides the breweries, and this in a population of only ninety thousand, including the garrison. We must, therefore, come to the conclusion, that the inhabitants are bon-vivants of the first class, or else export vast quantities; the real fact is, that spirituous liquors, in many districts of this country, and in Po-

land, constitute the sole beverage of the lower orders; even the better classes are much addicted to this vice. Coffee-houses are equally numerous with dram-shops, since we find them not only thickly studded through the town, but in all the public gardens, which abound in the vicinity. In short, the good citizens of Breslau are the Viennese of the north of Germany, ardent admirers of gaiety and amusement.

Breslau, from its central position, being in the immediate neighbourhood of Russian, Austrian, and Prussian Poland, is likely to advance still higher in importance; and its vicinity to the far-famed Kälisch, which is only fifty miles distant, was the means, last year, of filling her streets with travellers, her hotels with guests, and her promenades with equipages. The scene of the empty display of Russian military pageantry, the town and palatinate of Kälisch, hold a very high rank in imperial favour, as the inhabitants remained faithful to the Russian sceptre during the Polish insurrection: thus showing themselves better politicians than patriots.

On my route to the mountains, I took the Kanthe road, to visit the tomb of Blucher, at Kriblowitz. Here, by the side of the road, reposes the old hero, with no other canopy but heaven, and the united foliage of three lindens. This spot was, no doubt, endeared to his recollection, from its being the theatre of the important battle of Katzbatch, when, in 1813, at the advanced age of seventy-one, at the head of the Prussian Landwehr, he completely routed the French under Marshal Macdonald, taking seventeen thousand

prisoners and one hundred pieces of cannon. This battle was productive of the most important results to Germany; it reassured and raised the almost broken spirits of the people, and was, if I may so speak, the van-guard of the glorious battle of Leipsick. For some time previous to his death, the health of the old veteran had been visibly declining, but he appears to have passed away without any severe suffering; his faithful aide-de-camp and friend, Graf Nostitz, who saved his life at the battle of Ligny, attended him during his last moments. A few minutes before his death, he gently pressed the hand of his friend, saying, "Nostitz! sie haben vieles von mir gelernt, lernen sie nun a h von mir ruhig sterben."—(Nostitz, you have learned much from me, learn now how to die.) And he thus calmly expired, on the 12th of May, 1819, aged seventy-seven.

This great German, the Herman of his age, commenced his military career as lieutenant of hussars, under Frederic the Great, and soon distinguished himself; his undaunted bravery was fully equalled by his impetuosity, which, on some occasions, bordered on rashness; he possessed a high sense of honour, and was keenly susceptible of neglect: this he showed at a very early period, for, on the promotion of Jägernfeld, his comrade, above him, whose only claim to such a distinction consisted in his being the son of a margrave, he wrote to the king requesting his discharge, concluding his letter with the following pithy reason for this proceeding, "that the service was not worth the acceptance." The reply of Old Fritz was equally laconic, and displayed as little command of temper, for he not only

granted his petition, but told him he might go to the devil! ("Kann sich zum Teufel scheeren.") In decision and energy, those indispensable qualities in a great military commander, Blucher had few equals; but his countrymen consider him to have been defective in judgment, and, without the council of the more prudent and experienced Scharnhorst, discomfiture would probably have been his fate more frequently than victory; but in steady uncompromising adherence to his engagements, however difficult might be their fulfilment, he exhibited a trait of character equally honourable to himself, and invaluable to his coadjutors. During his whole life he entertained a favourable opinion of the integrity and high honour of the English nation, and no Englishman ever visited him without receiving a most hearty welcome. He was often heard to regret the coolness which the Prussian government had lately manifested towards their old friends, and ever denounced the abject submission to Russian influence, adding, England, and England alone, is the natural ally of Prussia.

On leaving the tomb of our friend Blucher, I took the great road to Schweidnitz, which runs along the base of the lofty Zobtenberg, an isolated mountain, usually dignified by the name of the Mont Blanc of Silesia; and, although it is not three thousand feet high, yet, in this vast plain, it commands a prospect over nearly the whole of Silesia. It is the barometer of the inhabitants, as the mists hovering around its summit indicate fair and foul weather; and is at the same time most welcome to the traveller, as a pleasing fea-

ture in the landscape. Of course, such a favourable position was not neglected by the noble robbers of the middle ages, for one of these worthies built his castle upon the summit, and levied his contributions most impartially upon friend and foe: his cruelty is recorded to have equalled his rapacity; indeed, tradition asserts, that, as a just recompense for his crimes, he has been imprisoned among its mists until the day of judgment; but, like all others of the ghostly tribes, is invisible except to the favoured few to whom he chooses to reveal himself. With such a tenant for its summit, we cannot wonder that no pious Catholic ever ascends the mountain without crossing himself, and carrying a plentiful supply of holy water.

After the destruction of the knight and his castle, his hilly territory was assigned to the monks who had been so successful in confining his ghost; they converted the ruins into a cloister, but finding the air too ethereal for their nerves, changed their residence to Breslau, and continued to enjoy a handsome revenue from the sale of the wood, till the heretical government of Prussia, having come to the conclusion that they were useless members of the community, abolished the order, sold their rich domains, and applied the proceeds to replenish a bankrupt treasury.

The nearer I approached Schweidnitz, the more the country continued improving in picturesque beauty: the monotonous plains with which I had been so long familiar entirely disappeared; on one side the undulating hills were glowing with the variegated tints of every species of agriculture, animated by groups of

peasants busily employed in the various labours of the field; on the other rose the majestic Fürstenstein, richly wooded to the summit, and crowned by its beautiful castle, while before me the stupendous chain of the Riesengebirge skirted the horizon, displaying their grotesque forms, mingled with the spires of Schweidnitz, appearing like children's toys among their gigantic neighbours; but though mountain scenery is very pretty, both in contemplation and description, yet these giants of nature have such an intimate acquaintance with the clouds, that the explorer of their beauties is almost certain of being drenched five days in seven.

Schweidnitz is a very ancient town, and takes its name from the Sclavonian word *swidna* (swine), and, in truth, I thought it most appropriately bestowed, for hundreds of these discordant grunters were in full chorus, running home from the woods to obtain their evening meal and night's quarters. Previous to the late war, it was a fortress of the first rank, and was successively taken and retaken during the seven years' war; but the modern Gauls, who were determined to obliterate as many of these as possible from the map of Germany, destroyed the fortifications in 1807. While journeying through this country, we are astonished to see the number of towns that exhibit marks of a visit from these irresistible conquerors, so much so, that it would appear as if the French soldiers had work enough on their hands without fighting, in merely blowing up fortresses, and we cannot help wondering where German valour could have hid itself.

Notwithstanding the town is now dull and dreary,

yet the beautiful scenery that surrounds it will long detain the tourist in its vicinity, and I anticipated with no little pleasure the high gratification that awaited me. My first ramble was to the mineral bath Salzbrun, which has become within the last few years very fashionable, being occasionally visited by the royal family of Prussia. The waters are considered very efficacious in complaints of the breast, viscera, &c.; this, together with its romantic situation, embosomed in the mountain solitudes, and surrounded by the most picturesque scenery, attracts many visitors, and though it was early in the season, I found the little village filled with the gay and fashionable.

The most interesting excursion in its vicinity is that to the castle of Fürstenstein, which reposes in solitary grandeur, pinnacled on a majestic cliff. At every winding of my path through the mountain solitudes, this splendid production of the middle ages assumed a new and more beautiful form; the surrounding country, lonely, rich, and poetical, harmonised admirably, and the ever-changing prospects were neither too extensive, nor offered too abrupt a conclusion. In one place, the dark drapery of lofty pines and giant oaks shaded meadows sparkling with myriads of wild hyacinths, forget-me-nots, and other beautiful flowers; in another, they clothed the summits of the mountains, or descended the steep precipices to the impetuous stream that rushed along the valley, over which they gracefully bowed their sombre and majestic heads at the bidding of the mountain breeze. Such was the scenery through which my path lay; but I shall never forget my feeling of

delighted surprise, when, after climbing up the precipitous sides of a rock, a full view of this princely structure burst upon me, surrounded by terraced gardens shelving down to the water's edge.

This venerable relic of feudal grandeur, the property of the Graf Hochberg[1], I found sadly neglected, and fast verging to decay: the noble avenues and spacious court-yard now provide grass for the sustenance of cattle; the stately trees, intended to ornament the grounds, were either stripped of their bark, or cut down for firewood; and noxious weeds overshadowed the few remaining flowers in the garden. The doors and shutters, crumbling for the want of paint, swung to and fro on their rusty hinges at every breath of heaven, while the screech-owl and bat, the only tenants of the dreary solitude, reposed undisturbed in the finely-proportioned towers. After repeatedly knocking for admittance, the door was at length opened by a venerable-looking man, whose style of conversation, and the interesting anecdotes he related of the splendid scenes he had formerly witnessed in the castle, showed that he had once occupied a more important station in society. The interior of the building corresponded in every respect with its imposing exterior: the armoury was interesting, and the faded richness of the furniture proclaimed at once the antiquity and wealth of the old proprietors, several of whose portraits were suspended in the saloons, their smiling faces and gorgeous robes scarcely visible from beneath a thick mantle of dust and cobwebs.

[1] Since my visit, the castle and domains have been purchased by the King of Prussia.

From contemplating these relics of departed greatness, I was glad to escape, to view the magnificent prospect from one of its lofty towers; for situated as it is on an isolated rock, nothing more beautiful can be conceived than the panorama of the surrounding country. On the summit of a mountain opposite we see the picturesque ruin of the ancestral castle of the noble house of Hochberg, who flourished here from time immemorial; and whether the eye alights on the fantastic groups of rocks on one side, or the extensive plain on the other, a scene equally beautiful is developed.

While sympathising with my venerable friend the castelan (who, I learned, had been in happier times master of the horse to the noble proprietor) over the departed greatness of this ancient house, and the desolate state of their once proud residence, the peasant whom I had hired at Salzbrun as my guide, triumphantly exulted in the new order of things, and most eloquently spoke of the future equalization of property, as a thing of course, and as one of the natural rights of man. I must confess that I felt not a little astonished at hearing such language from a peasant, in this very remote corner of Germany, and although it was not the first time I had listened to similar sentiments in this country, yet then it was by the inhabitants of large towns. How difficult then is it for a traveller to arrive at any accurate conclusion with regard to the ideas and opinions of the great mass of a people who have no public organ like the press for expressing their sentiments; for instance, if we find ourselves in the com-

pany of a party of constitutionalists, we shall hear them accuse the king of having violated his pledge to the nation, while the friends of absolutism warmly and steadily deny even the necessity of a constitution; and should we credit the writings and sentiments of the old nobility, we must believe that the day is not far distant when Prussia will become the France of Germany, and they add, that the king himself has been the cause of this alarming spread of the doctrine of equality, owing to the unjust and imprudent measure of creating a host of small landed proprietors at their expense, thereby annihilating at one blow their power, influence, and finances. This latter statement, so far as respects their individual interests, is but too true, and the arguments adduced, referring discontent and revolutionary principles to this cause, may be considered plausible. For certain it is, that a government composed only of two principles, the monarchical and democratical, must tend either to absolutism or republicanism, as is the case at present in France, thereby demonstrating the necessity of having a third, the aristocratical, to balance and steady the other two.

On my return to Salzbrun, I wound my course along the lovely valley of Prelsnitz, through whose bosom a transparent river traced its rapid course in many a graceful curve: its tiny inhabitants were fearlessly darting through the shining stream, or gambolling in the radiant sun, appearing as if they had never been molested by the murderous net or the treacherous line. Nature seemed also to exist in her primeval beauty; for the meadowy banks were fragrant with wild roses,

jessamines, and violets, while the majestic trees of the virgin forest swept the sides of the hills, down to the river-side.

I now took my departure for the gigantic chain of mountains, the Riesengebirge; my conveyance was the *eilwagen*, and the Prussian eagles gorgeously emblazoned on each panel were peaceable, for instead of being armed as usual with the sword and lightning of Jove, they merely wielded a postboy's horn. The weather being bright and balmy, and the scenery beautiful, I took my station in the cabriolet with the conductor, who had formerly served in the Prussian army: his last military exploits, with which he amused me, and which equalled those of a genuine Gascon, were on the field of Waterloo; he was also a perfect North-German, for he drank schnapps at every post-house, and, like a true Prussian, his oaths were not commonplace ones, for he swaggered and swelled them into mountains. As we approached Landshut, the bleaching-grounds in its vicinity appeared like vast fields of snow, indicating that we were again about entering a town of which linen formed the staple commodity.

Landshut is most romantically situated at the foot of the mountains; but, like all those towns in Silesia whose well-being depend upon their linen manufactures, its trade, wealth, and population have decreased. We had the good fortune to arrive at our hotel in the market place at the moment the company were sitting down to the table d'hôte; and as most of the guests were tourists, the dinner was excellent, and not the less relishing for being served in a clean, spacious saal,

and upon linen which rivalled the snow in whiteness: we had also the advantage of being serenaded during our repast by a Bohemian harpist, whose strains were for some time rendered inaudible by the less melodious chorus of at least twenty cascades, which, according to ancient German fashion, descended into the centre of the square from the water-spouts, while half a dozen of the mountain damsels ministered to our wants, whose resemblance to Hebe was confined to their fulfilling the office of cupbearers.

The route from hence to Schmiedeberg and Hirschberg is through the elysium of Silesia. To the east and north rise a gently elevated range of hills, whose fertile soil supports in comfort the inhabitants of the towns and villages with which it is so thickly strewed. On the south we have the great chain of the Riesengebirge, in the centre of which towers the lofty Schneekoppe, crowned with its chapel. This mountain, the highest of the chain, rises at once from the plain without being diminished in its altitude by any intervening ridges of lower elevation; hence it appears much loftier than it really is, and hence also its *soubriquet* of the "Prince of German mountains." From the Schneekoppe, the eye wanders over the same great chain towards the west, whose gigantic peaks are seen shooting up at intervals to a height varying from four thousand to four thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, between which enormous masses of naked granite start up into the air.

This beautiful region, even if situated in the most

picturesque country, would attract the lovers of fine natural scenery; therefore we cannot feel surprised, that the inhabitants of the monotonous plains of North Germany, Poland, and Russia, consider it a perfect paradise, and proudly term it the Silesian Switzerland. That it contains all that the most fastidious taste can desire of romantic scenery, in its sublime and terrific forms, with the exception of glaciers, must be conceded; still we sensibly feel the absence of large masses of water, like the lakes of Switzerland and Scotland, and for which the numerous small rivers, rapid rivulets, and cascades, are but indifferent substitutes, even though we reckon in addition the deep dismal ponds which frequently engulf the entire waters of a river, and again, at their capricious will, pour them forth in an impetuous torrent. This phenomenon the German geologists have not yet been able to explain satisfactorily, for here they cannot call in to their assistance the nature of the rocks, which consist for the most part of granite, and of which they have adroitly availed themselves in a similar phenomenon in Carniola, where the rocky mountains are composed of porous limestone.

During my route to Schmiedeberg, I witnessed one of those tremendous thunder-storms, accompanied by violent rain, so often in this country fatally destructive, and called by the natives *wolkenbrüche* (bursting of the clouds); and really, whoever witnessed them might be well excused for believing that the flood-gates of heaven had burst their confinement: fortunately, they are never of long duration, otherwise the whole soil of the

hills would have been long since swept away; even as it is, the effects are often fatal in spring to the labours of the husbandman, for the flood is seen tearing down the sloping corn-fields, and carrying away at once both earth and seed. But this is not the only evil, for the towns and villages are frequently set on fire by the lightning, a danger to which they are much exposed, owing to the greater number of the houses being entirely composed of wood; even the very tiles, if I may so call them, are of the same material. Indeed, so sensible are the people of this peril, that when a storm commences, the firemen and engines are kept ready to act at a moment's notice.

The inhabitants of Schmiedeberg, about four thousand five hundred, have the advantage of living at once in town and country, as nearly every house is surrounded by its own garden; and, as we find here some of the principal iron furnaces of Prussia, this town is in a more flourishing condition than its neighbours, who were entirely dependent upon linen for support, and to whose prosperity Napoleon gave the death-blow by his continental system; for Prussia, lying at the feet of the Gallic despot, was obliged to obey his edicts, and British wares were prohibited, which at once annihilated her commerce with England and America. Prior to this event, Silesia linen had found its way to every part of Europe, and a market was also opened in South America. On the return of peace, it was found that England had taken advantage of her position, as mistress of the seas, to establish commercial relations

with the new world, for the sale of her linens, which operated the entire destruction of the prosperity of Silesia in this branch of industry; and, although gainers by the change, yet we must regard with sympathy the poverty that is fast overtaking this kind-hearted, industrious people. The manufacturing classes, both of this province and Prussia, have also suffered severely since the establishment of the commercial league, owing to the decided superiority exhibited in the manufactures of Saxony, and the preference they consequently obtain in the German markets. In short, I heard but one voice of complaint and regret for the loss of trade, not only here, but in all the ports of the Baltic, and in the inland commercial towns of Prussia: which fully corroborates the generally received opinion, that the object of Prussia, in forming her commercial league, was not the prosperity of her manufacturing subjects, but political ascendancy.

It is not alone in modern times that Silesia has been a sufferer by war, this scourge of nations having repeatedly desolated her fertile plains. She formed, at one time, a province of Poland, and subsequently became divided into small independent dukedoms, all of which were successively subdued by John, the powerful king of Bohemia, whose crown, by the failure of male heirs, reverted to Austria, when Silesia formed part of the rich inheritance; but now came the most disastrous period in her history, the seven years war. Frederick the Great was not inclined to leave this valuable gem in the possession of his rival, and as his ancestors had

made an erbverbrüderung with the Silesian dukes of Liegnitz, Brieg, Wohlau-Oppeln, and Ratibor, he contended that, by the failure of male heirs, their possessions had reverted to the crown of Prussia. Imperial Austria treated his claim with derision, and Frederick's first attack, in the year 1740, was the subject of contemptuous mirth at Vienna, where the young hero received the appellation of the Prussian Quixotte; however, it became the theatre of his greatest glory, for he not only conquered, but annexed it permanently to his own hereditary dominions; and history hardly affords a bolder, assuredly not a more successful struggle, in which a petty sovereign, with a population of about three millions, and an army of sixty thousand, attacked, and ultimately defeated, the armies of a powerful empire.

The Silesians, when compared with the Prussians, Pomeranians, and most others of the northern Germans, are a very animated people; perhaps this may be owing to the circumstance that their country is more picturesque, with a finer climate, and a soil infinitely more fruitful. They are also passionately fond of music and dancing, and, being Roman Catholics, the taste for amusement is more encouraged than among the former, who are, for the most part, the stern followers of Luther and Calvin; and, I presume, it is owing to their long continuance under the sceptre of Austria, whose subjects are the most courteous of all the Teutonic tribes, that they have acquired so much affability and politeness of manners, which is particularly mani-

fested towards strangers: of this I can speak experimentally, for I received courteous salutations in all the towns from thousands, whom I had never seen before; and I never made my appearance in the saal of my hotel, without being received, not only with the usual salutations of "guten morgen," but with a "recht schönen guten morgen," (right beautiful good morning;) and this not alone from the individuals attached to the establishment, but from the whole of the guests; nor do I recollect ever entering an inn, throughout the country, without being received with a "gar schön wilkommen," (most delightful welcome.) Indeed, the word "schön" (beautiful) seems quite national; for, if I made the slightest request, even for a cup of coffee, the answer would most probably be "schön," instead of "ja mein herr," (yes, sir).

The word beautiful is, however, peculiarly applicable to their cemeteries, which I have never seen exceeded in neatness. The Germans, who are generally fond of flowers, have adopted them as symbols of affection for their departed friends; and every grave is planted with clusters of lilies, primroses, violets, and forget-me-nots, with here and there an evergreen. This method of cherishing the memory of those we love, is at once simple and touching; the hand of the mourner rears its fragile emblems of human life, mingles her tears on the leaves with the dew of heaven, and, when the blossoms wither and die, remembers the resurrection, of which all nature is a type, and is comforted.

In some parts of Silesia, I found the commendable

custom prevailed of having what is termed a dead-house attached to each cemetery, in which every person who dies, is deposited till signs are exhibited of decomposition. The deceased is laid upon a bier, with the hand attached to a bell-rope in such a manner, that, in the event of returning animation, the slightest motion is sufficient to alarm the attendant, who resides in an adjoining apartment, when the physician is sent for belonging to the establishment, and every means adopted for complete resuscitation that science can suggest [1]. I wish I could add, that this practice was general throughout Germany; but, in the greatest part of this extensive empire, forty-eight hours is the longest period allowed by the authorities for the dead to remain above ground; and I have repeatedly been informed of facts, which induced the horrible suspicion that premature interment too frequently occurs. They have also another singular practice in Germany, that of burying the dead, not in a winding sheet, or grave-clothes, but in dresses similar to those worn during life; thus, the citizen is attired in a suit of mourning, the military man in his uniform, and the prince and the noble in state dresses, decorated with orders.

[1] How sincerely is it to be wished, that a law was passed, rendering the introduction of similar institutions imperative upon every parish throughout England. The wit of man could invent no better plan for the discovery of secret violence, particularly if burial was prohibited till a certificate of permission was obtained from the medical man appointed for that purpose. To any objection that might be made on the score of expense, let it be remembered that Germany, as a country, is much poorer than England, and yet she supports it.

But to return to my good friends the Silesians. In a country where linen is still the staple commodity, the majority of the men are weavers, which trade they often exercise in conjunction with their employments as agriculturists; and the women, without exception, are spinners of flax, for we frequently see the better classes pursuing their thread-making occupation, not only in the saloon, but on the promenade, and the lower orders in their huts and on the high road, even while their heads are heavily laden with provisions for the market; but instead of the wheel they use the distaff, which, I was informed, was the prime cause of the superior excellence of the Silesian linen, as the thread is by this process rendered more soft, round, and less inclined to break. There is, however, a wide difference between the inhabitants of Silesia, descended from German colonists, and the native Sclavonians, particularly those who people the districts on the frontiers of Poland. The former are industrious, cleanly, and manufacturing, while the latter are debased by ignorance, mendicity, and superstition; they also resemble their neighbours the Poles, not only in their language, which is a species of Polish patois, but in their sheep-skin jackets and greasy kappstas, neither of which are ever allowed to contaminate soap and water: another point of similarity is their inordinate attachment to vodka, and a deep veneration for Madonnas, saints, and crucifixes. But, perhaps, no distinctive trait of manners more characterizes both, than their humiliating mode of acknowledging a kindness, their expression of gratitude being

the servile "Upadam do nog," (I fall at your feet,) which is no figure of speech, for they will literally throw themselves down and kiss your feet for the trifling donation of a few half-pence. How abject is the state to which feudal vassalage and superstition have reduced this people!

CHAPTER VII.

Ascent of the Schneekoppe—The châlet of Hempelsbaute—Adersbach labyrinth of rocks—English spleen—Mineral bath of Warmbrun—Mode of bathing—Ruins of Kynast—Legend of Kunigunde—Waterfalls—Valley of the Elbe—Friederichsthal—General observations upon the Riesengebirge and its inhabitants.

It was on one of those beautiful crystal mornings which frequently succeed a slight thunder-storm, that, accompanied by a guide, I took my departure for the Schneekoppe, the loftiest peak of the great chain of the Riesengebirge. The country continued extremely picturesque so long as we remained in the vicinity of the manufacturing town of Schmiedeberg; but, after about an hour's walk, an extensive forest received us, in whose deep solitudes reigned eternal twilight. At one time we wandered over diminutive prairies, then plunged into gloomy dells, and at another, scrambled up granite cliffs, from whose sharp points we caught many a delightful glimpse over the sunny vales and peaceful hamlets beneath; mountain rivulets frequently rushed

along our path roaring like so many miniature cascades, and numbers of timid game broke through the branches of the trees, and as instantly disappeared in the impenetrable thickets. The deeper shades of the beech and pine were beautifully contrasted with the lighter green of the heath and fern, among which the bright colours of a thousand flowers mingled like a painted carpet, and it was only after an ascent of several hours, when we entered the krumholz (crooked wood), that we really found it laborious. These shrubs are a species of stunted pine, that creep along the ground, in which its branches fix themselves, and vegetate like new roots, on which account it is very difficult to force a passage. These, in their turn, disappeared when we came to the region of alpine plants, till at last the only vegetation visible was the cold Iceland moss growing in the chasms of the sterile rocks; and finally, after a journey of five hours, we stood on the summit, at a height of five thousand feet above the level of the sea. The extreme cold drove us to take shelter in a small temple, munificently erected by the Graf Schafgotsch for the accommodation of the wearied tourist and the pious worshipper, who may feel inclined to offer up his thanksgiving to the Madonna for his safe arrival. This little edifice has also the honour of being situated in the centre of the line of frontier which divides Silesia from Bohemia, and which runs along the whole of this colossal chain of mountains.

I was peculiarly fortunate in the weather: not a single cloud interposed its envious shade to intercept

the extensive, rich, and varied prospect, which extended the greatest distance towards the north, as it was comparatively an open country, embracing the most beautiful and fertile part of Silesia to the Oder; the whole expanse studded with numerous towns and villages, including Breslau. To the south, all was sublime and terrific, being composed of steep precipices and yawning abysses, in whose deep gorges were several Bohemian villages; beyond these, in the distance, the imperial palace of the Hradschin, on the heights at Prague, was dimly visible. The Carpathian mountains were marked by a shadowy indistinct line on the eastern horizon. To the west appeared the mountains of Saxony, like a confused mass of gigantic stepping-stones, and near these lay a small part of the plains of Lusatia.

As the sun was now declining, the various tints and shades which momentarily flitted across the landscape were varied and beautiful. At one time the minutest objects, from the towering cliff to the solitary hut in the plain, glowed with all the variegated colours of the rainbow, while the sky appeared like a sheet of molten gold. Then, in rapid succession, as the sun more sensibly sunk, gigantic streaks shot across the vast panorama, and continuing their rapid flight disappeared at an incredible distance, illuminating the horizon as if with a flash of electricity; and, last of all, while the grey twilight rested upon every object beneath, the parting rays of the dying luminary lingered for one little speck of time on the plateau of the mountain on which we were standing, giving a fiery tinge to

every object immediately around us, and then in a moment all nature was enveloped in the mantle of darkness.

In my descent to Hempelsbaute, which occupied half an hour, I was as completely under the direction of my guide as if I had been blind; for an occasional glimpse of the lights in the châlet to which we were hastening, was the only friendly taper that cheered us on our way. On arriving there we found it already filled with travellers from almost every country in Europe. Russians constituted, however, the greater number. They were, indeed, a motley group; consisting of members of every rank and profession; for we had the son of a king; a Russian prince; Polish, French, and Italian counts; Spanish dons; German grafs, barons, and vons: there was also brother Jonathan, together with a due share of young military aspirants, noisy students, Jewish pedlars, ballad-singers, fortune-tellers, &c., the whole amounting to at least forty; but I was much surprised not to find a single individual of my own wandering countrymen, who are now so generally scattered over every land; neither had I met with one during my whole tour through these very interesting mountains. Beds there were none; unless, by courtesy, we give that appellation to a "shake-down" of straw, common for the whole company; and he was indeed badly off, who was not provident enough to have carried up his supper.

The greater part of our companions were bon vivants, and kept up one continued roar of merriment. Some few of the graver order were playing at cards, or writing

their journals; but the majority were singing, dancing, or drinking schnapps. We were also enlivened by the strains of a capital band of Bohemian musicians. Thus we continued in the greatest harmony, until our guides announced it was time to ascend the Koppe, and welcome the first beams of day.

The weather was excessively cold, with occasional gusts of frosty wind; and the pale luminary of night, with her myriads of bright attendants, which had for some time so benignantly guided our footsteps up the slippery rocks, became suddenly obscured by a dense mass of threatening clouds. Our guides now lighted their pine torches, whose lurid glare, as it fell upon the surrounding precipices, disclosed a scene worthy the pencil of Salvator Rosa. As I before observed, thunder-storms in these mountain regions are frequently attended with considerable danger; we therefore hastened forward to seek shelter, which caused several of our party to lose their equilibrium, who uttered, as they fell, many a ludicrous expression of terror. However, we reached the summit without any more serious adventure.

We had scarcely taken refuge in the temple of the Madonna, when the threatened tempest burst upon us; with such violence, that our little asylum appeared to rock to its foundation; while the gigantic hail, dashing against it, sounded like a volley of stones, and the hoarse thunder, like continued peals of artillery. It was truly a magnificent spectacle to behold the forked lightning, like a fiery serpent, cutting its way through the dark masses of vapour, at one time

illuminating the stupendous mountain in a blaze of light, at another darting downwards, and displaying terrific rocks, and unfathomable abysses; and then, as instantaneously, the whole was enveloped in the darkest gloom. Thus, picture after picture followed each other in rapid succession, till the first gray streaks of dawn glowed in the east, when the atmosphere in our immediate vicinity became serenely clear. But it was now that a scene of the most sublime grandeur disclosed itself, for the tempest was seen raging in its wildest fury beneath. The ocean of clouds were dreadfully convulsed; the lightning glared through them fearfully, and the thunder growled like the noises heard in the bowels of Etna. In a few minutes it also abated there; and we saw, through the various chasms of the broken clouds (like a camera obscura), the glowing beams of the rising sun, gilding the dew-bespangled fields and smiling villages; and as the king of day gradually ascended the high arch of heaven, the vigour of his rays chased the whole airy mass, till it became condensed in the west.

Our party also dispersed, highly gratified with the excursion, and each continued his separate route. Mine led me down the Bohemian side of the mountain, to visit the beautiful cascade of the river Aupe, which, when seen from the Koppe, resembles a silver thread suspended to the side of a wall of rocks. In my descent I crossed a succession of delightful valleys. The most interesting were the Aupe, the Arnau, the Hohenelbe, and the Trautenau, all enlivened with sparkling rivulets, that imparted vivacity to the land-

scape. These fertile valleys, protected from the chilling influence of the northern blasts by the lofty chain of the Riesengebirge, were blooming with the luxuriant vegetation of more southern climes, forming a pleasing contrast to the sterile region I had just left.

From Trautenau I proceeded to visit Adersbach, the famous labyrinth of rocks, a natural phenomenon, I believe unique of its kind, at least for magnitude and extent, being upwards of four leagues in length, and two in breadth. That in Westphalia, called Exterstein, so celebrated by travellers, and which I had seen some years previous, is a mere baby's toy, compared with this. In short the only freak of Nature that I ever saw at all comparable to it, is that in Upper Styria, called the Johnsbacherthal. These rocks are entirely composed of sand-stone, and form a part of the same sand-stone ridge which runs through the province of Glatz on one side, and through Saxon Switzerland, towards Dresden, on the other.

Among the various theories that have been advanced to explain this phenomenon, it has been asserted that water had gradually washed away the softer parts of the rock; but most travellers with whom I have conversed upon the subject could not reconcile this with the sharp angular edges of the rocks, and felt more inclined to refer it to some instantaneous convulsion of nature, that had shivered to pieces a vast mountain.

On a near approach the traveller might really fancy he was beholding a city of gigantic architecture in ruins; for we can literally walk through its interior, as we would in the squares and streets of a town, and it

hardly requires a stretch of the imagination to say that we see dismantled towers, triumphal arches, dilapidated fortifications, &c. Tradition has baptized many of these masses of rock with the most fanciful appellations: here we have the statues of burgomasters and soldiers, there friars and nuns; and in another place the emperor's throne, and, singular enough, the road that leads to it is across the devil's bridge. One of the loftiest of these rocks, termed the watch-tower, is, I should think, between four and five hundred feet high, but its circumference is not greater than that of the object from which it borrows its appellation. Another of nearly equal altitude, which goes under the name of the Zuckerhut (sugar loaf), is in form an inverted cone, and being isolated and at some distance from all the rest, has a most singular appearance.

THE ZUCKERHUT AT ADERSBACH.

Besides the numerous streets, as they are called, that intersect this city of the gnomes, there are several narrow alleys, which, however, let not the traveller attempt to thread, or he may find himself involved in an interminable labyrinth; as I was informed that dogs had been driven into them for the purpose of exploring an outlet, but they seldom returned.

The entrance to this wonder of nature is secured by a door, which a very small piece of money will unlock. The ciceroni, Johann, also game-keeper to the proprietor, is a most amusing person, and whom I cannot help recommending for his unremitting attention, and the gratitude he evinced for the trifling donation he so richly deserved. On arriving at a lonely situation, he unexpectedly disappeared from me for a few seconds, when I was not a little surprised at hearing in these solitudes a report of what seemed to me a small park of artillery, but which turned out to be merely a common musquet, whose echo was repeated seventeen times in succession. But it is when a concussion of the elements takes place, that these reverberations are heard to the greatest advantage. Then the shocks are so awful that it would appear to a stranger as if the inmost recesses of nature were being torn asunder.

On my way out of the labyrinth I was joined by a band of students, playing a chorus from Der Freischütz, on wind instruments. The sublime effect of the music in this city of rocks must be heard to be conceived; it seemed to be that of the spheres, for the whole air was filled with melody.

I shall now bid adieu to Adersbach; but I would

recommend every traveller that comes within a hundred miles, to visit it.

There are few things more gratifying to a weary pedestrian, who has for many hours feasted his senses upon beautiful landscapes, than to find himself in a clean neat inn, enjoying the prospect of a well-covered table; more especially if he finds the red trout of the mountain streams again forming one of its principal features, whose delicate flavour is only equalled by their cheapness. This, reader, was now my enviable lot at Adersbach. I took my place at the table d'hôte between one of the musical students and a rich cloth manufacturer from the commercial town of Reichenberg. The latter was busily employed in satisfying himself as to the merits of a most unreasonable number of these renowned delicacies. After having devoured sufficient to stock a fish-pond, he found leisure to address me with the usual interrogatories of a vulgar German, who possesses more curiosity than politeness, of which the following formed what a counsel would call the leading questions; for to give my cross-examination at full length would occupy at least a couple of pages. "What countryman are you, sir? Where are you travelling to? What are you doing in our mountains? What is your profession?"

Having answered these queries to his satisfaction, my inquisitive acquaintance again addressed me, evidently with much astonishment:—"Can it be really possible that you have travelled all the way from England for the sake of enjoying our delicious mountain trout? It is true, I leave my comptoir every year for

the same purpose, but, Potz Blitz! I did not imagine that the renown of the Adersbach trout had reached so far."

However, when I assured him that the magnet which attracted me was the fame of Adersbach's labyrinth of rocks, and not that of the trout, he smiled most incredulously; and when I convinced him of this, by speaking enthusiastically of the pleasure it afforded me, he instantly drew his chair nearer to his next neighbour, and I overheard him make use of the general epithet, "*Lauter Englische spleen*,"—having evidently come to the conclusion that my intellects were slightly astray.

This epithet is applied indiscriminately in Germany to every Englishman who may happen to differ, though but in the veriest trifle, from the pre-conceived ideas, manners, and even dress of the natives; and I have heard it stoutly maintained, even by men of the world, that the whole nation were infected with it, in a greater or less degree. They say it is indigenous to our climate, and, therefore, most mercifully compassionate us; but, as my countrymen, though said to be universally the victims of this malady, may yet be ignorant of its nature, I beg leave to inform them, that "*Englische spleen*" means neither more nor less than every gradation of eccentricity, up to a slight degree of insanity. Nevertheless, we have not yet reached the climax of absurdity in the popular fallacies of Germany; for it is also implicitly believed by the majority, that the sun never shines in England! I have repeatedly combated this nonsensical idea without success, unless I had a German to appeal to, who had visited England, and

who would then gravely relate his astonishment, when he first found that our foggy island was really visited by the cheering rays of the sun.

It is, probably, the very general dissemination of the old French literature throughout Germany, in which we were most shabbily treated, that originated these fabulous ideas, for our Teutonic brethren made but little progress in their own national literature before the seventeenth century, and indeed, it could hardly be called respectable, till Schiller made his appearance; and, notwithstanding the Germans resemble us in so many points of character, and are, upon the whole, a most amiable kind-hearted people, yet I have invariably found the majority receive greedily every new opinion, or report, however preposterous, that tended to ridicule the English nation. For instance, though a book may not contain one iota of talent, yet if it is only seasoned with a sufficient share of abuse of England, her children, and her institutions, it is certain to succeed. Let us take up Prince Pückler-Muskau's "Tour of a German Prince," a work certainly containing some talent, but not sufficient to entitle it to run through several editions; and as to its exhibiting a description of English customs and manners, many of the observations are just as applicable to the inhabitants of the moon: however, it was well spiced with ill-natured satirical remarks, consequently its triumph was complete.

I shall merely mention another of those German writers infected with the anti-Anglican spirit. M. Heine, author of "Reise-bilder"—"Sketches of English character, manners, &c.," who, though shrewd and clever,

belongs to that class of authors qui a écouté aux ports: how then was it possible that he should be able to delineate the whole of the features of English society? but his book being most piquantly spiced with the same ingredient as that of the Lusatian Prince, it added to his finances, if it did not increase his fame. It is somewhat singular, that among all the works annually published in that book-making country, Germany, I have not yet seen one that gives any thing like a correct description, or just view of England, the English, and their institutions.

But to return to my mountains; having completed the purchase of a beautiful little alpine pony belonging to my trout-gormandizing acquaintance, I continued my route towards the mineral bath Warmbrun, in Silesia, and presently exchanged the dominions of the eagle with two necks for those of the cuckoo, for so the Austrians term, in derision, the Prussian eagle. The road, though very hilly, is nevertheless well kept, and passes through a country abounding in the most beautiful scenery. In one place the sides of the mountains were animated with herds of cattle, in another laid out in luxuriant fields, waving with the wealth-creating flax in full bloom, forming a pleasing contrast to the rich and varied shades of the ripening corn. Miniature lakes were succeeded by the noisy rushing of the mountain stream, and occasionally a pretty looking village, with its tiny church, appeared suspended on the height like a jewel pendant in the ear of beauty, adding another charm to what was before lovely; but as I do not intend to spoil my

pretty pictures, I purposely omit describing the interior of these said mountain villages; still we must not neglect paying a tribute to the courtesy of the inhabitants, for they invariably greet the traveller with a friendly bow, and wish him a "gluckliche reise."

The pretty little bath of Warmbrun, is united to the commercial town of Hirschberg by an alley of poplars about a league in length, whose slender ungraceful forms completely mar, by their monotony, the picturesque country through which it passes. In its immediate vicinity, we find the fine modern Schloss of the Graf Schafgotsch, with its extensive park, which imparts additional beauty to the landscape, and attracts many visitors, as the well laid out grounds abounding with delightful prospects, are at all times open to the public.

The waters are strongly impregnated with sulphur, and said to be very efficacious in removing gout and rheumatism; those who make use of them assemble in large baths, or rather reservoirs, in parties of a dozen or more, for which it is necessary to obtain a ticket of admission from the master of the ceremonies. Ladies of rank take the precedence, who are immediately followed by cavaliers of equal rank; then come the dames of the burghers, who are alike succeeded by their knights, and so in rotation, till we come to those who form the base of the great column of society. We may, therefore, be assured that the office of master of the ceremonies to the little bath of Warmbrun is no sinecure, for it requires no inconsiderable tact to arrange the various castes so as

to concede to each the place to which they think their pretensions entitle them; and this more particularly in Germany, a country abounding as it does with so many grades of nobility. I was much amused, at my little hotel, to hear the peevish animadversions of the disappointed nobles upon the stupid ignorance of the master of the ceremonies in heraldry. However, the grievance of bathing with their inferiors in rank is not confined to the nobles; for I heard a rheumatic wool-händler from Breslau declare, that he would not enter a bath which had been defiled by the person of a Jew, even though it was the great Crœsus himself; and those of my readers upon whom has descended the mantle of Congreve or Moliere, have only to repair to Warmbrun, and they will find scenes in real life more truly comic than any which imagination can invent.

Although this mode of bathing may excite our risibility, yet two regulations in full force at Warmbrun might be copied with advantage by all the mineral baths in Germany. First, gambling of every description is peremptorily forbidden, under a penalty of three hundred dollars; and secondly, a fine of two groschens (two pence) is levied upon all persons who salute their friends in any other manner than à la militaire. If this latter custom had prevailed throughout the country, it would at least have saved me the expense of a dozen of hats, that I absolutely wore out in returning the courtesies of total strangers.

Among the many lovely promenades in the vicinity, there is none more delightful than that to the remains

of the castle of Kynast; and, although it may be inferior in beauty to many others in Germany, yet none surpasses it in the wild grandeur of its situation. From its inaccessible position, being perched on the summit of a projecting rock, and surrounded on every side by precipitous dells, except where we enter by a draw-bridge, it was impregnable, and more than once defied the whole force of the armies directed against it: even the Swedes during the thirty years' war, whose prowess was as fatal to the castles of Germany as that of the French to her fortresses, were obliged to abandon the attempt; but what could not be effected by art, was accomplished by the elements, as it was destroyed by lightning in 1675. Kynast is said to have been originally built by a Roman knight, named Bolco. The watch tower is still in tolerable preservation, whose summit commands an extensive prospect over the surrounding country. On one side we have the beautiful vale of Hirschberg, with its smiling villages and fertile fields; on the other, the view is hemmed in by a stupendous mountain, which forms a dark gloomy chasm of the most frightful depth, not inappropriately named the Hölle. In the distance, right and left, the eye wanders over a succession of green heights lying at the base of the Riesengebirge, the highest summit of which now glowed so brightly with the last rays of the departing sun, that fancy might almost be cheated into the belief that Rübezahl, the demon of the mountains, had just commenced lighting his lamps.

I next proceeded to view all that remains of the

outer wall, so memorable as the scene of the cruelty of the proud and beautiful Kunigunde. This fair lady was the sole heiress of the castle and its domains; and as her charms and wealth were celebrated throughout the country, she had many suitors; but unfortunately for their success, though she was partial to bows and arrows, they were not those of Cupid, but Diana, and she preferred slaying on the field to killing with her eyes; indeed, to such a length did she carry her frigid disdain for the lords of the creation, that she caused it to be promulgated, she had made a vow never to bestow her hand except upon the knight who should make the circuit of the castle on the outer wall, and this not with the cautious step of a pedestrian, but on the back of a prancing courser: now, the promenade selected for this neck-breaking exploit is so narrow, as to render even a walk dangerous; it also overhangs the most frightful precipices, one of which we have already described as bearing the name of the bottomless pit. This declaration had the desired effect; the ardent among her lovers became lukewarm, and the lukewarm cold, and the majority voted, *nem. con.*, to leave this lordly flower to wither within the castle walls.

In process of time some few were found who had the temerity to make the rash attempt; but whether they were bankrupts in all that this world contains of good, and thus wished to play one more stake for happiness, or felt assured that both themselves and steeds were secure against giddiness, history has not recorded,—she has only told, that they all miserably perished. Fate had, however, willed their revenge; for at length a

young and handsome knight requested an interview with the mountain beauty, who, the moment she saw him, felt that he held the fate of her happiness in his hands: gladly would she now have given castle, domains, all, to have accompanied him as his bride, even to a cottage, for his courteous manners and noble bearing rivetted her chains still faster;—but then her oath! Add to which, the knight was fixedly resolved to make the attempt: he, however, took care to receive, in the presence of her confessor, a confirmation of her vow to become his bride in the event of success, and then went forth, leaving the weeping Kunigunde to weary the saints with prayers. In a short time, the multitude assembled in the court-yard, on the castle, and the mountains opposite, rent the air with their shouts, announcing that the miraculous deed was accomplished. The lady sprung from her knees, and rushed forward to throw herself in his arms; but he coldly and repulsively stood aloof. "No, proud woman!" said the noble knight; "never could I take to my heart one who has blood upon her hands: you are mine, but I spurn you with abhorrence and contempt. I have risked my life not to win your hand, but to humble your pride, by repaying cruelty with scorn; moreover, know that I am Albert, Landgrave of Thuringia, and wedded to a woman not only your superior in beauty, but nature, in forming her, did not forget to give a heart." Thus saying, the triumphant knight sprang into his saddle and galloped forth, leaving the despairing Kunigunde a prey to the worm of disappointment, who, having for some months wandered a maniac through

her castle, sunk into her grave, and may still be seen (says the legend) hunting with her bow and arrows in the adjoining forests.

I took up my quarters for the night at a small inn at the foot of the castle, where I found good mountain cheer, that is, trout and beer-soup, and a mountain, or, in other words, a hearty welcome; and having engaged the landlord as my guide, I set out the next morning to visit the waterfalls, long before Aurora had arisen to open the gates of light to us poor sleeping mortals. My path lay along the slippery banks of a mountain stream, and I now found my pony a most agreeable companion, as I was able to walk or ride according to inclination. Indeed, I would recommend all travellers in the mountains to procure one of these little animals, as they are sure-footed, docile as dogs, and live upon the most humble fare. After scrambling up the craggy acclivities for about two hours, we came in front of the Zacken-fall, situated in the midst of the most romantic scenery, dashing abruptly over large masses of rock at least twelve feet asunder, down to a depth of a hundred and twenty-five feet, where its foaming surge gradually hushes itself to stillness, and hurries along the valley to the Bober, when it becomes a deep and fertilizing river.

This cascade presents a phenomenon of which the German naturalists have not yet given a satisfactory explanation; for sometimes the water of the river suddenly disappears, leaving the channel for several miles completely dry. The period of its absence is usually from two to four hours, when it speedily collects its

former force, and thunders down as impetuously as ever. The cause of the phenomenon is not attributed to a failure of water at its source, but to a certain part of the river called the "Schwarze-Woge," a deep, dark, dismal looking spot, where the current of the river appears arrested for a moment, eddying back its waters with convulsive horror. The current hypothesis supposes that there is a funnel below which sucks in the waters of the Zacken, but we cannot reconcile ourselves to the belief, of this funnel only occasionally opening, and that most frequently in winter.

Owing probably to the want of rain this year, the beauty of the cascade fell far short of my expectations; however, my feeble testimony is but little required to blazon forth its fame, for it has been already immortalized by a visit from his present Majesty of Prussia and the late Queen Louise, of which fact we are informed in the Strangers' Album, (kept at Petersdorf,) in their own hand writing; we are further enlightened on this most important subject by a splendid marble tablet embedded in the rock, with the following inscription in gold letters, which annually undergo the process of regilding.

"Zum Andenken des 17 Augusts, 1800, als Ihro Majestäten König Friedrich Wilhelm III. und Königin Louise den Kochel-und Zackenfall in allerhöchsten Augenshein zu nehmen und die Schönheiten der Natur allergnädigst zu bewundern geruhten[1]."

[1] In memory of the 17th of August, 1800, when their most gracious majesties, Frederic William III. and the Queen Louise, *condescended* to visit, in their *own persons*, the Kochel and Zacken cascades, and to regard with *wonder* and admiration the beauties of nature!

After rambling a few hours through the mountains, we came to another cascade, the descent of the Elbe, which falls down a declivity of two hundred feet, but owing to the proximity of the rocks, it will never be a favourite of the painter; still, the wild scenery that surrounds it amply atones for this disadvantage, particularly the tremendous abyss, the Schneegruben, which is upwards of a thousand feet deep; the gigantic pines that flourish in its bosom appear like the diminutive flowers of a bouquet, and the bright rays of the sun have never penetrated the eternal snows that remain in its gloomy bed.

About a league from hence is another cascade, called the Pantsche-fall, whose waters are hurled down a descent from eight to nine hundred feet; some persons prefer it to the Staubbach, in Switzerland; but these persons must be Silesians, possessing more patriotism than taste; for the insignificant volume of water that I beheld, could excite neither wonder nor admiration. My guide appeared not a little mortified as I expressed my disappointment, and reproved me, by saying, that waterfalls should be visited when the rain is pouring in torrents! Perhaps it was seen at this time by that Berlin author, whose book I had been reading, and who compared the roaring and dashing of the waters over the rocks to millions of drums rattling about his ears!

However, my disappointment was amply repaid during a delightful tour through the valley of the Elbe to Friedrichsthal, unquestionably the most romantic and picturesque of all those through which I had wandered

in the Riesengebirge. Here I saw the Elbe trace its course with a weakness so infantile, that the force of a child would be sufficient to arrest its progress through its meadowy bed; and yet I had seen this river, only a few months previous, proudly bearing upon its bosom the commercial fleets of nations, and welcoming alike the treasures of every clime. So long as I journeyed through the lovely scenery of the valley, I forgot the désagrémens of mountain villages and their comfortless inns; but when I came to Friedrichsthal, they all rose up, like Banquo's ghosts, before me, in the form of bad beds, semi-starvation, &c. more especially as the rain was pouring in torrents, and it was more than probable that I should be detained in this little village so long as it was the pleasure of the elements, for the only conveyance I could hope to meet with would be a hay-cart!

The landlord of the inn where I took up my quarters appeared gifted with the science of divination, as regarded the weather, for whenever I attempted to prognosticate, from the occasional appearance of a bright cloud, that it would improve, I was invariably answered by an ominous shake of the head; and, to convince me of the sure foundation upon which his predictions rested, he conducted me to what might be termed the saal of the prophets, where I found frogs, spiders, snakes, leeches, and various other reptiles, collected together, for the purpose of foretelling the state of the weather; and, truly, bitter experience soon proved that they were the most unerring seers, and as they, nem. con., prophesied a continuation of rain, I

drew forth my note-book, and amused myself (I hope I may also my readers) by penning a few observations upon the general character of the country and inhabitants of this romantic region.

Notwithstanding this very interesting chain of mountains possesses all the attractions necessary to excite the attention, not alone of the admirers of beautiful nature, in all her varied forms, but of the geologist, mineralogist, and botanist, yet none have been less visited by modern tourists; perhaps it is owing to the circumstance of their being situated between Austria, Prussia, and Saxony, and the numerous petty vexations this might be likely to give rise to, with respect to passports, &c. The idea, if such exists, is perfectly unfounded; for, if the traveller is provided with a proper passport, duly signed, he will not only find the authorities intelligent and obliging, but anxious to facilitate his progress, by indicating the most interesting routes through the mountains; he will at least have the gratification of telling his friends, as I now do my readers, that more than once I stood with one foot in the empire of Austria, the other in the kingdom of Prussia, while my mountain staff reposed in the dominions of his Saxon majesty.

The Reisengebirge, from their altitude, hold the first rank among the mountains of Germany, if we except the Tyrolian and Carnic. The name is derived from Rise, (springs,) descriptive of the numerous rivers that here have their source, and not, as many writers tell us, from Riese (giant). This is more decidedly proved by the Bohemians calling them, in their language,

krkonossy hory (spring mountains). They are principally composed of a species of coarse granite. Quartz is also pretty general, but the colour inclines more to blue and violet, than the more valuable red; mountain crystal, bastard topazes, and morians, abound every where; but rubies, sapphires, amethysts, and the fine topaz are very rare; even diamonds were formerly found: and at one time the mines of copper and iron were considered very valuable. The alpine plants are numerous, and much sought after for medical purposes; the most valuable are the celebrated rose and violet coloured mosses.

Several important rivers also have their source in these mountains; such as the Elbe, Aupe, and Iser: these take a southerly direction through the plains of Bohemia; the two latter soon fall a prey to the rapacity of the Elbe, which becomes, in its turn, the victim of the German Ocean. The Bober, Queiss, Zacken, and Lomnitz pursue a contrary direction, and fertilize the plains of Lusatia, till they mingle their waters with the Oder, which is in like manner engulphed by the Baltic. As all these rivers, and a multitude of small rivulets, in their progress through the mountains roll over masses of broken granite, they form many pretty cascades; but during the prevalence of great rains they frequently swell into destructive. torrents, and too often prove a devastating enemy to the labours of the husbandman.

The inhabitants have few features distinct from those of other mountain districts in Germany, if we except a still greater simplicity of manners, and a less prevalence of that disgusting inheritance of mountaineers,

the goitre. In summer they adopt a sort of Numidian life, and range the mountains with their flocks and herds in search of pasturage. At the commencement of winter they assemble in populous villages, and exchange the patriarchal occupation of shepherds for that of fabricators of linen. Their food is of the simplest kind, consisting principally of oaten-cake, butter, cheese, milk, and potatoes; meat rarely graces their frugal board, except on great festal occasions, when a young kid is sacrificed to the god of merrymaking. Their general appearance indicates robust health, and gay good humour usually accompanies them to the evening of life, for I have frequently seen very old men and women engaged in juvenile sports with rosy-checked children, exhibiting an almost infantile playfulness. The apothecary and his drugs are nearly unknown, for they possess a specific in their numerous alpine plants for nearly every disease, and hence, they generally live to a good old age. We have an instance of this at Hermsdorf, near the castle of Kynast, where we are shown the portraits of a peasant and his wife, whose united ages amounted to three hundred and forty; this modern Methuselah lived to one hundred and seventy-two, and his wife to a hundred and sixty-eight.

They are, I believe without exception, Roman Catholics, and considered very superstitious, as we find every house adorned with a crucifix and Madonna; and I never saw them sit down to any repast without offering up a short prayer, and at the same time elevating the Madonna,—or the patron

saint. In hospitality to a stranger they vie with the Arabian: this virtue increases the higher we ascend; the wanderer is certain to find a hearty welcome in the poorest hut, and I never entered one that I was not offered the best refreshment they were able to procure: the fragrant oaten-cake, new-laid eggs, sweet and sour milk, delicious butter, and not unfrequently the sparkling trout decked the homely board, rendered still more captivating by the dazzling whiteness of the table-linen; and for this they would only receive the smallest possible gratuity, and in many instances refused it altogether. Their cottages are generally built of wood, laid on a foundation of stone raised a few feet high: the under part is appropriated to their flocks; while the upper, to which the ascent is frequently by a ladder, is the sleeping, eating, and sitting room for the whole family. Pine torches are the substitutes for candles, and a wooden bolt, which is used more as a defence against the storm than the bandit, is the only security necessary in this land of honesty. Their patriotism and attachment to their native hills is unbounded. They largely partake of the love felt by all mountaineers for their ancient customs, and possess a vast store of traditionary lore.

That side of the mountains towards Silesia abounds with diminutive lakes, or, to give them their right name, ponds, connected with each other by subterranean passages, which the credulous of the natives believe to be fathomless; they are usually surrounded by a chain of rocks, and have a most gloomy appearance, which has probably given rise to the superstitious

fancy, that they are peopled by a thousand imaginary beings, and are often made the theatre of the wildest supernatural legends. This is no doubt encouraged by the occasional appearance of the " trockne nebel," (dry fogs.) of a blue colour, in one of which during my rambles in the mountains I became suddenly enveloped, as if the king of the Gnomes (Rübezahl) had cast around me his treacherous net. During its continuance the light of the sun was entirely obscured, and every object appeared clothed in a tint of mystic azure, when presently a gust of wind dispelled the illusion, and we perceived the fairy film retreating through the numerous fissures and caverns of the rocks.

The hero of the most popular legends is Rübezahl, known in our nursery tales as Number-Nip. The Germans, who generally find a foundation for every supernatural tradition, say, among a hundred other versions, that a Provençale, of the name of Rédevale, since corrupted to Rübezahl, a famous magician, arrived here, and collected vast quantities of the precious minerals among the mountains, but having made a compact with his Satanic majesty, who condescended to act as his guide, for a certain period, the treacherous demon took advantage of his agreement, and imprisoned the unlucky geologist in the interior of the mountain, where he has gone on increasing his hoards ad infinitum to the present day.

CHAPTER VIII.

Liebwerda — Bohemia — Prague — Hradschin—Charles X.—Cathedral—Monument of St. John of Nepomuck—Fête of the saint—Queen Libussa—Valley of Scharka—St. Ivan—Castle of Carlstein — General observations—Character of the Bohemians—Moravia—Route to Vienna —Field of Austerlitz.

On the evening of the second day of my temporary confinement at the small inn of Friedrichsthal, my host announced the gratifying intelligence that the whole assembly of living barometers concurred in announcing the approach of fine weather, which proved to be most true; for the glorious sun was my cheerful companion the following day to the mineral bath Liebwerda; and, as I skirted the Bohemian side of the mountains, my route lay through scenery of uninterrupted beauty, and I might well exclaim with Rousseau, when speaking of his beloved Switzerland:—"En voyageant le peintre trouve a chaque pas un tableau, le poet un image, et le philosophe une reflexion.". If he had been here, he might also have added,—the mineralogist a costly pebble, and the botanist a rare plant.

The gray shades of evening had just closed in as I entered the mountain bath. Some few of the gay visitors were still sauntering on the promenades, or dancing in the brilliantly-lighted saloons; but the

greater number had retired to seek their hotels and suppers, for the bells were tolling that most important hour in Germany, nine o'clock.

Liebwerda (Love is there), the beautiful creation of that distinguished Austrian nobleman Graf Clamm-Gallas, is pleasantly situated at the base of the south side of the mountain called the Tafelfichte, and is the most attractive ornament of the lovely valley in which it lies. The visitors have a delightful pilgrimage to the picturesque convent of Haindorf, in its immediate vicinity; and the mineralogist may also indulge his favourite study, and perhaps increase his finances; for in this neighbourhood more precious stones have been found than in any other part of Bohemia.

After lingering a few days at Liebwerda, I bade farewell to the mountain region, and also to my little pony, from both of whom I parted with regret, and continued my route to Reichenberg, the most commercial and manufacturing town in Bohemia.

In journeying through the plains, I soon found that many of the good qualities I had prized in the inhabitants of the mountains had become extremely rare. I also learned that in the vicinity of the Saxon frontier the most sanguinary encounters frequently take place between the military and the smugglers, often terminating fatally; and yet the thirst for gain enlists hundreds in these desperate enterprises. But though bands of these lawless men are to be met with nightly, and even, in the remote places, by day,—yet violence is never offered to the unoffending traveller. These, unfortunately, are not the only marauders who disturb

the peace of the country; for the contests I have alluded to, however destructive to human life, are quite equalled by those between the game-keepers and the poachers. These misguided men justify themselves for the violence they commit by the same perverted reasoning as our own countrymen, and contend, that though it may be illegal, it is not criminal; that no government has a right to impose restrictions on commerce; and that the wild inhabitants of the forest are the property of all.

Reichenberg being the seat of a superior officer of police, I had to answer the usual interrogatories previous to travelling through the Austrian dominions; and also to make it appear to the monarch of the tolls, that I did not intend to rob his Imperial Majesty of one ounce of tobacco, the emperor reserving to himself the monopoly of this article. The officer was, however, contented with my word of honour that my baggage contained nothing contraband, and offered no vexatious annoyance. He was good-natured, as the Austrians usually are, particularly when they find themselves in contact with an Englishman.

I took my place in the Eilwagen for Prague, about twenty leagues distant. The country, although deficient in picturesque beauty, possessed the charms of novelty, after the wild scenery of the mountains, and might be said to resemble an interminable garden. There was not only a succession of orchards, but the very roads were lined with fruit-trees, bent in graceful arches, loaded with the young fruit; while the variegated fields of corn were waving in luxuriant beauty,

gently fanned by the balmy breeze. And if our eyes were thus far gratified, our ears were no less delighted; for we were not only greeted with music and singing at all the hotels on the road, but the groups of peasants in their picturesque costume returning from the market at Prague, and bands of rustics from the labours of the fields, were chanting in full chorus their national airs, with a precision that would grace any public exhibition.

COSTUMES OF THE BOHEMIANS.

The chill dews of evening, having succeeded the glowing heat of day, compelled me to withdraw my attention from the scenes of rural beauty to those of animated life among my travelling companions. A fine young man, enveloped in the capacious folds of a Hungarian mantle, and smoking out of a richly ornamented pipe, was the first to address me, with all the eager curiosity of a German; for believe me, reader, when I tell thee, that the majority of the inhabitants

of this extensive empire are as little gifted with the power of restraining this Paul Pry propensity as brother Jonathan himself. The following verbatim conversation affords a very accurate specimen of the sort of cross-examination to which a foreigner is frequently subjected.

"What countryman are you?" "An Englishman." "In heaven's name, an Englishman?" "Yes." "You are come from London, perhaps?" "Yes." "Where are you going to?" "To Prague." "Do you intend to remain there?" "No; I am merely going to visit a few friends." "What are their names, if I may be allowed to ask the question?"

This was too much! and obliged me to tell him that I thought he was carrying his inquisitorial scrutiny too far, and thus abruptly terminated the conversation.

My other travelling companions were a gentleman and his wife, of Lintz, in Upper Austria, both of most ample dimensions, and who ever and anon indulged their gastronomic propensities out of a well-supplied basket; and as the gentleman made frequent applications to the schnapps bottle, he had become somewhat loquacious, and commenced upon politics; first eulogising his Guten Kaiser Franzel, then Metternich, and the excellence of the Austrian government; and concluded by saying, that there was more liberty in Austria than in England. This was, indeed, a discovery: and I begged to be informed how that position was to be established. "Why, have you not," said he, "passed your infamous *Reform Bill*, thereby making it compulsory upon the whole nation to become members of the *Reformirte Kirche?*" (Reformed Church!)

Truly, thought I, here is a verification of Pope's adage, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," for it sometimes leads to strange conclusions. These very sage remarks would probably have been more lengthy, if we had not now entered the superb faubourg of Prague, which circumstance immediately created a bustle among my fellow-travellers. The lady hastily hid a number of letters in her bosom; and tobacco was sent to seek concealment in every nook and corner, an ounce being the largest quantity permitted to each individual. In short, dismay was pictured on every countenance; and if the officers of the customs had looked at the faces of the travellers, instead of the baggage, he would soon have detected a conspiracy against the revenue. The delight of my fellow-travellers, as the carriage was set at liberty from the inquisitorial examination, exceeded their previous consternation; and a "Gott sey Dank es ist glücklich vorüber[1]!" burst from every mouth. At least, thought I, these timid people cannot be difficult to govern, when a slight examination at the custom-house creates as much apprehension as my own more resolute countrymen would exhibit at a trial for high-treason, though the extent of the fraud probably consisted in smuggling a few ounces of tobacco, or three or four letters. True it is, the fiscal regulations in the Austrian empire are both vexatious and severe; for you are not only liable to search at the frontier, but at all the great towns throughout the empire, unless your baggage

[1] "Thank God! it is happily over."

is previously plumbed. In the interior, it is principally tobacco, letters, and books that are sought after; and assuredly, if the revenue laws were strictly enforced, it would be almost impossible to travel in this country; but the officers are always lenient in the exercise of their duties, which in a great measure disarms the law of its severity. However, so far as my personal experience went, I always found my word of honour, that I had no prohibited articles, sufficient to prevent my luggage being examined, nearly throughout the whole of the Austrian states. But this assurance rarely had any effect with their neighbours, the Prussians: and in a readiness to render every little office of civility and politeness, the Austrians are infinitely their superiors.

Unfortunately for my comfort, I followed the advice of a traveller, and took up my quarters at the Weisen Lamm, in Prague. Upon entering the speise-saal, the dense clouds of tobacco-smoke completely prevented me from seeing objects distinctly; but when my organs of vision became accustomed to the medium, I discovered it was filled with officers, burghers, students, and travellers, whose appearance and manners distinctly proved that they were not members of the Corinthian order of society: some were playing at billiards, others at cards, and the majority smoking; here was a group literally devouring the viands before them, and there another, who, having finished this important business, were picking their teeth with forks! The attendants were all of the fair sex; but they flirted in such a manner with the guests, that a traveller, even though not censorious, would feel much inclined to question their modesty.

After taking my supper with what appetite I might, I requested to be shown to my bed-room. One of the fair attendants conducted me to a chamber with six beds, four of which were occupied; and the tenants grunted in concert at the introduction of the light. Not liking the idea of sleeping in company, I desired to know if it was not possible to have a room to myself? The chambermaid replied in the affirmative, adding, that I should be obliged to pay extra. To this I most willingly agreed. Upon taking possession of my solitary bedroom, I demanded if the sheets were aired?

"Aired!" replied my amazed attendant; "Why, Sir, they have been not only well aired, but they have been slept in three or four times, and the gentleman only went away this morning!"

This not being the sort of airing I admired, I ordered her, to her great astonishment, to put clean linen on the bed,—gladly consenting to pay the increased charge in my bill, which, she assured me, was always made, whenever such an extraordinary command was given. The next morning, I discharged my bill, which was very reasonable, and changed my quarters to the "Three Lindens," considered the best hotel in Prague; nevertheless, I found it much inferior, in cleanliness and comfort, to those of the same class in South Germany.

Prague is built, like Rome, upon seven small hills; and, owing to this circumstance, every point of similarity was eagerly seized, to render it as like as possible the eternal city. It has the same profusion of churches, domes, and convents; the Moldau, like the Tiber, divides the town into two parts, and is crossed by a bridge, peopled with statues, like that of Saint

Angelo. When contemplating the splendour of its ecclesiastical edifices, we feel astonished at the piety of catholicism which reared them; and the magnificence of the public buildings and palaces of the ancient nobles carries back the imagination to the era of Bohemia's greatness. The town takes its name of Prague from the Sclavonic word Prag (cataract), as the river rushes here down a descent with some violence. The left bank is extremely picturesque, rising in terraced gardens and vineyards, into an amphitheatre of hills, crowned with the citadel, the fortifications, and the Hradschin palace.

How various and multiplied were the historic recollections called up, on contemplating the time-worn walls of this residence of the Bohemian kings. Here, Rudolph II. forgot the cares of empire, to study the mystic influences of the planets with Tycho-Brahe. Here, Frederick the Elector Palatine, the pusillanimous King of Bohemia, was enjoying the pleasures of the banquet, while his brave Bohemians vainly fought for a kingdom he was so unworthy to govern. Here was the window through which the enraged nobles hurled the Austrian delegates down a descent of sixty feet: fortunately, they invoked the protection of the Madonna, which, as a small pyramid informs us, was miraculously interposed in their behalf. We presume, she was gifted with a foreknowledge of the appeal that would be made to her, and accordingly provided for the contingency, by inspiring the infuriated Bohemians with the resolution first to throw out of the windows bales of state papers and parch-

ment records—the accumulation of centuries,—and having thus made a bed, to send the unhappy Austrians to seek their slumber; but when, instead of lying quietly, they arose, and took to their heels, the priests and the infatuated multitude exclaimed with one voice, "A miracle! a miracle!"

One wing of this immense edifice (which is more remarkable for extent than beauty) is occupied by the exking Charles X. and his suite; the remainder is appropriated to the service of the different departments of the government. The illustrious exile lives in the most unostentatious manner, and is still the same hospitable, good-natured man that he has ever been in public and private life, and quite as popular with the good people of Prague as he was at Edinburgh. He was looking extremely well for his age, and if we might judge from the tranquil smile that played around his mouth, is perfectly happy in his retirement. The Duke of Bordeaux has grown up a handsome boy, but rather short for his age, and his form, which is robust, exhibits more of strength than gracefulness; his complexion is ruddy, with light eyes, Grecian nose, and a very expressive mouth. He is said to possess an extraordinary capacity for learning, and altogether promises to be a most accomplished Prince; for which he is much indebted to the tuition of his governor, the Duke de Blacas, who is acknowledged, even by his opponents in politics, to be one of the most intellectual men of his day. There is hardly any restraint imposed upon the young Prince, who is seen, every other day, riding on his little pony, or sauntering through the shops or public places in

Prague, and is not only the idol of the court, but of the citizens, who are loud in his praise; and if we only credit one half of the thousand anecdotes related of the fine qualities of his head and heart, France will have no cause to be discontented, should it be the will of fate to elevate him to the throne of his ancestors.

His sister Mademoiselle is equally popular; her countenance is interesting and expressive, but she appears very delicate; I scarcely observed any alteration in the appearance of the Duc d'Angouleme, but in that of the Duchess grief has anticipated age, and she appears to exist merely for the sake of her youthful relatives. However, in none of the royal party are the ravages of time and adversity more distinctly perceptible than in the Duchess de Berri; her restless, ambitious mind has not adapted itself to the severe reverses her fortunes have sustained. At the time I visited Prague, she occupied a small villa a few leagues distant from the town.

The venerable cathedral, St. Veit, adjoining, is far more interesting to the traveller than the Hradschin, on account of its antiquity, curiosities, relics, &c. This fine remnant of Gothic architecture, little inferior in boldness of design to that of Cologne, was commenced in the year 983, by King Wenceslaus, and is not yet completed! It suffered more during the last bombardment of the town by Frederick the Great than by any of the previous wars that had ravaged Germany. The chapel, dedicated to the royal St. Wenceslaus, is particularly striking, being literally incased in precious stones of great value, all of which have been found in

Bohemia, and presented to the shrine of the holy king by the devout, in gratitude for the miracles operated by his relics; for instance, his helmet is a sovereign remedy for the head-ache! and the immense brass ring on the door, which he grasped during the time of his assassination, is a cure for nearly every disease, and is as much worn by touching and kissing as the great toe of the statue of St. Peter, at Rome! A very good painting over the altar, by Lucas Cranach, relates the particulars of his murder, which it appears was effected by his brother.

The high altar displays a very fine painting of Mary in the Temple, by Holbein; and the sacristan assured me that the head of Christ, a splendid painting, was executed by St. Luke; it is, however, of great antiquity, and said to be the chef-d'œuvre of Mutina: but these are all inferior in beauty of design and execution to that of the Adoration of the Shepherds, by Henrico Pennachi, who was at one time court painter to Henry the Eighth of England. This very talented artist, was also a soldier, and fell in battle when very young, leaving but few works to attest his rare merit.

Another relic, much valued by the faithful, is an antique candelabra with seven branches, said to have adorned Solomon's temple. Be this as it may, its appearance and workmanship proclaim it of very ancient date.

But of all the wonders of the cathedral, the monument of the patron of Bohemia, St. John of Nepomuck, surpasses every other in magnificence; and I

doubt if the whole of Christendom can furnish another equal to it in the costliness of its materials. The figure of the Saint, large as life, is represented kneeling on his tomb, attired in his episcopal vestments, surrounded by angels, who appear consoling and comforting him; but start not, reader! when I tell thee that the figures, ornaments, vases, candlesticks, &c. are all of solid silver, and the immense canopy, supported by flying angels, consumed seven hundred Flemish ells of rich crimson damask, and the weight of the silver is estimated at thirty-seven cwt. As it was now open to the public, the number of devotees crowding to imprint a kiss on some part of the monument was so great, that I was prevented for some time obtaining a sight of any thing except the canopy.

The fame of this saint is so widely spread, that vast multitudes are attracted from every part of the empire to celebrate his anniversary, which commences on the sixteenth of May, and generally lasts eight days. During this time, twenty-four priests are engaged in the confessionals from six in the morning till nine in the evening; and Prague is so full that the peasantry encamp in the streets. The bridge where his statue is erected (on the spot from whence he was hurled into the Moldau) is occupied by such a dense mass of human beings, that the police are stationed to prevent carriages and equestrians from passing; and it is not every pedestrian who is able to force a passage through the pious crowd, among whom nothing is heard but prayers and singing: the surrounding hills are illuminated, and the cannons thunder, to impart

additional solemnity to the scene. In every street we see displayed in the windows of the faithful a portrait or image of the saint, surrounded with garlands of flowers, and not unfrequently with precious stones, brilliantly illuminated. The pavement in all the principal streets is strewed with palm, grass, and flowers; the military are en grande tenue, and the whole of the population are engaged in celebrating the fête, either by the most fervent devotion or the most indefatigable waltzing! The vignette in the title page will give some idea of the manner in which the fête is celebrated throughout Bohemia; the sketch was taken near Töplitz, and includes the statue of the saint and the Schlossberg.

Thus it appears that John Welflin of Nepomuck is destined to receive more post mortem honours than were rendered to him in life, and, unlike his great namesake, St. John the Baptist, who was executed for speaking with too much freedom, the Saint of Bohemia was condemned to death because he pertinaciously kept silence, respecting a matter of which the devout, and the unbeliever, give very different versions. The former relate, that for refusing to divulge the secrets of the Queen of King Wenceslaus, disclosed to him in confession, the enraged husband caused him to be hurled into the Moldau. The story recounted by the scoffer I shall decline transcribing, as I am determined not to admit any scandal into my pages, even though it relates to a mouldering saint, and the frailty of a Bohemian queen. I must, however, not omit to record the miraculous appearances exhibited during

his dying hour, when a star, emitting the most brilliant light, hovered over the holy man, whilst he struggled with the tide delegated to destroy him. His body was subsequently rescued from the flood, and interred in the cathedral; but the inheritance of mortality—decay—had no power over that unruly member which so often sets the world in a blaze; his tongue was found in perfect preservation, and is now exhibited in the treasury without the slightest symptom of decomposition!

Prague contains several other churches, well worthy the attention of the traveller; indeed, few towns possess a greater number of churches and convents in proportion to its population: they were formerly much more numerous, but Joseph II. reduced them from a hundred, to fifty-six. The convents had multiplied in an equal degree; many of them were splendid buildings, and very richly endowed, particularly those belonging to the Jesuits, but the same inexorable reformer dispersed the societies, and converted the edifices into establishments of public utility.

Among the palaces of the nobility, that of the celebrated Wallenstein is the most interesting; the immense pile of building which this ambitious warrior destined for himself, occupies the site of a hundred houses, but has never been completed. The apartments and furniture, said to be in the same state as when last occupied by the duke, are shown to strangers; the park attached to it is thrown open to the public, and constitutes a favourite promenade of the citizens.

The national gallery contains some fine paintings,

particularly of the German school; and the public library is not only valuable for its choice collection of books, but rare manuscripts. The Bohemians contend that the University is the oldest in Germany; but this claim is disputed by Heidelberg. The library has been considerably enriched by the transfer to it of the monastic libraries; and I was much interested by a work of great antiquity, on magic, in the Bohemian dialect.

In the extensive gardens of the suppressed monastery of the Jesuits, is a statue of King Prunzlich of Bohemia, and though a work of great antiquity, yet I should not have mentioned it, except on account of the wondrous sword he possessed—such a sword as would make any warrior invincible; for whenever he addressed to it the command "Hau ein" (slay away), the obedient weapon slew all within its reach. The legend relates that it vanished at his death, and all attempts to discover it have proved ineffectual. Indeed, the traditions current among this very superstitious people are innumerable; however, I cannot omit giving some slight account of their famous Queen Libussa, who inhabited the castle of Wissehrad, now a ruin, situated on a dark barren rock overhanging the Moldau.

This fair wielder of the ancient sceptre of Bohemia has been the subject of many a legend of the poet, of many a ballad of the bard; but her historians are not agreed in their relations: according to some, she was a sorceress of most fearful power, who, when tired of her lovers, caused them to be thrown into the Moldau, through a hole in the rock, still shown; unfortunately,

they were very numerous, for the fascination of her eyes, and surpassing beauty, rendered her irresistible. Other accounts relieve her character of this odium, and tell us that she administered justice impartially, and possessed so entirely the affections of her people, that they petitioned her to marry; and at length, after great importunities, she consented. Having by her magic power discovered that her future husband was then in the neighbourhood of the castle, she commanded her attendants to lead forth her white charger, at the same time telling them, that he would bend the knee to the man that fate destined to share her throne. The inspired animal was accordingly led forth, knelt before a peasant named Primislaus, who was conducted in triumph to the palace, married Libussa, and became King of Bohemia.

The bridge over the Moldau, with its sixteen arches, is a fine monument of the architecture of the fourteenth century, but the twenty-eight colossal statues with which it is adorned give it a heavy appearance: that of St. John of Nepomuck, of whom I have already said so much, is really well executed. It is formed of bronze, and held in such veneration, that the devout who pass it invariably take off the hat or bend the knee, while the statue of Jesus, adjoining, is entirely disregarded; moreover, the saint of Bohemia is honoured with five lamps, while two are deemed sufficient for the Saviour. In former times, when saints were held in still greater repute, every one of the twenty-eight statues were illuminated; but whether oil has become dearer, or men's reasoning faculties clearer, I know

not, but at present there are no friendly lamps, except those I have mentioned, to prevent the passenger from breaking his head against a statue, or falling into the river.

The immediate neighbourhood of Prague suffers much in picturesque beauty from the want of foliage,—the vine being an indifferent substitute for the noble oak and the majestic beech. This deficiency will in a few years be in some measure remedied by the extensive pleasure-ground which Graf Chotek (to whom the city owes various obligations) has recently laid out and planted at his own expense, and which already forms a very agreeable promenade, at all times open to the public; still it was not here, but to the valley of Scharka, about a league distant from the town, that I most frequently bent my steps, and I was astonished to find how little this very beautiful district was frequented by the citizens, thereby evincing their almost total want of sympathy with rural scenery.

We are conducted to this romantic valley along the banks of the Moldau, till we come to the village of Podbaba, from whence we follow the serpentine course of a bright sparkling rivulet, enclosed by a chain of small hills, which increase in altitude as we advance: presently after, describing a deep curve, they suddenly assume a more wild and romantic character, and we see rocks towering upon rocks of the most fantastic forms; here a peasant's hut peeping through the thick foliage which shades the tiny glen, and there herds of sheep and goats appearing as if they were suspended to the sides of the precipices; while the river is seen in one

place turning a mill, and in another battling furiously with its flinty enemies; when all at once, having scaled a fearful precipice, we enter a country, which for beauty and fertility might with justice be termed the Elysian fields. The valley extends altogether about a league, and derives its name from the famous Amazon, Scharka, contemporary with Queen Libussa, and who was killed by a fall from one of the rocks while pursuing a wild boar.

I now continued my excursion to Carlstein, about six leagues from Prague, through another rocky valley, called St. Ivan, in which I was shown the cave where the saint who has bequeathed to it his name resided for many years, secluded from the world as a hermit; and certainly he could not have chosen a more romantic situation. The legend informs us he was the only son of a powerful prince in Dalmatia, who was obliged to fly his father's anger for having embraced Christianity; and, assuredly, he must have been a saint of no ordinary sanctity, for he was fed by angels, and visited by St. John the Baptist. The most heretical unbeliever cannot doubt the impressions of his knees in the solid granite, as they are perfectly visible; nor the most determined sceptic question for a moment that of the cloven foot of the Tempter, who appeared to the hermit, and endeavoured by every artful insinuation to seduce him from his God! At length his unnatural father discovered his retreat, and rewarded his piety with a crown of martyrdom; and the rains of a thousand years have not been able to efface the stains of his blood from the rocks! It is hardly necessary to

add, that the repute of the sanctity of the hermitage is widely spread, and it constitutes one of the most popular pilgrimages in Bohemia.

My principal attraction was, however, the fine old castle of Carlstein, the favourite residence of Charles IV., Emperor of Germany and King of Bohemia: and though its far-famed treasures have found their way to Vienna, yet there is sufficient to admire in the magnificent structure itself, whose massive walls repose on rocks of marble, and lofty towers appear almost to mingle with the clouds: it is still in good preservation, and the vast hall of the interior exhibits a few old German paintings, more remarkable for antiquity than talent; there is one, however, that would alone repay a pilgrimage, on account of its singularity. It is the Emperor Charles IV., represented under the symbol of the lamb with seven horns, before each of which an Elector of Germany is doing homage on his knees! During the life-time of this bigotted monarch, the castle was called the Heilige Burg (holy castle), on account of the valuable collection of relics it contained. The principal gem was the identical table on which Jesus celebrated the last supper; not that this was the only treasure, for there was also the spear head that pierced him on the cross, the javelin that Saul was accustomed to hurl at David, and, above all, the very wand with which Moses struck the rock to give drink to the sons of Israel!!! And whether the royal owner was of the Turkish opinion, that women are without souls, I know not; but, most assuredly, none of the fair sex were allowed to enter his castle, lest their unhallowed presence should

defile the sacred repository. Nevertheless, in spite of his superstition, he was an excellent sovereign, and the epoch in which he lived was the most glorious in the annals of Bohemia.

On returning to Prague, I found the long supper-table at my hotel filled with guests. The gentleman who sat next me, being somewhat loquacious, begged to be informed where I had passed the day. I replied, I had been to visit the cave of St. Ivan and the castle of Carlstein. This annunciation drew forth an exclamation of astonishment at the piety of an Engländer; I, however, soon undeceived them, by saying, that the castle, and not the cave of the saint, was the magnet which attracted me. My polite interrogator being thus relieved from the apprehension of wounding my feelings, exclaimed, "Alles lauter Pfaffen spitzbuberei," (all monkish tricks!) which was simultaneously echoed from one end of the table to the other; and from the general tenor of their conversation, and also from the sentiments I repeatedly heard expressed, I think it is not too much to infer, that though the minds of the uneducated classes in Bohemia are most deeply tinctured with bigotry and superstition, yet the mists have long since passed away from the vision of the intellectual; and we must feel assured, that if another sovereign like Joseph II. should wear the Bohemian crown, he would experience as little difficulty in converting the majority of the nation to the reformed church, as Huss, Wycliffe, and Hieronimus, did in the fifteenth century. How devoutly is this to be desired, for at present infidelity is making frightful progress among

the well-educated classes; which can excite no surprise in a country where the most puerile absurdities of Popery are substituted for Christianity; where its Divine Founder is considered of inferior sanctity and influence, and his altar forsaken for that of Saint John Welflin of Neponuck! It must be conceded, that many of the ceremonies and observances of the Church of Rome have been framed with such a regard to the religious wants of man, as to excite the admiration even of the rigid Protestant; but so long as a religion tolerates the adoration of saints and relics, and permits the performance of ideal miracles, it will provoke ridicule in the man of sense, and lead to scepticism.

One most fruitful source of the bigotry and scepticism which so frequently obtrude upon the observation of the stranger as he rambles over this delightful country, is undoubtedly the ignorance in which the mass of the people are kept, in consequence of the checks interposed to the general diffusion of knowledge, and the rigid exclusion of such books as would tend to enlighten the public mind, while the latitudinarian censorship never hesitate to admit any works, however flagrantly they may sin against public decency and public morals, provided they are not of a political tendency, nor conduce directly or indirectly to bring the Catholic religion into contempt. By what sophistry is it that the Austrian government and the elders of the Church of Rome call this wisdom? By what fallacious reasoning do they term it policy, thus to sanction the dissemination of moral poison?

I shall now take leave of Prague, but let not my

readers suppose that I have described a hundredth part of the lions of this fine old town, whose antiquity and connexion with some of the most remarkable events of the middle ages render it the most interesting in Germany. Owing to the number of palaces, churches, public buildings, and other splendid remains of its ancient grandeur, it is more imposing than Vienna, and far preferable as a residence; the situation being much more salubrious, and the climate more mild and equable, the cold in winter rarely exceeding twenty-four degrees Reaumur, and generally averaging between seven and ten, while during the greatest heat of summer the thermometer seldom rises above twenty-three. Dr. Stultz, a celebrated German physician, who has written upon the relative salubrity of German towns, considers Prague one of the most healthy in the empire, and asserts that it is no uncommon occurrence for the inhabitants to attain the age of a hundred, and even sometimes a hundred and fifteen. The provisions are good and cheap; and an excellent red wine resembling Burgundy is produced in the neighbourhood. The theatre equals that of Vienna, and the musical department and orchestra cannot be too highly praised; nor must we omit Madame Podhorsky's rare excellence as a prima donna. Public and private concerts are also very frequent, and except Vienna, there is no town in Germany where music is cultivated with such success: indeed this taste may in the Bohemians be truly termed national, for they excel both in vocal and instrumental; and not a few of the natives travel to Italy, acquire

the language, Italianize their names, and make large fortunes in Vienna. The harp appears to a stranger their native instrument; for we meet with itinerant harpists in every part of the country, whose strains generally accompany the mid-day repast at every inn, however small, whether in the capital or the provinces. Their language, which is rich and expressive, is also musical, and sounds as pleasing as the Italian, when wedded to melody.

The Bohemians being of Sclavonic origin, exhibit a variety of features totally distinct from their Teutonic brethren; their temperament is much more mercurial, their habits less clean and industrious, and their manners more gay, warm, and open. The men are generally robust, and well-proportioned; and some of the finest grenadiers and heavy cavalry in the Austrian service are selected from among them; and it tells much for their talents and intelligence, that they furnish the best artillery officers and engineers that the army possesses, while the civil engineers and architects rank among the highest in the empire. The women are celebrated for their beauty; but let it be remembered that this is in Germany, where it is certainly at a premium. The form of the Bohemian belle is generally full and voluptuous, rather above the middle height, with a face more round than oval, fine expressive eyes, a remarkably clear complexion, and often dark hair. All classes are as zealous patrons of every description of pleasure and enjoyment as their brethren in Vienna; and, like them, receive strangers with the most open-hearted hospitality; while their

lively, animated dispositions render their circles gay and agreeable; so that the traveller has the charm of pleasing social intercourse to attract him in addition to the beauty of the country; and few, perhaps, are so highly favoured in locality as Bohemia.

This very picturesque country is surrounded on all sides by majestic mountains—the Riesengebirge, Fichtelgebirge, Sachseschgebirge, and Böhmerwald, which form a natural barrier to protect her against foreign foes, and at the same time yield her the luxuriant oak, the stately pine, and the delicious grape. The vast area they inclose exhibits the form of a basin, relieved from monotony by occasional swells and gentle undulations, sometimes rising even to an isolated hill; and, being one of the most elevated countries in Europe, the air is salubrious, while her rivers—the Moldau, Elbe, and Egar, intersect her in various directions, spreading beauty and fertility in their course.

Bohemia is rich in mineral productions, and the quality of her glass and tin is inferior only to that of England: the kingdom is divided into sixteen circles, containing a population of four millions, two-thirds of whom are Czechens (Bohemians of Sclavonic origin,) and one-third Germans; but of all the circles, that of Leitmeritz is the most beautiful and fertile, and produces the best wine: it is usually termed the Bohemian paradise, and the corn magazine of Saxony.

The Czechens were at one time a very powerful people, their territories extending from the Baltic to the Adriatic; but, in the thirteenth century, Graf Rudolph von Habsburg, who had ascended the imperial throne, having made war upon them, adroitly

founded the fortunes of his house upon their ruin, and annexed their most valuable provinces to his own dominions. Nevertheless, they continued a respectable nation, governed by their own sovereigns, one of whom wielded the sceptre as Emperor of Germany, till the early part of the sixteenth century, when the crown of Bohemia reverted by marriage to the house of Austria. In the following century, it was nearly wrested from the imperial grasp; for the bigoted Ferdinand II. having outraged the nation by violating their ancient privileges, the people rose in rebellion, and not only carried their victorious arms to the gates of Vienna, but elected a king, Frederick the Palatine of the Rhine, through whose pusillanimity they lost their independence and religion; for at this time, the great mass of the people were members of the reformed church. The cruel bigot, having gained the mastery, took dreadful vengeance: they were compelled, by the most relentless persecutions, to renounce their religion; thousands were executed, and tens of thousands expatriated; while those who remained were condemned to see he Jesuits invested with uncontrolled power, and their Bibles and religious works consigned to the flames; and to such a pitch did they carry their exterminating zeal, that they not only entirely eradicated the Protestant religion, but aimed at the utter destruction of the Bohemian literature and language; so much so, that a book of that era is now a treasure. But the fires of persecution were not alone kindled in this devoted kingdom; they blazed throughout Germany; and, having lighted the torch of war, devastation and ruin, misery and famine, in

short, all the united evils that can afflict the human race, were the portion of this unhappy people, for the protracted period of thirty years.

Those who may be disposed to go from Prague to Vienna, through Moravia, will travel a distance of forty-two German miles over one of the best roads in Germany. I made this tour a few years since, found the posting excellent, and completed it in forty hours. The first town of any importance is Köllen, on the Elbe. It is well built, and boasts a pretty waterfall in the vicinity, but owes its principal notoriety to a victory gained by the Austrian and Saxon troops, under Daun, over the Prussians commanded by the great Frederick himself; the honour of the day is principally referred to the bravery of the Saxon dragoons, under Beckendorf. Frederick lost thirteen thousand of his best troops; and, if the victors had followed up their advantage, by effecting a conjunction with the garrison of Prague, consisting of fifty thousand men, which town part of Frederick's troops were then bombarding, his retreat would have been effectually cut off, and his army most probably entirely annihilated. This was the counsel of Brown, an Irishman, and one of Austria's most talented generals, who was dying of his wounds within the walls of Prague, but it was disregarded; Frederick had time to rally his dispirited troops, again, to inspire them with energy and courage, and he eventually triumphed. At Iglau, I took the Brünn road, and although that through Znaym is shorter, and equally well kept, yet the other possesses more interest, as it passes near the memorable field of Austerlitz.

Brünn is a fine town, with a population of thirty

thousand; and, being built on an eminence, surmounted by its cathedral on the rocky heights, and the famous fortress prison of Spilberg, presents an aspect at once bold and imposing: here, General Mack was sent to chew the cud of bitter repentance, for his disgraceful capitulation at Ulm.

About four leagues distant, on the road to Olmutz, is the small town of Austerlitz, with its castle, belonging to the family of the great Austrian minister Kaunitz; but the name of this insignificant town would never have emerged from obscurity, were it not for the battle so fatal to the interests of Austria, which was fought here on the 2nd of December, 1805, when two hundred thousand men and two hundred and twenty cannons carried on the murderous conflict; till victory decided for the French: but here again the timid councils of Austria worked her overthrow, for instead of renewing the battle the next day, for which she had ample resources, she concluded the humiliating peace of Presburg. Oh, indecision! to how much misery and ruin do you frequently pave the way!

I regret that want of space obliges me to give but a very slight description of Moravia, one of the most interesting provinces of Austria, whether we regard its locality, history, or inhabitants. Like Bohemia it is nearly surrounded by mountains, abounding with minerals, and the space they inclose is not only extremely fertile, but watered by several fine rivers.

The most disastrous period of its history, was during the fanatical rule of Ferdinand II., of Austria; thousands of the inhabitants were then massacred on account of their religious opinions, and tens of thousands driven

from their homes, till not a single Protestant was to be found in the whole country; the unfortunate exiles took refuge in Saxony, Holland, and England; their descendants are known in the former countries as Herrenhüters, and in the latter as Moravians, and among the various sects professing the reformed faith, there are none more estimable, being distinguished in every land for their piety, virtue, and simplicity of manners, and an ardent desire to propagate the truths of Christianity, united with order and industry. The inhabitants of this province are principally composed of different Sclavonic tribes, termed Slawaken, Horaken, Podzulaken, and Hanaken, and, like the Polish peasants, a sheep-skin mantle forms the winter garb of both sexes, and in summer they appear to select their colours from a bed of tulips, the men wearing bunches of bright-coloured ribbons in their hats, and the women red stockings, and bodices equally gay.

COSTUMES OF THE MORAVIANS.

CHAPTER IX.

Departure for Carlsbad—Rail-road—Incendiarism, Carlsbad—Promenades—Discovery of the springs—Anecdote of the King of Prussia—Töplitz—Mineral waters—Battle-field of Culm—Adventure in the mountains—Smugglers—Saxon Switzerland—Polish traveller—Fortress of Königstein—King's Palace, Pilnitz.

My readers are aware how severe an offence is committed against the laws of fashion, by remaining in London after the members of the senate have winged themselves in pursuit of the novelties of the continent; or, of the oft experienced pleasures of their country seats: but perhaps they are not acquainted with the fact, that it is a crime of as deep a dye in Germany to remain absent from the baths during the months of July and August. The noble and the wealthy continue there during the whole season; while the middle classes are obliged to content themselves by merely stealing a week from their avocations, in order to have the supreme gratification of seeing their names recorded among the list of visitors in the "Bade-blatt" at the reading-room, and in the daily newspaper.

In conformity with this prescribed rule, the population of Prague were hastening to the numerous mineral

springs of Bohemia. I was not long in deciding upon taking Carlsbad and Töplitz, on my route to the Rhine, and, as I was desirous of studying the manners and character of the Czechens, as they exist in the unsophisticated simplicity of their native valleys, I left the high road, and took that through Horefeldt, which abridged the distance to Carlsbad four leagues; but it is one I would not recommend to any traveller except during the summer months. Owing to the excessive heat of the weather, I set out a full hour before sunrise; but even thus early the road was animated by a whole army of peasant women, hurrying to the market, heavily laden with the produce of the garden, dairy, and poultry-yard. They were all barefoot, and singing like nightingales.

The whole of this day I travelled through the extensive domains of Prince Schwartzenberg, Prince Fürstenberg, and Graf Clamm-Gallas. The two latter noblemen constructed an excellent rail-road, which I crossed several times during my route; and, notwithstanding it unites a large tract of country, abounding in fertility, minerals, timber for building, and fuel, with Prague, yet it bore no appearance of having been used many years; for grass was growing luxuriantly on the road, and the iron itself was concealed in a thick coat of rust,—therefore I should presume it to be a failure.

I forgot to mention, that I overtook a gamekeeper of Prince Schwartzenberg, a few leagues distant from Prague: I entered into conversation with him, and, as he complained of being much fatigued, I offered him a seat in my carriage. On this occasion I proved myself

a good physiognomist, as my new companion was not only intelligent, but extremely useful as an interpreter; for the patois in some of the villages was nearly unintelligible, and my Saxon coachman did not comprehend a syllable of any other language than his own.

The gamekeeper, who had only recently exchanged the service of the emperor for that of his present master, related several anecdotes of the horrible system of poaching, now carried on in the Austrian states, which, it appears, is quite as sanguinary as that in our own country. He showed me the marks of several severe wounds he had received, and seemed to think that the extreme mildness of the laws in the Austrian empire against all offences unconnected with politics, tended to increase the number of these nightly depredators. In the course of conversation, I could not help admiring his naïveté, when he told me he was carrying in his game-bag a considerable sum of money in dollars, for the use of his master. I suggested the propriety of being more cautious in confiding such a dangerous secret to an utter stranger; when he exclaimed, "Ach Gott! ich fürchte nichts;" besides, we have no highway robbers in our country.

As I advanced through the interior of this very remote district, I observed that many of the villages were partially rebuilt, while others still exhibited the half-consumed ruins of recent conflagration. This induced me to demand the cause, when my companion, who was a native of this part of the country, informed me, that only a few years previous, the torch of incen-

diarism had carried destruction to the peaceful dwellings of the peasants. The most vigilant and unremitting exertions of the Austrian police were ineffectual to discover the perpetrators, for no sooner were the fires extinguished in one village, than they broke out with redoubled fury in another.

By this time the wretched peasantry were almost exasperated to madness, and the government became seriously alarmed for the public safety; and, as a last resource, bands of soldiers were dispatched, with peremptory orders to hang all the stragglers who should be found near the next village that might be set on fire! without any reference to rank or station in society!

This dreadful remedy was adopted, and proved instantly effectual, for the fires ceased as if by magic. One of the victims to this violent measure was a burgomaster's son, and the gibbet was pointed out to me upon which he had been executed. The general opinion of all those with whom I afterwards conversed, upon the cause of these mysterious conflagrations, seemed to be, that they originated with the insurance offices, who had taken this atrocious method to increase their premiums; for it appeared that, in the agricultural districts, the farmer had hitherto rested in security without insuring; but, though this is generally credited by the inhabitants of the country, yet we hope, for the sake of humanity, the belief is unfounded;—the real truth will most probably remain for ever veiled in obscurity.

I entered the high road at a small village a few miles distant from the market town of Rakonitz, where I

took up my quarters for the night. The only inn of the place was filled with the peasants, who were celebrating a rural festival; the music was really of a superior description, and the waltzing was not only continued through the night, but I left them enjoying its giddy mazes the following morning. From their conduct and manners, I should not be inclined to consider the women remarkable for modesty.

The beauty of the country over which I now passed, amply atoned for the monotony of that through which I had travelled the preceding day; the landscape was constantly changing from hill to dale, and became still more picturesque as I approached Carlsbad,—the Engelbirge, with its romantic ruin, being always the most prominent feature, while the extensive chain of the Erz and Fichtelgebirge mountains swept the distant horizon in a majestic crescent.

After passing through a succession of villages, remarkable for nothing but dirty peasants, and singular looking pigs, whose bristling manes showed that they traced their parentage to the wild boars of the forest, I reached the summit of the heights which overhang the valley of the Töpel, and commenced the spiral descent, —a road that reflects great credit on the Austrian government, not only for being well kept, but also for the judicious manner in which it is conducted around an almost perpendicular hill.

The gray shadows of evening were fast giving way to the darker shades of night, leaving only sufficient twilight to distinguish the surrounding objects; the zig-zag curves of the road were distinctly visible, down even to

the deep glen, in whose bosom the town lay, gleaming with a thousand lights, encircled by an amphitheatre of hills, covered with the sombre pine; and the distant sounds of the wind instruments, wafted through the still air, lent the charm of cheerfulness to my first glance at Carlsbad.

Before I reached the town, I was met by a band of hotel and lodging-house agents, who showered into my carriage their cards of address; many of them baptized with names sufficiently bizarre to excite the risibility of the traveller. Therefore I had to choose whether I should repose in the "Eye of God," the "Lap of the Virgin," the "Nest of the Seven Wise Swallows," or in the "Arms of the beautiful Mermaid:" and, if this did not please me, who could refuse the tempting invitation, "This night shalt thou sleep in Paradise." And, in truth, those visitors who wish to combine economy and civility with a due attention to the culinary department, will find the Paradise a most excellent inn.

My first trial gave me a most favourable opinion of its powers of entertainment, for I was served immediately with a capital supper, of which the delicious trout of the Töpel formed the principal part; during which I was serenaded with the sweet strains of two blooming harpists, whose melodious notes continued long after I had laid my weary head on my pillow. Oh! how I wished that harping was as fatiguing an occupation as travelling, mounting high hills, and scrambling up old ruins, they would then have given a holiday to their fingers, and I should have gone to sleep.

Among the mineral baths of Europe, Carlsbad, un-

questionably, holds the highest rank, whether we regard the efficacy of its waters, the rank of its visitors, or the beauty of its surrounding scenery.

The town lies in the charming valley of the Töpel, whose limpid waters irrigate and adorn it, surrounded by hills covered with every variety of foliage, affording the most extensive varied and romantic prospects, while temples, seats, and houses of refreshment, provide resources for the fatigued invalid.

Should we ascend one of its inviting, well-kept serpentine promenades, we are not only shaded from the heat by an arch of thick foliage, and insensibly conducted, without the slightest fatigue, to the summit, but gratified by the most varied and beautiful prospects over the town and surrounding country.

On arriving at the extensive plateau which crowns the hill, avenues branch off in every direction; and we find the forest peopled,—not with the graceful deer, bounding fawn, or timid hare, but with nature's loveliest works. Here we see an English beauty, surrounded by a cortège of fashionables, who are admiring the sketch she has just completed, while the fair artist blushes with increased loveliness at the sound of her own praise; there, the graceful Frenchwoman, the voluptuous Italian, and the soft blue-eyed German, are rivalling each other in elegance and fashion. At the same time groups of rosy children, some attired like fairy warriors, and others blooming like the court beauties of Titania, are skipping over the elastic moss and heath, which blooms with wild flowers of every shade and hue.

Should we descend to the Wiese, the principal promenade, which we perceive beneath us partially enveloped in the steams of the ever-boiling springs,—there we can contemplate the élite of the aristocracy of Europe, either reposing in their splendid equipages, or mounted on their prancing coursers. Yet even amongst them the children of Albion are distinguishable; the one by their proud commanding bearing, and the other by the feminine softness of their features, and the peculiar delicacy of their complexions.

At the upper end of the Wiese we come to another very favourite promenade, at once delightful and easy of access. It winds along the serpentine banks of the river, through the most charming scenery, alternately changing from hanging rocks to luxuriant meadows,—from dreary pines to gardens and corn-fields.

Among the numerous prospects which the neighbouring hills afford, that most usually sought after by strangers is from the "Hirschsprung" (stag's leap), from whence we behold the town, together with the valley in which it is situated, spread out, as if it were a map. The view from Lord Findlater's temple is in some respects superior, at least in extent and variety.

This is one of the many obligations which Carlsbad owes to his Lordship, who has in various ways contributed to improve the town and environs; in fact, the place is indebted to him for nearly the whole of the promenades, which have been laid out with true English taste and judgement. The inhabitants have expressed their gratitude by erecting a monument to his memory; but in speaking of him they do not appear impressed

with so high an opinion of his character as the benefits he conferred upon them would lead one to expect; for they always term him "The mad Lord!" assigning as a reason for the epithet, that nothing but insanity could have induced an English nobleman to dissipate a large fortune in adorning and improving two foreign towns, this and Dresden!

Carlsbad derives its name from the Emperor Charles IV., whose castle, near Prague, we described in a preceding chapter. His Imperial Majesty was accustomed to hold his court during the hunting season at Ellnbogen; and it was during one of these chases after a noble deer in the forest, that a dog fell into the hot-well, and attracted the hunters by his loud cries, which led to the discovery of these famous springs. This event took place in the year 1376. The emperor immediately commanded a bath to be built for himself and family, which laid the foundation of the future prosperity of Carlsbad.

The Sprudel is the chief spring; and owing to the quantity of fixed air it contains, ejects its boiling water through a pipe to a considerable height; not, like a fountain, in one continued stream, but in repeated strokes of from fifty to sixty in a minute. The heat of this well is 60 degrees of Reaumur.

It is much to be lamented that one of the principal wells was destroyed by the earthquake of 1809. The apparent connexion between these dreadful convulsions of nature and the hot-springs of Carlsbad, is a singular phenomenon; for during that at Naples, on the night of the 26th of July, 1805, the Sprudel spring remained

motionless for six hours. A similar appearance was exhibited during the one at Lisbon, on the 1st of November, 1755.

The predominating ingredients of the waters are alkali, common salt, and steel: its properties are considered tonic, aperient, and purifying; and they are pronounced by medical men to be the best in Europe for diseases of the liver. Being powerful, they require to be used with great caution, and never without the advice of an experienced medical man. I have known the neglect of this attended with the most serious consequences. Notwithstanding the high efficacy of the waters, yet the traveller would be much mistaken were he to conclude that the numerous guests he sees were come for the benefit of their health. No such thing: two-thirds at least assemble here, annually, solely for the purposes of amusement or politics; and we frequently find not only sovereigns, but most of the leading political characters of Europe, who discuss the interests of states, and the destinies of nations, in a promenade on the Wiese, or a ramble through the hills.

Those who are condemned by the verdict of their physicians to water-drinking, may be seen about seven in the morning at the different pump-rooms, ready, watch in hand, to swallow the nauseous draught, at the very second prescribed by their doctor; they then race up and down, still watch in hand, like so many madmen, occasionally regarding it in order that they may not exceed a moment the time specified between each glass: others are making wry faces at the bright but bitter dose they are about to engulph; and all are

looking yellow, miserable, and hypochondriacal, the rueful expression of their countenances ridiculously enough contrasted with the inscription engraven on the drinking glass—" Vivat Carlsbad."

Besides the Sprudel, there are five other springs, only a few degrees less warm, but considered of equal efficacy, all covered with neat temples, and surrounded by promenades, generally filled with the elegant and the fashionable, intermingled with Bohemian flower girls.

The Saxon and Bohemian salons are dedicated to Terpsichore, but the high-bred exclusives alternately give soirées in their private apartments; and it must be recorded to the praise of the Austrian police, that no public gaming-tables are allowed. The town itself offers nothing remarkable, if we except the number of fine hotels and lodging-houses, the streets are narrow and badly paved; the latter is owing to the descent of the torrents of water from the mountains, which tear up the pavement. The most fashionable quarter is the Wiese-parade, which consists of a long range of houses, having in front the great public promenade, shaded by noble trees.

The season usually commences about the middle of June, and continues till the latter end of August; however, its duration is principally regulated by the weather, for should the autumnal rains commence early, this lively bath appears in a few days as if depopulated by a pestilence.

Owing to the extreme fineness of the weather, the number of visitors this year far exceeded in number those that preceded it, as they amounted to upwards

of six thousand. Among the most distinguished English visitors, were the dukes of Cumberland and Cambridge, the duke of Beaufort and family; and the assemblage of continental nobility were very numerous, but the King of Wurtemburg eclipsed the whole in the splendour of his retinue and equipage.

Notwithstanding this bath has been most highly patronized, yet I should be inclined to think that the inhabitants of Carlsbad are not sufficiently grateful for the benefits bestowed upon them, as the following anecdote will prove; but I must first inform my readers, that every visitor pays what is termed a Curtaxe, amounting to four florins for the season: the whole of this sum is applied to keeping the baths, promenades, pleasure grounds, &c. in repair; it also entitles the visitor on his arrival to a serenade of wind instruments, performed from the top of the church tower. The King of Prussia, with a very numerous suite, was accustomed, for many years, to pass several weeks at this bath during the season. It so happened that at his last visit, the officer of the household, to whom the payment of the tax was delegated, whether intentionally or accidentally, neglected to do so, and his Prussian majesty actually drove away in debt to the good people of Carlsbad; but they acting it would appear in conformity with that principle of the English law, which allows the creditor to seize the person, when the money is not to be had, proceeded, regardless of the courtesy due to royalty, to detain one of the attendants, as a hostage, till the money was paid. His majesty released the prisoner, but showed his

sense of the insult, by never again entering Carlsbad, and transfering his patronage to Töplitz.

Having no desire to pass more time here than was necessary to make myself familiar with its principal features, I resolved to adopt it for my temporary head-quarters, and indulge in a few excursions to Töplitz, Dresden, and Leipsick.

My route to Töplitz skirted that interesting chain of mountains the Erzgebirge (mineral mountains), which separates Bohemia from Saxony, exhibiting alternately every variety of scenery, from the barren peaks of basalt, whose pointed crags seemed buried in the fleeting vapour, to the rustic villages, luxuriant vineyards, and fruitful fields, which occupy its base.

The road, which is one of the best in Bohemia, is also one of the most animated, during the bathing season, owing to the number of visitors passing and repassing. The gaiety of the scene is not a little heightened by the Austrian post-boys, who, dressed in the imperial livery, with cocked hats and streaming feathers, frequently wind on their horns a long and cheerful blast, the echoes of which may be heard re-sounding from rock to rock. The nearer we approached Töplitz, the more deafening became the concert, for several travellers having entered at the same time with ourselves, we were welcomed by the incessant blowing of wind instruments from the church towers, the music of which our post-boys endeavoured, with all their might, to rival on their more discordant horns.

Töplitz is of far higher antiquity than Carlsbad, for

it dates its commencement from 762. The chronicles of the town relate, that the springs were first discovered by a swine-herd, who was accustomed to superintend his grunting charge, while they hunted for acorns in the forest which occupied the site of the town. Observing that one of the herd, who was diseased, regularly, for some weeks, separated from its companions, and took a solitary ramble for a few hours, he at length followed it for the purpose of ascertaining its object, and thus found those famous waters which have so long retained their celebrity. Be this story truth or fable, the small rivulet that runs through the town is called Saubach (swine rivulet), and an antique bas-relief is shown, to corroborate the event. Töplitz is as little fortunate in its armorial ensign as in the name of its rivulet, which is John the Baptist's head, in a charger; and although at this time, considered full of company, yet, when compared with its more powerful rival, Carlsbad, it is dull. The waters are principally used for bathing, and nearly all the hotels have baths attached, many of them supplied by their own original springs. They are principally used for rheumatic, apoplectic, and paralytic complaints, and valuable as an external application in a variety of cases; and if we may judge from the numerous crutches left here as mementos of their sanatory powers, we should be inclined to ascribe to them an influence little less than miraculous.

The environs are quite as picturesque as those of Carlsbad; but as the valley is more open, the atmosphere is considered less damp, and, consequently, Töplitz, as a residence, is more salubrious. The prin-

cipal view is that from the Schlossberg: it includes an immense district, studded with what would have been recorded in my note-book a countless multitude of towns and villages; but my guide assured me, that they were perfectly numerical, and amounted to neither more nor less than eighty-five. However, I preferred that from the isolated rock near Billin, a few leagues distant, which commands not only Prague, and a large portion of Bohemia, but the whole curve of the Fichtelgebirge mountains. This, with the mineral springs at Seidlitz, so well known to the bilious world, and the castle of the celebrated Wallenstein, at Dux, are the most favourite rambles of the guests, at the latter we are shown his boots, bloody collar, weapons, and portrait; and in the court-yard the immense basin, which the proud Friedlander caused to be cast from the Swedish cannon he had captured; and surely no military man will fail to visit the battle field of Culm, where the Germans gave Napoleon such a slap, as ended in a thorough good whipping at Leipsick; and poor Vandamme, in lieu of having his brow encircled with the diadem of Bohemia, was obliged to be contented with the wreath of cypress; for he was taken prisoner, and his army of forty thousand men put completely *hors de combat.*

Culm is beautifully situated at the foot of the great range of mountains which cross Bohemia from east to west, and nothing can be more picturesque than their various forms and undulations. In one place, we see bare crags towering to the clouds; in another, hills covered with every species of foliage, while villages,

churches, and ruined castles, give life to the otherwise sombre scene; to which may be added the two colossal obelisks on the field, erected to the memory of the brave Germans who fell, bravely fighting for the liberties of their country.

I shall now conduct my readers to Dresden, through what is usually called the Saxon Switzerland. At Aussig, a pretty town situated on the banks of the Elbe, which here becomes navigable for large boats, I discharged my Land-kutcher, and continued my route *à pied* on its banks to Tetschen and Hirniskretschen. This short tour far exceeds, in picturesque beauty, any part of the long course of this noble river, from its source in the mountains to its junction with the German ocean at Hamburg. On each side, we have a range of sandstone rocks, so fantastic in their forms, that we might really believe we were beholding ruins, towers, and dismantled fortresses. The delusion is powerfully aided by the overshadowing foliage of the trees that issue out of the clefts of the rocks: we have also a very pretty waterfall near the ruined castle of Schreckenstein.

I was now once more among those attractors of storms and tempests, the mountains; and, unfortunately, I was soon destined to receive a practical lesson of the strength of their mutual attachment; for wind, thunder, and rain began to exert themselves so violently, as to oblige me to take shelter beneath a projecting rock, and spend my time in speculating as to where I should find my supper; for there was every appearance I should be detained beyond the possibility

of reaching Tetschen, my proposed destination for the night. After thus amusing myself a full hour, the storm began to abate, and I set forward in search of some little mountain village. For a description of this part of my tour, I must refer my readers to some traveller who has made it in fine weather, as I thought of nothing but proceeding onward; for the shades of evening had already begun to make the gloomy skies still gloomier. I was, however, so far fortunate, that the moon now began to shoot an occasional glance through the dense mass of threatening clouds, and, like young Norval, I perceived, by her light, a band of fierce barbarians in the shape of a dozen men, with packs on their backs, descending a deep ravine. I also distinctly saw that they were well armed; and, from the direction they were taking, it was certain they must pass me.. Not being provided, like the young Scot, with a bended bow, and quiver full of arrows, but a walking staff; moreover, being fully persuaded, that against ten or twelve opponents, the better part of valour is discretion, I mounted, with the agility of the merry monarch of England, a large spreading oak, whose thick foliage completely screened me from the observation of the men, but not, as I afterwards found, from that of the dogs; for they set up a united chorus of the loudest barking, and scratched at the trunk of my tree, as if they would have torn it down. Their masters, who evidently did not admire so much clamour about nothing, soon silenced them, and they all passed on, leaving me to the quiet enjoyment of my leafy asylum, which was at least productive of one ad-

vantage; for I perceived, at a short distance, a few lights, that indicated there was some prospect of passing the night with man.

On my arrival at the village, I was again doomed to be the object of canine enmity, for all the curs in the place attacked me: however, I kept them at bay with my staff, till a good-natured woman came to my assistance, and conducted me to the inn: here, again, it was my destiny to excite the animosity of the brute creation, for I disturbed a whole flock of geese, ducks, and pigs, quietly sleeping on a dunghill before the door, over which it was necessary for me to pass, and consequently I was received with an unanimous concert of hostile gabbling and grunting.

I found the inn to consist of a long wooden building, two stories high; the under room fulfilled the triple capacity of kitchen, saloon, and sleeping-room; it had a large crucifix at one end, and a gaudy painted statue of the Madonna at the other, dressed in tinselled clothes like a child's doll, and inclosed in a glass case; a couple of tables, and long wooden benches for seats, completed the furniture: the centre was occupied with a stove, in the form of a pyramid, around which were arranged the beds for the children, who now, perfectly naked, were playing about the room, but the moment they saw me, as if I had been Rübezahl himself, they scrambled screaming into their nests, and hid their little rosy faces under the plumeaus.

My entrance seemed to excite no less astonishment in the elder inmates; the distaff was laid aside, the

cook suspended her operations, the pipes enjoyed a few minutes' repose, and all for the purpose of taking a minute survey of the stranger. On demanding in German if I could be accommodated with a bed and supper, the answer was "Nicht Deutsch," (no German) so that I was entirely dependant on my acquirements in the Ezechen dialect. After taking some slight refreshment, I had ample leisure to revenge myself for the curiosity of the guests, by observing them and the household, who had now assembled around the evening meal. This commenced with a monstrous wooden bowl of beer-soup, out of which each guest began to lap with a horn spoon; it is by no means a contemptible refreshment when properly made, consisting of boiling beer, eggs, spice, cream, and sugar. I found it very general in all the Sclavonic countries through which I travelled. The beer-soup being soon dispatched, was succeeded by a bason full of potatoes, which also quickly disappeared; these were followed by a finale of slices of rye-bread and butter: the whole was washed down by a large can of beer, that, in true patriarchal simplicity, made the circuit of the table. The master of the house repeated a short prayer both before and after supper, during which laudable act I could have excused the accompaniment of his holding an image, I presume of the patron saint, elevated in his right hand. Instead of candles, the apartment was lighted by pine torches.

I now retired to the sleeping apartment above: the greater part I found occupied with hay, corn, and

straw; there was, however, one corner furnished with three or four beds, to one of which I was introduced; the others were occupied by the different members of the family, male and female. This is a faithful picture of the domestic manners and arrangements of a Bohemian farmer of genuine Ezechen origin. They live plentifully, are hospitable and good-natured; but there is an utter want of cleanliness, neatness, and order, in their houses, furniture, farms, &c.

I had probably slept an hour, when I was awoke by the discharge of fire-arms, which I heard repeated several times, and then all was silent. I subsequently learned that a severe skirmish had taken place between the custom-house officers and smugglers, in which, I presume, the latter were victorious, for in less than half an hour about a dozen men entered the room beneath, with packs on their backs, and strongly armed; for the ceiling being merely composed of boards, and these sufficiently warped by the heat, I distinctly witnessed all their movements, to which the moon lent me her assistance. Having deposited their packs, they commenced drinking schnapps; and as the landlord had waited up for them, the house was, I presume, a regular rendezvous for smugglers; in a short time the packs were converted into pillows, the benches into beds, and the whole party were snoring in chorus, so that my slumbers were effectually banished for the remainder of the night.

The next morning I departed at an early hour for Tetschen, a pretty town, in a most picturesque situation, embellished with the fine castle of Graf Thun,

seated upon a majestic rock. Here I engaged a boat, and sailed down the Elbe, being determined not to subject myself to the risk of spending another night among the Bohemian smugglers.

At Hirniskretschen I availed myself of the services of a guide, and took a side path through the mountains on the banks of a small rivulet, and, in about an hour, came within sight of what is termed the Prebischethor: this extraordinary caprice of nature has all the appearance of a triumphal arch of the most colossal proportions, and being situated in the midst of the wildest scenery, forms as it were a frame to the immense picture seen through it in the distance. The top of the arch is upwards of fourteen hundred feet above the level of the sea; nearly adjoining, we have also an isolated rock in the exact form of a cone, and an inaccessible chasm twelve hundred feet in depth.

We now traversed a gloomy pine forest belonging to Prince Clary, and immediately afterwards entered the kingdom of Saxony, when we commenced ascending the Gross Winterberg; and though only seventeen hundred feet above the level of the sea, yet the prospect it commands is really superb, embracing the whole of Saxon Switzerland, sixteen German miles in circumference; part of Bohemia; the course of the Elbe through a long tract of country; and an indistinct glance of the great chain of the Riesengebirge, forming an irregular amphitheatre on the horizon. The most striking feature in the vast landscape is, that we perceive huge columnar hills start up at once from the ground at great distances from each other, overlook-

ing in solemn grandeur its own portion of the wild domain; of these, the most remarkable are the Königstein, Lilienstein, Jungfernsprung, and Nonnenstein, several of which rise to a height of twelve hundred feet above the level of the Elbe; all these hills, besides many others of inferior altitude, bear from time immemorial their own particular legend; for the mountains of Saxony, like those of Bohemia, are peopled with Kobolds, Gnomes, and Fairies.

On descending the mountain, a few leagues further brought us to another isolated rock called the Kuhstall. The interior is a vast natural hall communicating with a variety of corridors and caverns, sufficiently roomy to accommodate several thousand people. It derives its name from the circumstance of having been the refuge of the Saxon peasants and their cattle, during the thirty years' war; indeed, it bears evident marks of having been at one time inhabited, and this fact receives a still stronger corroboration by the remains of a draw-bridge which connected it with the main-land.

I rejoined my boat at Schandau, a neat town with a mineral bath, and glided down the Elbe to Königstein. It was again raining; really, mountains are as capricious as beautiful dames, we are never sure of a long continuance of their smiles; still its banks disclosed many splendid views, which beneath brighter skies would have been enchanting. At every winding of the river the hills and rocks assumed a different form; now partially seen in clouds and mists, then completely enveloped in the filmy vapour, and the next instant disclosing their whole terrific elevation.

I had no sooner secured a room in an excellent inn at Königstein, and delivered my passport to the authorities, than I received a very courteous invitation from a party of respectable burghers of the town, assembled in the house to celebrate a festival, with whom I passed a very pleasant evening. Among the guests I found a Polish nobleman, a traveller, like myself, who had been accustomed, for the last forty years of his life, to pass a few months in summer in rambling through the mountains, to which practice he attributed the uninterrupted good health he had so long enjoyed, and he was now eighty years of age. In early life he had been a military man, and served in the patriotic army against the monster Suwarrow: he related several anecdotes of that remorseless barbarian, and also of the heroism of his brave countrymen during that and the late unhappy contest; all of which were received with loud acclamations. Indeed, I found the feeling of sympathy for the sufferings of unhappy Poland universal in every part of Germany, and the Polish national toast, "Polen ist noch nicht verloren," invariably drunk with an enthusiasm quite equal to that exhibited at Warsaw. I shall merely trespass upon my readers by giving one anecdote related by our Polish friend, which occurred during the late war.

It appears, a young Pole of noble family was captured by the Russians during the siege of Warsaw. The grief of his parents was inconsolable, and perhaps still more so that of the young lady to whom he was affianced. The sight of their affliction, combined with his own, operated most powerfully on the sanguine

mind of his brother, a youth of eighteen, who, unknown to his friends, procured the assistance of some half-dozen students of his own age, and, in the disguise of Jewish pedlars, they hastened to the Russian camp. Bribery procured them admittance (for money, said our informant, is omnipotent with the Russians), when they immediately disarmed the guards, and not only released the young Pole, but his companions in captivity,—returned to Warsaw unhurt amidst a shower of bullets, mingling their vivats with those of the Polish soldiers on the walls, who sent forth a few well-directed shots to cover their retreat.

The next morning I sent a note to the governor, requesting permission to see the fortress, to which I received a polite but positive refusal, unless I was provided with a special order from the Minister of War. As I knew it was formerly shown without hesitation to every stranger who expressed such a desire, I felt much surprised; but subsequently, at Dresden, on mentioning the circumstance to my friends, I was informed that the order originated in consequence of the governments of Germany having received private intimation of an extensive conspiracy among the students, whose object was to seize and take possession of all the fortresses throughout the empire, previous to the expected general insurrection. How much have these beardless boys to answer for, in thus keeping the minds of their respective governments in a constant state of feverish excitement! Would it not be advisable for his Prussian majesty, in his new tariff, to exempt birch rods from duty, and cause a sufficient

supply to be sent to every University throughout Germany? for assuredly they would be the most effectual weapons to oppose to such enemies.

Being thus foiled in my attempt to see the interior of Saxony's Gibraltar, I determined to console myself by ascending the Lilienstein, a mountain opposite, several hundred feet higher, from whence you command a complete view over the fortress; and while I stood regarding it, the air around, owing to the voices in the garrison being wafted by the wind, appeared as if peopled by invisible beings, for we could distinguish very plainly several words that were spoken.

This mountain is memorable for having been ascended by Augustus III., king of Poland and Elector of Saxony, who was so astounded at the wonderful feat he performed, that he caused a monument to be erected, with the inscription recording the event, in order that posterity might share his astonishment! However, none but a royal traveller would have even dreamed the ascent of a hill twelve hundred feet high was an exploit. But Lilienstein is really memorable in the chronicles of Saxony's misfortunes; for at its base seventeen thousand of her best troops surrendered to Frederic the Great, while the hero of Lilienstein looked on from his impregnable fortress of Königstein!

My guide next pointed out the remains of the fortifications which Napoleon caused to be erected here in 1813; also a pit, respecting which he related rather a curious story.

"A few months previous," said he, "a French gen-

tleman arrived alone, in his cabriolet, at the village in which I reside, and demanded a guide to conduct him to Lilienstein. I offered my services, and was accepted. After explaining to him the exact line of the fortifications, he suddenly discharged me; and as I thought his conduct extremely singular, I took the liberty of observing his movements, when I perceived him measure the ground with great care and caution. After this, he returned immediately to the inn. The following evening he rode alone to the fortifications, and did not again make his appearance till a late hour, when he was observed to bring with him a heavy bag. He then ordered his cabriolet to be instantly got ready, and drove away. The next day I found this pit dug, as you now see it, and a few Kronen dollars, which I suppose he had dropped in his eagerness to secure his treasure."

To those among the visitors of Dresden and Töplitz who may feel delight in contemplating the beauties of nature, I would recommend a tour in the Bohemian and Saxon Switzerland, of which my own route may afford an outline. The scenery is of the same bold, romantic character as that I have described at Adersbach, in the Riesengebirge, but inferior in sublimity. With this exception, I know of none comparable to it in this part of Germany: and though we have not the glaciers and snow-capped mountains of Switzerland, yet it has some features of which the other is destitute; and if the grandeur of Switzerland is absent, so also are the impositions of her sons; for the hire of the guides, the fares of the boats, the expenses at the

hotels, all are regulated by the government, and extremely reasonable.

Like Adersbach, the whole of the rocky masses that line the banks of the Elbe, and the valleys, are composed of sand-stone, broken into the most grotesque forms; but no where is the imagination so bewildered by the near approach to reality, as in the Ottawalder Grund, a glen so narrow, and formed by rocks so lofty, that in many places the sun has never shone in its gloomy depths. Here the traveller wanders over snow and ice even in June; and the tiny cascades hang in icicles as they fall. In some places the walls are not more than four feet asunder, and as perfectly perpendicular and smooth as if the chisel had passed over them. In another they meet above, and form a natural roof; here rising into a pyramid, and then suddenly expanding, till it seemed as if an inverted cone were placed upon the apex of another. He might also believe that he was traversing the rude model of some colossal city, or the ruined abode of the Gnomes. At all events it has been inhabited by some beings less benevolent in their habits than these good-natured sprites, for a band of robbers made their home in its caverns, and for a long period set the authorities at defiance. This they were enabled to do by means of moveable bridges, which they threw across the ravines, and thus effectually eluded pursuit.

We shall now proceed to Dresden, and merely stop at Pilnitz to visit the pretty summer residence of the king. The royal family being absent, I was permitted a peep at its interior, which is a perfect bijou of neat-

ness, elegance, and good taste; but the grounds I thought neither well laid out nor well kept, notwithstanding its very advantageous situation on the beautiful undulating banks of the Elbe. The grass wanted mowing, the walks were in bad order, and appeared carried about the grounds more for the purpose of displaying a cork-screw form, than for exhibiting the best points of view afforded by the landscape. The shrubs and evergreens also seemed planted more at random, than with any reference to the fitness of their shades to blend with each other, so as to form an agreeable picture. But though the park and pleasure-grounds may not be calculated to excite the admiration of a fastidious Englishman, yet he cannot but remember the splendid assemblage of princes that once wandered beneath their shades. Here, in 1791, the sovereigns of Europe, or their representatives, met, to lead a crusade against Republican France: and here, in 1812, Napoleon celebrated his final and most glorious triumph; when the emperor, kings, and sovereign princes of Germany attended his levée, all anxious to recommend themselves to the great dispenser of regal dignities.

CHAPTER X.

Dresden—General aspect of the Town—Japan Palace—Collection of Porcelain—Picture Gallery—Theatre—Baths—Amusements—Lord Findlater's Coffee-garden—General Observations—Departure for Muskau—Bautzen—Lusatia—Inhabitants—Château of Prince Pückler Muskau—Return to Dresden—Meissen—Leipsic—Fair—Promenades—Prince Poniatowski—Book Trade—Literature—Battle of Leipsic.

THE approach to Dresden from Pilnitz is extremely beautiful, and did not disappoint my expectations. The Elbe rolls its majestic waters between banks very opposite in character, exhibiting a mixture of romantic nature, with the richest cultivation. The right is abrupt, rocky, and woody, with occasional slopes laid out in vineyards. The left is more flat, presenting a succession of meadows, groves, gardens, and orchards, and studded with numerous villages; the whole landscape gradually elevating, till it becomes united with the far-distant mountains: and from these picturesque scenes we at once enter Dresden.

My boatman landed at the Brühlschen Terrace, from whence I passed on to its beautiful bridge of

sixteen arches. Here, indeed, the view was superb; for whether we look up or down the river, towers, spires, and palaces, with an endless succession of villas, parks, and pleasure-grounds, appear mirrored in the stream. But the shades of evening, together with a keen appetite, that irresistible despot, which rules every other feeling, however sublime, soon warned me it was time to seek my hotel and supper.

I only wish it were in my power to convey to my readers half the pleasure I experienced on entering the clean, neat, and comfortable inn, the Goldenen Engel, after being so long accustomed to the dirt and irregularity of those various tribes of the Sclavonians—the Poles, Silesians, and Bohemians. What a contrast did the supper-room present to that I have described at Prague! The table-cloth white as snow; the guests quietly conversing in an under-tone, or, what appeared still more astonishing, supping in silence: in short, the general repose of manner, after the wild gesticulation, loud voices, and incessant clamour of the Sclavonians, was to me most welcome. Even the pipe, that indispensable accompaniment of a German, was excluded from the well-ordered supper-table of the Golden Angel; for I only observed a few solitary individuals exhaling its narcotic vapours at a side table.

The next morning I devoted to a promenade through the town, and found it, like all others formerly fortified, to contain narrow streets, lofty houses, and contracted squares. In the construction of the buildings, massive strength has been more studied than elegance,

and being of sandstone, they wear an aspect at once gloomy and venerable; but it is impossible to admire the projecting fronts, uncouth gable ends, and total want of regularity; for small insignificant houses are frequently alternated with palaces and public buildings, from five to six stories high: still on thewhole, including the new town, with its fine spacious squares, elegant faubourgs, palaces, and pleasure grounds, Dresden may be pronounced one of the handsomest cities in Germany; for which it is not a little indebted to the dreadful siege Frederic the Great in 1760, and that during the late war, when the greater part of the town and fortifications were laid in ruins. However, this favourable sentence can only be pronounced, when viewed en masse from some advantageous position, such as the centre of the bridge, for when we come to examine it in detail, we shall be infallibly disappointed.

But to leave general assertion, and descend to particulars, after passing the bridge and the noble flight of steps which conduct to the Brühlschen gardens, we come immediately in front of the Catholic church, an edifice much indebted to its situation, for it faces the Elbe, and upon no other in Dresden has there been so much splendour lavished; nevertheless the total absence of simple grandeur, the quantity of gorgeous ornaments, waving façades, and the army of sandstone saints that adorn its roof (amounting to no less than ninety-four), announce it at once the production of the degenerate taste of modern Italy. The interior is imposing and elegant, and here the most devout Protestant might offer up his prayers, without having his

feelings outraged by the senseless folly of gaudy saints and madonnas, or commemorative offerings for the miracles they have performed, so common in Catholic churches on the Continent: even the whole of the religious service as performed here, is carefully divested of every ceremony which might give offence to the Lutherans. The music, though extremely well executed, would be more purely devotional without the violin accompaniments, which are too powerful, not only for the choir, but even for the fine organ, built by Silberman. Indeed, it is doubtful whether sacred music can be given with deeper effect than by a congregation of human voices, or, if accompanied, let it be only by the occasional solemn swell of the organ; any person who has listened to the mass in the Sistine chapel at Rome will, I think, assent to the truth of this.

In utter defiance of every rule of good taste, this fine edifice is connected, by means of a covered wooden gallery resembling a bridge, with the king's palace; indeed, the mixture of shabby tasteless buildings, with those of an imposing character, may be often seen in Germany; but I never perceived it more forcibly than here: thus the centre of the fine spacious square, composed of the king's palace, the Catholic church, the Zwinger, &c. is occupied with what they are pleased to term an Italian village, but what, in plain English, is nothing more nor less than an assemblage of low beer-houses, billiard rooms, and coffee-houses, the rendezvous of all the idle and dissipated in Dresden. The royal guard-house, a beautiful specimen of Grecian architecture, built by M. Schinkel of Berlin, is joined to one

of those little wooden nuisances, called a wine and beer-shop, and the Museum is merely separated from this said Italian village by a mean, dilapidated wooden railing, which did not appear to have been painted for the last thirty years.

The Zwinger is a fine building, particularly when we remember, that it was originally intended only to be the vestibule to the splendid palace commenced by Augustus II., the Elector of Saxony. Its extensive square is occupied by the Orangery, and its interior contains the cabinet of natural history, minerals, engravings, &c.; but the great gem of the collection is the model of the temple of Solomon, by Schott of Hamburg, and which certainly deserves to be ranked among the most ingenious monuments of human art, and patient industry.

The king's dark and gloomy palace is composed of so many pieces, running up one street and down another, that it has more the appearance of a fortress than a royal residence; the interior, however, is in every respect worthy of a king: it also contains the celebrated treasury, the Grüne Gewölbe, of which every Saxon is so proud. Here the traveller may indulge for hours, among the gorgeous toys of Saxony's monarchs, crowns, jewels, and precious stones. The ecclesiastical edifices of Dresden do not offer any thing particular for admiration, either in their architectural, or interior decorations, if we except the Frauenkirche, built after the model of St. Peter's at Rome. The material is entirely of cut stone, no wood being used in its construction, and such was its strength and durability, that

in the various bombardments of the town, the bombs rebounded from its cupola as if they were hail-stones, while at the same time the whole of the buildings in its vicinity were reduced to a heap of ruins. The interior in no respect corresponds with its beautiful exterior, simplicity, carried to excess, being its distinguishing characteristic.

I now passed over the venerable bridge connecting the old with the new town, in doing which I was rather pettishly reminded by the centinel to keep the right hand. The first object that presented itself it to my notice was the equestrian statue of the great Elector, Augustus II., of Saxony; the prince was, at one time, richly gilt, but the envious elements having robbed him of his splendour, he now stands as if to exhibit its last remains—a copper-coloured nose, and a few stray streaks among the curls of his full-bottomed wig.

The most magnificent palace in Dresden, the "Japanische Palais," is in this quarter of the town; the name is derived from the extensive and unique collection of porcelain it contains. It is beautifully situated on the banks of the Elbe, surrounded by pleasure grounds, which form a most agreeable promenade for the citizens. Here the botanist and the florist may occupy their time in studying the rare plants and flowers that adorn them; while the antiquary and the amateur of the fine arts have ample opportunities for indulging their taste in the splendid galleries of the palace. The assortment of china is unequalled: here may be seen specimens of every country, and of every age, from the first attempt of Böttiger to the present

day. Here we also see the three splendid china vases that Augustus the Strong, of Saxony, purchased from the Elector of Brandenburg, for a regiment of dragoons! The gallery of antiquities, which comprises ten saloons, is enriched by some of the finest antique statues in Germany: the Neptune, the Vestal found in Herculaneum, Bacchus, and one of the children of Niobe, are considered first-rate productions. It is somewhat singular, and remarked by most travellers, that the bust of Caligula exhibits the exact lineaments of Napoleon.

However, the paramount attraction in Dresden, and to which all others are but secondary, is the gallery of paintings, decidedly the first in Germany, and containing altogether about fifteen hundred; not one of which can be pronounced bad, few mediocre, numbers good, and several incomparable. The Madonna, di San Sisto, by Raphael, is alone worthy of a pilgrimage to Dresden; no description can do justice to its excellence, and, if once seen, the impression can never be effaced: the countenance of the infant Jesus is truly divine, and the cherubs in the fore-ground, the one with its tiny arms crossed, and the other supporting its head with its hand, realize every conception of angelic beauty. The Madonna herself exhibits in her countenance, figure, and expression, if we may so speak, humanity mingled with divinity; pure, holy, simple, and ideal, she appears undefiled by the dross of our nature, and holding the infant in her arms, seems a being of the heaven that surrounds her. The Pope, San Sixtus, who has given his name to the picture, attired in his pontifical robes, kneels

upon her right: with clasped hands he gazes, awe-struck, upon the Virgin, while every feature of his withered countenance expresses pious wonder and self-abasement. On the left, kneels the youthful and beautiful St. Barbara, bending to earth, as if overwhelmed by the radiance of the glory. This divine painting was formerly the property of a convent at Piacenza, whose brotherhood, for the consideration of eight thousand pounds sterling, consented to transfer their treasure to the Dresden gallery. It is supposed to have been painted only three or four years before the death of the immortal artist, in 1520, and is so superior to every other painting in the gallery, or indeed to all the Raphaels I have ever seen, that we are almost tempted to believe that this alone has been the work of his unapproachable hand.

Ruysdael's Cemetery, Correggio's Magdalene, and Night, Titian's Venus, Carlo Dolci's Cecilia, Vandyke's Charles I., and Battoni's Magdalene, are beyond all praise, and embody the most exalted ideal of pictorial perfection. Of the Italian masters, the gallery is most fortunate in her Correggios; for, besides those I have mentioned, it possesses several others of first-rate excellence. They were all added to the collection by Augustus III., who purchased the ducal gallery at Modena for one hundred and eighty thousand pounds. The specimens of the Venetian, Florentine, and Bolognese schools, though not numerous, are admirable; and, in the Flemish, Dutch, and German schools, the collection is very rich. A small picture, by Gerard Douw, representing a hermit at prayer, and an

alchymist's laboratory, by Teniers, are perfect miracles of elaborate finish and colouring; every object is painted with a precision and minuteness that renders the delusion complete. I have seen very many better pictures of Rubens, and Rembrandt, than Dresden can boast; the Judgment of Paris, by the former, glaringly exhibits all the faults of this artist—the goddesses, unideal and unspiritual, look as if they had been copied from a trio of substantial Flemish market women; and Paris, being in the same style, is a very fit connoisseur to decide on the relative merits of such specimens of loveliness!

A detailed description of the various beautiful paintings would be tiresome, as every visitor should procure a catalogue, and, if possible, be accompanied by some friend, or artist, capable of directing his attention to those that deserve a more minute examination. I shall only add, that though I repeatedly visited the gallery, it was always with an increased perception of its beauties, and I never tore myself away but with feelings of the most lively regret.

Few of my military friends will pass through Dresden without paying a visit to the armoury. Here he may see a whole army of warlike princes, and noble knights, fully caparisoned, and looking fierce, as in life, mounted on prancing steeds, but who are as little expensive to the government as their illustrious riders. The collection of warlike weapons, belonging to the ancient Germans, is extremely curious; we can here trace the various improvements in the art of war, from the first rude effort of the barbarian to the invention

of fire-arms by Berthold Schwartz. The identical weapon is here exhibited, with which he tried his newly-invented gunpowder. Here is also the cuirass of Augustus II., Saxony's Samson, so heavy that we can hardly raise it from the ground. The conductor also drew my attention to the sword of a public executioner, which, he assured me, had decapitated not fewer than fourteen hundred heads, among others, that of the unfortunate Chancellor Krell. These are but a few of the treasures and curiosities of Dresden, which has procured for it the title of the German Florence, and attracts the idler and the man of taste from every part of Europe.

The theatre is exclusively appropriated to the performance of German pieces, in which, as usual, the operas have the pre-eminence. The singing was good, and the orchestra admirable. Music is much cultivated at Dresden, not only by the women, but the men, most of whom are good instrumental performers. In fact, pure musical taste is generally diffused throughout Germany; and what is written of one town is applicable, in a greater or less degree, to all. The existence of this attachment, if there were nothing else, might be deduced from the circumstance that an opera is invariably performed when the mass of the people attend the theatre; that is, on Sundays and festivals.

I cannot quit Dresden without mentioning the baths, which, hot, cold, and vapour, are admirably conducted: the prices, varying from four pence to eighteen pence, are so low, that this agreeable and salubrious custom is indulged in by the poorest, and contributes materially

to the preservation of the public health; those of Dr. Struve, which are much resorted to, are most ingenious imitations of the principal mineral waters in Germany, such as Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, &c. And I have been assured they so nearly resemble the originals, that it is scarcely possible to detect the difference.

The English language is very generally cultivated among the well-educated ranks; and the French, formerly that of the court, has now descended to the waiters: the German language is here spoken with a softer accent than in any other part of the empire, and for purity of pronunciation some give it the preference to that of Hanover; however, the Saxons, like the Berliners, substitute the *j* for *g*, which is a subject of much contending criticism among the grammarians: still, let them modify it as they will, pronounce it as they will, High German must ever sound harsh and unharmonious to the ear of an Englishman; yet, when spoken as it is here by the feminine part of the population, who affect a slight singing lisp, it is rather pleasing.

Dresden abounds in literary and scientific institutions; and few divisions of the Germanic Empire have produced more learned men and famous heroes than Saxony; the names of Luther and the great Elector, Frederic the Wise, would alone immortalize her. Neither do I know any other more interesting to the traveller: the lover of nature will be charmed with her mountains and romantic valleys; the amateur of the fine arts will find endless resources in contemplating the works of genius in her capital, and the intelli-

gence, amiability, and agreeable manners, of the higher circles, will tend to make his time pass pleasantly, if he mixes in society. The court indulges very little in parade or pomp, or even in the ordinary amusements of fashionable life: this is in some measure imitated by the people, who are neither luxurious nor expensive in their habits, and they exhibit a most laudable attention to cleanliness, neatness, and order, which shed their charm over every dwelling, from the palace to the cottage.

None of the inhabitants of Germany, with the exception perhaps of the Viennese, are so partial to amusements *al fresco* as the good people of Dresden; and, certainly, none possess more temptations in the lovely country by which the capital is every where surrounded. The most favourite and select place of public resort in the neighbourhood is "Lord Findlater's coffee-house." How would the indignation of the noble Briton have been roused, if during his life it had been announced to him that his pretty château and tasteful grounds would be desecrated by beer-drinking and smoking. The admission is one groschen, about a penny, and for this trifling sum a fine band of wind instruments is provided for the amusement of the visitors. I found the company, who were numerous and respectable, divided into small parties, and dispersed through the gardens and the saloons, sipping coffee, or drinking beer and smoking. But whether the ladies of Dresden have an antipathy to smoking, or their lords dislike knitting, I know not; certain it is, there was little reciprocity of communication between them: the former, in groups, with

the most praiseworthy and indefatigable industry, were creating stockings; and the latter, with a zeal equally ardent, were destroying tobacco.

These two national passions, for such I must term them, are exhibited by every individual throughout the Germanic Empire, from the prince to the peasant, from hoary age to childhood. The pipe is the theatre for the display of individual taste; millions of persons are employed in their fabrication; and by studying the little paintings that adorn them, the character, at least the profession of the owner may generally be ascertained. The aspirant after warlike honours selects Frederic the Great, Napoleon, &c.; the noble, his family arms; the republican, Wilhelm Tell, Washington, &c.; the candidate for holy orders, Luther or Melancthon; the poet, Shakspeare or Schiller, &c.; and those who consider pretty faces still more interesting, display portraits of some real or ideal beauty.

The taste of the fair knitters is shown in the grace with which the needles and cotton are made to execute their evolutions. This is the subject of the German lover's admiration, the theme of the sonnet of the poet, and the object of keen rivalry among the ladies themselves. Although this employment is pursued with great activity in other parts of Germany, yet here the lady artisans never indulge their fingers with a momentary respite: at the public assemblies and private parties, at the theatre and concert-room, in short, at every entertainment, the knitting apparatus is the invariable accompaniment.

The late noble proprietor of these grounds enjoys

the same *soubriquet* here as at Carlsbad, the "mad lord." Still he must have had some method in his madness, for he showed a deep perception of the beauties of nature, in the admirable site he selected for the erection of his rural retreat. The villa is built on the summit of a hill, tastefully laid out in terraces and vineyards down to its base, where it is washed by the bright waters of the sparkling Elbe. The prospect it commands is varied and extensive, presenting mountains, wood, water, plain, valley, corn, vineyards, palaces, and cottages, all mingled together in bright confusion; the battle-field of Dresden is also spread out before us, and three lindens designate the spot where Moreau fell. To the right we have a fine panorama of the town, with the Elbe winding its course for several leagues through a delightful country. To the left the pleasant little village of Loschwitz, the home of the patriot Körner: here he imbibed the pure streams of inspiration, which, when poured forth in later days, roused the slumbering energies of his countrymen: we also see the cottage on the Weinberg, a still more interesting memento of departed genius; there the immortal Schiller wrote Don Carlos, while struggling with penury and misfortune, those spectres that too frequently haunt the path of genius.

Every religion is tolerated in Saxony, but that established by law is the Lutheran. However, since the royal family abjured this, and embraced Catholicism, the latter has considerably increased; not, however, by the accession of the natives, but in consequence of the encouragement held out to foreigners by the court. It

is rather a curious coincidence, that Saxony dates her declension from this act of religious apostacy in her rulers, who, in 1697, to secure the diadem of Poland, renounced the religion of their illustrious ancestors, and, at the same time, forgot their blooming German provinces. By this most impolitic act, Saxony lost her influence; and, instead of being, as heretofore, the bulwark of Protestant Germany, she was compelled to take up arms in aid of the interests of Catholic Poland, and Austria, and thus became entangled in long and expensive wars,—all of which terminated to her disadvantage.

When we remember what Saxony once was, her territories extending along the whole of the North Sea, and embracing those provinces between the Elbe and the Weser; when we reflect that it was Saxony who, in the dark ages, principally contributed to civilize England, and that such was the bravery of her sons, it took Charlemagne thirty years to subdue her, how striking is the lesson it teaches of the vicissitudes of nations, when, at the present day, her ancient boundary lines are entirely swept from the map of Germany, and her population reduced to one million two hundred thousand! In modern times, her decline was gradual, and principally referrible to the mistaken policy of her rulers. The consequences of her unlucky alliance with France in 1806, when she was created a kingdom, were even still more deplorable than the reverses she sustained during the seven years' war; for, at the peace of 1815, she was rewarded for the good faith she maintained with Napoleon, by the loss of more than half

her territories, which were ceded to Prussia. If, however, fate had willed a different termination to the career of the Gallic usurper, he would have provided his faithful ally a more brilliant destiny; for, when informed of the defection of all his German confederates, except the King of Saxony, stamping with rage, he vehemently exclaimed, That when he proved victorious (which he nothing doubted), he would exalt his incorruptible ally at the expense of his perfidious friends, and merge the very name of their possessions into that of his faithful Saxony.

Perhaps, in the next convulsion of Europe, she may regain not only her lost provinces, but those of her neighbours; for there is little unity of feeling among the nations of Germany, and the animosity between the Saxons and Prussians was not greater during the seven years' war than at the present moment; and the recent substitution of the livery of her powerful neighbour for her ancient national uniform, has occasioned much heart-burning and discontent among the patriotic party. In fact, Saxony is little better than a Prussian province: for though she has what is termed a Constitution, and a House of Assembly, yet its deliberations are of as little importance in the political drama of Germany, as those in the back settlements of America!

While I was at Dresden, the principal topic of conversation was Prince Pückler Muskau's new work on "Landscape Gardening, Embellishment of Parks, &c.;" and several of my friends described the improvements in the castle and park at Muskau in such glowing terms, that, though I had seen the

château some years previous, yet my curiosity was too strongly excited to admit of my remaining in its vicinity without again paying it a visit, particularly as I was gravely assured by some gentlemen who had visited England, that it presented nothing superior to the beautiful domains of the Lusatian Prince. This was indeed surprising; and as a friend, journeying in that direction, was kind enough to offer me a seat in his carriage, I gladly accepted it.

The road, while we kept on the heights overlooking the valley of the Elbe, was delightful; but this soon terminated, and we entered a dense pine forest, which continued, with little intermission, until we came within a short distance of Bishofswerda, a very pretty town, seated on the Wisheritz, which has arisen, like a phœnix, from its ashes more beautiful than ever, having been consigned to the flames by the French, in 1813. As we entered the province of Lusatia, the country continued to improve in fertility and beauty. This was still more apparent as we approached Bautzen, which, being situated on an eminence over the Spree, formed the prettiest feature in the landscape.

Bautzen, notwithstanding it is the most important town of Lusatia, and the great commercial depôt of its industry, consisting principally of broad cloth and linen, yet owes its celebrity still more to the sanguinary battle fought in its vicinity, in 1813, between the French, commanded by Napoleon, and the allied armies, under the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia. The French remained masters of the field, but acknowledged the loss of fifteen thousand men, and one of

their best generals, Duroc. A short distance from hence, to the right, is Hochkirchen, interesting to North Britons, for containing the ashes of the hero Keith, one of Frederic's most distinguished generals during the seven years' war.

On descending to Lower Lusatia, or as the Germans term it "die Wendische Tartarey," my friend drew my attention to the national traits by which the Wends are distinguished. They are nearly all engaged in agriculture, have an insurmountable dislike to trade, commerce, and mechanical arts; in features, manners, and external appearances, they differ entirely from the Germans, who inhabit the same country, are of Sclavonic origin, and speak a language derived from the same source. It appeared to me even more soft and musical than that spoken by the Czechens, in Bohemia. The men have the character of being good soldiers, but abominable thieves; and are by no means deficient in personal appearance: this remark is still more applicable to the women, who rank among the handsomest in the empire, if we except the fair nymphs on the banks of the Moldau and the Danube, at Lintz, and Vienna. The black velvet cap sets off to advantage their blond hair and rosy complexions; and if this is not sufficient to attract the traveller, surely their variegated costume of many colours will, being composed of blue aprons flowered with white, red stockings, with green clocks, and a cumbrous petticoat of a hundred folds, which terminates at the knee.

We now caught an occasional glimpse of the fine château belonging to Prince Pückler-Muskau, deeply embosomed in the foliage of an extensive wood. Instead of going into the town of Muskau adjoining, we took up our abode at a mineral bath, called after the Prince "Hermansbad;" and, as it is situated in the park, it has the advantage of being surrounded by agreeable promenades, which gives it a pretty rural aspect. It is, however, more sought after in summer as a cool retreat, than for the efficacy of its waters.

On arriving at the castle, we were politely received by the Princess Pückler-Muskau, daughter of the late Chancellor Hardenberg, from whom we were sorry to learn that the prince, had departed some months previous on a tour to Algiers, and other parts of Africa, where he is said to be engaged in gathering another basket of "Tutti Frutti."

The castle is really a splendid building, and certainly the prince's tour through England has not been without utility; since English neatness and English comfort were plainly visible throughout the grounds and the château. The former are laid out with good taste, and, unlike the various misnamed "Englische Anläge," (English pleasure grounds,) we so frequently meet with in Germany, nature and art were here most felicitously blended; the walks and avenues were not made merely for the purpose of exhibiting a serpentine form, but were judiciously conducted in such a direction, as to embrace the finest prospects; but in nothing, perhaps, has the prince been so fortunate as in the selection of

his trees, and groups of evergreens; which, when taken in one general coup-d'œil, mingle their shades most harmoniously together, and form a very interesting picture.

The next object that particularly struck me, was the river Neisse, as it gently glided through the park, whose course has been directed into a more picturesque channel by the guiding hand of the tasteful proprietor: artificial islands, their banks blooming with aquatic plants, lakes, temples, summer-houses, fishing cots, and rustic bridges, are only a few of the embellishments of the park at Muskau, which, for the pure taste displayed in its arrangements, is certainly unequalled in Germany.

I perceived in the park some fine specimens of oak, pine, and linden, and from their immense size and luxuriant foliage, they appear to be indigenous to the soil; but the climate is a great enemy to the tender plants and evergreens, natives of more southern lands. The meadows also wore not the lovely verdure of our own more humid isle, but appeared parched by the long drought; and though in spring they no doubt exhibit a different aspect, yet, the summer being hot and short, and the winter long and severe, must have a very unfavourable effect, not only on these, but on many of the exotic plants. Indeed, none but a patriot, or an absolute enthusiast, would ever have expended so much money on an ungenial soil, and in a country destitute of any intellectual society.

The gardener related to us several anecdotes of his

master's passion for landscape gardening, particularly the grief he always expressed whenever a flower or plant was by some unexpected frost or blight prematurely destroyed.

It is to be regretted, that a man who has done so much good, by employing and directing the industry of his fellow-creatures, has not a fortune sufficiently large to complete his gigantic projects; for like most of the nobility of Prussia, he is poor: add to this, his woods, from which he derived a considerable revenue, were partially consumed a few months previous to our arrival at Muskau.

Having thus far satisfied my curiosity, I lost no time in returning to Dresden; being anxious to proceed to Leipsick, as the Michaelmas fair was about to commence.

The route between Dresden and Meissen was extremely agreeable, winding along the banks of the Elbe through vineyards, pretty villages, and neat gardens; and these were only exchanged for lofty hills clothed to the summit with foliage, occasionally relieved by a picturesque ruin or a woodman's hut. But it is the ancient town of Meissen, with its splendid cathedral, bridge over the Elbe, and majestic schloss, frowning proudly from the top of its rocky cliff, that particularly attracts the attention of the traveller.

Meissen is said to be the oldest town in Saxony, as records exist of its being inhabited by the Emperor Henry I. The fine old Gothic cathedral, built in the year 954, is remarkable for the extensive prospect

enjoyed from its lofty tower, several antique monuments of the Princes of Saxony, and a few fine old paintings, by Albrecht Durer and Lucas Crarach.

The manufactory of porcelain has, however, conferred upon this town a far greater celebrity than its antiquity; for, here, within the walls of its venerable castle, was fabricated the first specimens of this elegant art produced in Europe. Böttiger, who is buried in the cathedral, was its inventor; he was an apothecary residing at Berlin about the end of the seventeenth century, from which he was obliged to fly for having thought proper to exercise the royal prerogative of making money. He was subsequently arrested at Dresden, and confined as a state prisoner in the fortress of Königstein; he now had ample leisure to make himself master even of alchemy itself; and in truth, his discovery of the transmutation of clay into china, although previously known in the East, was scarcely less a wonder than the creation of gold. It produced immense wealth to Saxony, which engrossed for many years the exclusive monopoly of its fabrication.

The road between this place and Leipsick offers very little to interest the admirer of picturesque scenery; however, the villages were neat, the people clean and industrious, and the numerous windmills and manufactories rendered the otherwise monotonous plain supportable, and thus it continued from village to village, until I arrived at Leipsick; which, when seen from a distance, appeared dull and disagreeable, surrounded as it is by a country without a single eminence to relieve the sameness. The celebrated fairs held here

render it, however, one of the first commercial towns in Germany; and as a book mart it is unrivalled.

Tradition says, that Leipsick was founded by the Sorbens; its name, which is a corruption of Lipzk, the Sorben word for linden, gives some plausibility to the assertion: at all events the inhabitants display great partiality for this tree, as it flourishes in perfection in the environs, where we find arbours, avenues, and groves, chiefly composed of it. I wish this fine tree was more generally planted in our own country; for when in full bloom, the linden is not only a most beautiful ornament, but the fragrance diffused from the flowers is extremely grateful. It was much prized by the ancient Germans, and I have frequently found a linden six or seven hundred years old, in the spot where it was planted by the hand of the first proprietor, as if it still lingered unwilling to leave the home that cherished it; while the very names of the ephemeral race who flourished beneath its shade are swept away, without leaving a trace of their existence. Even at the present day we find the linden forming the favorite avenue of almost every town in Germany, and in the villages its wide spreading branches is the usual place of assembly, the casino of the rustic inhabitants.

But to return to Leipsick, the great fair was now at its height; and, as every hotel and lodging-house was crowded, I had the greatest difficulty to procure a room, which I eventually did at the Stadt Berlin. The whole appearance of the town was unique: the streets, markets, and promenades were crowded not only with the

natives of every part of Europe, but even with those of Asia, Africa, and America; every house, yard, and porch was converted into a bazaar for the display of merchandize,—cottons, woollens, and silks of all shades, and from every loom in Europe, were streaming like flags from the windows of the lofty houses; and although the Prussian tariff was in full force, yet I was informed by a merchant, that the market was inundated with smuggled English manufactures. The town is far inferior in elegance and beauty to Dresden, and offers but few resources to the man of taste; many of the houses are six stories high, independent of three or four additional, in the pyramidical roof; the streets are narrow, but the various markets and squares are large, and Saxon cleanliness is the presiding deity of the whole.

The Faubourgs are better built, and form, with the glacis, (which is prettily laid out as a pleasure ground,) a great ornament to the town; these, with the many charming gardens in its vicinity, are a great source of enjoyment to the inhabitants. M. Gerhard's garden is much visited by travellers, for the Elster runs through it, whose waves were fatal to the brave Poniatowski: a monument on the bank marks the precise spot where the hero was engulphed. The proprietor, who is a vinegar merchant, said to be very wealthy, extends his spirit of speculation even to the garden, for he compels every visitor to pay him six groschens (eight-pence) for admittance.

A singular anecdote, I believe not generally known in England, is connected with the premature death of

this heroic Pole, and, although partaking of the marvellous, has been implicitly credited by many of the wonder-loving Germans :—It appears, when Prince Poniatowsky was a boy, his mother, who probably entertained a passion for the science of divination, availed herself of the prophetic powers of a celebrated deaf and dumb Bohemian gipsy, who recorded on a slip of paper the following laconic prediction :—

" Hüte dich vor einer Elster !"

" Beware of the Magpie !"

This augury was not only disregarded, but nearly forgotten, until its remarkable fulfilment, by his meeting with death in the river Elster (Magpie). This happened during the retreat of the French army, after the battle of Leipsick, in 1813, when Napoleon caused the bridge to be destroyed, in order to secure his own safety.

Leipsick may be said to be the emporium of German brains ; for all the book making, book selling, and book changing necessary for the intellectual sustenance of the vast reading population of this great empire, is here effected : this last mentioned operation consists in the exchange of their wares from one publisher to another, for which a year's credit is usually allowed. At the expiration of that time, those works not disposed of are returned to their respective publishers, when they are baptized with the very appropriate name of " Krebs" (Crabs).

The state of literature in Germany is not more flourishing than in our own country. Authors com-

plain that they are not sufficiently recompensed for their labours; publishers that they cannot get purchasers; and both assert that the penny publications are the principal cause, as, owing to them, the public taste has become vitiated. Whether this statement be true or false, certain it is that literature in Germany receives an impetus from one source to which we are almost a stranger: for instance, if a publication contains even mediocre talent, a large impression is sure to be disposed of to the different casinos, literary clubs, &c., established in every town throughout the empire, independently of the circulating libraries. It is probably these excellent institutions (to which I shall refer in a future chapter) that disseminate so widely the taste for reading, to which we may add the universal diffusion of education; for, in a population of thirty-three millions, there are no less than thirty universities, besides normal and other schools.

English literature is very popular, and may teach German authors a lesson they would do well to profit by; I mean with regard to the delicacy and refinement of its language; it is not only circulated through the medium of translations, but the works of our best authors are immediately reprinted, and thus find numerous purchasers among the natives, the English residing in Germany, and tourists: the latter, for the sake of having what they term a bargain, content themselves with bad print and worse paper, to the great injury not only of the author but the English publisher, who, perhaps, after having given a large sum for the copy-right, is condemned to see the sale of

thousands of copies wrested from him. This species of literary piracy is not confined to Germany, but is practised to a large extent in France, Italy, Belgium, and America, and is no doubt one of the causes of the present depressed state of literature in England, particularly when we remember the many thousand wealthy English families resident on the continent who invariably purchase the less expensive reprint, instead of the original edition.

The numerical account of the books annually published is perfectly astonishing; this may be inferred from the fact that it is computed there are twelve thousand authors. A friend assured me, that the last Leipsick annual catalogue contained more books than imperial Russia had produced from the foundation of her greatness to the present time.

In civil and natural history, mathematics, and theology, the Germans are equal if not superior to those of other nations; and in metaphysics Kant, Wolf, Leibnitz, Fichte, and Schelling have filled Europe with their works, and the mad-houses with patients! It is well known that Kant's philosophy alone has had this effect upon thousands in Germany.

Newspapers are little better than waste paper; for they only promulgate such facts and opinions as the censor permits, but several of the annuals and periodical publications hold a high rank; the embellishments of the former are as inferior to our own, as the text is superior. Works of fiction, in which metaphysics, sentiment, and the marvellous predominate, are the most popular; however, I do not know of any

contemporary German author whose works are so widely spread as those of our own Sir Walter Scott, for they are to be found in almost every village throughout the Empire.

I would recommend travellers, before they leave Leipsick, to ascend the observatory, from whence the finest panorama of the town may be enjoyed; and which affords at the same time a most commanding prospect over that extensive plain, on which so many battles pregnant with the fate of nations have been decided.

To the north we perceive Breitenfeld, in whose vicinity Gustavus Adolphus, in the year 1631, vanquished the hitherto invincible Tilly. To the west lies the town of Lützen, memorable for another victory of the Swedes over the Imperialists, under Wallenstein, in the year 1632: this was dearly purchased, for it cost the conquerors the life of their beloved king. In modern days this fatal plain was again crimsoned with the blood of myriads; for, on the 2d of May, 1813, it was the theatre of a sanguinary contest between the allied armies and the French, when upwards of twenty thousand men were put hors de combat; but all these were insignificant skirmishes, when compared with the tremendous "Völker Schlacht," (battle of the people,) as the Germans emphatically term it, which took place on the 18th of October, in the same year, when more than half a million of men stood opposed to each other, serenaded with the infernal music of fifteen hundred cannons. But the palm of victory was deeply dyed, as it is computed that eighty thou-

sand men covered the desolate plains, while the waves of the Elster and Pleisse were swelled with torrents of blood.

The inhabitants point out the spot near the town, which the hitherto invincible Napoleon occupied during the awful conflict; his demeanor had become singularly changed from the proud, cool bearing, which hitherto distinguished him: he was now nervous, desponding, and irritable. However favourable the battle of Leipsick may have been to the political liberties of Europe, the immediate consequences to the unhappy inhabitants of this plain were most disastrous. I cannot give a more vivid picture of their sufferings than that in the memorial they addressed, supplicating the aid of Great Britain.

"What the industry of years had acquired, has been annihilated in a few hours. All around us is one wide waste; our numerous villages and hamlets are entirely reduced to ashes. The fuel collected for the winter, even the gates, doors, and floors of the houses, have been consumed in the watch fires. All our horses have been taken away, our cattle destroyed, and thousands of families are deploring the loss of beloved relatives, or watching over them, sick and wounded, without the means of affording them shelter, or relief. In short, the misery that meets our view in every direction, no language can describe: the horrible spectacle wounds us to the very soul. Where, then, are we to look for relief? Where, but to the sea-girt Albion, whose wooden walls defy every hostile attack; who, uninjured, has maintained the glorious conflict, both by sea

and land? Ye free, ye beneficent, ye happy Britons, whose generosity is attested by every page of the annals of suffering humanity; whose soil has been trodden by no hostile foot; who know not the feelings of the wretch that beholds a foreign master revelling in his habitation—of you the city of Leipsick earnestly implores relief for herself, and for the circumjacent villages and hamlets ruined by the military events in the past month of October."

That England most munificently responded to the call, is now a matter of history; but how soon has our generous assistance, and extraordinary efforts in defending the liberties of mankind, and annihilating their common enemy, been forgotten! Let us listen to the manufacturers of Germany, particularly those of Saxony, and they will tell us, that our policy is narrow-minded, and selfish; that we excite and foment rebellions, thereby plunging whole nations into misery, solely to increase the sale of our own manufactures, and destroy those of others. How unjust, how unfounded! If Germany is really aroused from her lethargy, it is a subject, not of regret, but of rejoicing, to England; for the efforts of her rivals only stimulate her to still mightier exertions. She is also assured, that the creation of wealth, even in those opposed to her, produces an increased demand for her manufactures; and, notwithstanding whatever the venal press of Germany may propagate to the contrary, every Briton is anxious for her well-being, and desires to see her unshackled by the chains of Russia, or any other foreign power.

But we fear that German prosperity will be of short duration; for, situated in the centre of Europe, she has been, in every period of her history, the arena of war—the theatre of devastating armies;—and is not futurity fraught with perils, having restless France on one side, and ambitious Russia on the other? This insecurity may account, in some measure, for the want of enterprise in the Germans, who, when possessed of a small capital, feel little inclination to risk it in a country where, at the first sound of a hostile bugle, legions of foreign foes overspread the land, and, like a swarm of locusts, devour its wealth; nor is their fate much better, when bands of their own soldiers are scattered over the country. Wanton desolation may then, perhaps, be spared, but spoliation is still the doom of the unhappy German; hence, we cannot feel surprised that he prefers his trifling independence to the uncertainty of commercial speculation.

CHAPTER XI.

Thuringia—Schiller—Göthe—Borna—Scene at the Inn—Chemnitz—Mining District—The Madonna of Culm—Egar—Wallenstein—Franzbrun—Valley of the Egar——Wunsiedel—Melancholy Fate of three Englishmen—Alexanders-bad—Ascent of the Louisenberg and Ochsenkopf—Berneck—Baireuth—Hermitage—Franconian Switzerland—Grottos.

BETWEEN Saxony and Franconia, some few leagues distant from Leipsick, lies the beautiful country of Thuringia, once an independent kingdom, but now divided amongst a host of petty princes, who, through family influence, or political services, have preserved their very unimportant independence. Besides the four small Saxon dukedoms of Weimar, Coburg, Meiningen, and Altenburg-Hilburghausen, and the principalities of Schwarzenburg and Reuss, the kings of Prussia, Bavaria, and Saxony, and the Elector of Hesse, have each their separate portions, and yet the population of the whole of Thuringia is under six hundred thousand. Although the mountains are inferior in altitude to the Fichtelgebirge, which they join, this, in no respect, detracted from the beauty of the country; and no district

in Germany exceeds it in the number of its picturesque ruins and castles; but all light has its shade; every region, however delightful, has its disagreeables; and this the traveller feels as he enters, every new territory of a new sovereign, where he not only finds a new coinage to puzzle his brains, but he is obliged to produce his passport, and reply to the long list of official categories.

Some few years since, I made the tour of this highly interesting country, attracted by the star of Weimar, the illustrious Göthe. Weimar might then have been termed the Athens of Germany; for here, beneath the fostering care, the protecting hand, of its patriot prince, flourished poetry and philosophy. The Grand-duke of Weimar, the ruler merely of a handful of subjects, and possessed only of a slender income, gave to talent a home, and afforded a shelter to literary worth, neglected and despised by a misjudging world. Herder, Wieland, Schiller, and Göthe, were invited to the court: here they resided, and here they won immortality for themselves, and conferred it on their literature; for, before this time, Germany could scarcely be said to possess a national literature. Her princes, with Frederic the Great at their head, blinded by Gallic prejudices, ridiculed and contemned the German language, and pronounced it incapable of embodying works of elegance and refinement. This senseless mania spread among the minor princes and nobles, until the language and literature of France became that of the higher classes of Germany. In short, it was the fashionable furor of the day. How feelingly does Schiller

denounce this apostacy from national genius, in his "Deutsche Muse."

In no Augustan era flourished,
No Medici's protection nourished
Fair Germania's muse;
Fame nursed her not; nor did her flowers
Unfold, beneath the rays and showers
That royal smiles diffuse.

By Germany's immortal king,
Great Frederic, she was doom'd to sing
Unhonor'd, scoff'd, and scorn'd;
Proud, then, the German bard proclaims,
High swells the tide within his veins,
That he himself has formed.

Therefore soars in loftier flight,
Therefore flows in holier might
The German muse's lay,
Which, from her own deep fountains gushing,
In one eternal torrent rushing,
Mocks at kingly sway.

That Germany was, at this time, very deficient in the loftier productions of the fancy and imagination, is most true; but Schiller arose, and at once placed the dramatic literature of his country on the pinnacle of excellence. Wallenstein, Maria Stuart, and Don Carlos, are dramas of the very first class; and his translation of Macbeth is worthy the original. The ballads and lyric poems of this delightful author are beautiful, simple, and affecting; and they would have secured for him a high station in the Temple of Fame, even though he had never worshipped the tragic muse.

Göthe, another star in the constellation of Weimar,

lived to see the whole of his contemporary luminaries set in darkness, one by one, he sang the elegies of Herder, Schiller, and Wieland, till, at length, he himself vanished from our sight, and Weimar was desolate. The brilliance of Göthe's genius was not greater than its versatility. He exerted it on every species of composition, and, in most instances, with success; ballads, odes, epics, tragedies, comedies, and operas, sprung into being beneath his pen; but, of all his productions, it is Faust that most decidedly manifests the mind of the master. This singular, original, and talented work can only be thoroughly comprehended by an intellectual German; hence, of all the translations which have appeared, not one has adhered faithfully to the original, and I much doubt the possibility of transferring it, in all its beauty, from its parent soil.

Few literary men have been more decidedly the favourite of fortune than Göthe; basking in the meridian of fame while yet young, he died the patriarch of his country's literature. Princes were proud of his friendship, and no rival arose to remove him from the throne he had so long filled: but how much is it to be regretted that Göthe did not imitate the example of his illustrious contemporary, Sir Walter Scott, in preserving unsullied the purity of his muse; for the immoral tendency of several of his novels and romances will bar for ever their perusal to the pure-minded and virtuous. It must, however, in justice be added, that this censure is principally applicable to the productions of his early youth.

In society he was amiable and agreeable; and I

count it among the pleasantest reminiscences of my life, that I had the honour of his acquaintance. I was introduced to him some few years before his death, by a mutual friend; and I shall never forget the lively pleasure he expressed, when he heard an Englishman address him in his own rich German, and which appeared to have advanced me more in his good graces than if I had borne a name consecrated by fame. It was impossible to behold him, without being instantly convinced that he was an intellectual man; his finely-shaped head, and eyes that sparkled with the fire of genius, even at threescore years and ten, proclaimed the poet and philosopher. His language was felicitously selected: he expressed the warmest admiration for England and her literature, particularly the poetry of Byron; and, like every other intellectual German, idolized Shakspeare. He amused not a little the large circle that had gathered round him on the evening I first met him, with anecdotes of my lion-hunting countrymen. During the travelling season, he informed us, he frequently received a dozen notes in a day, each requesting the honour of an interview. The best bust of this distinguished man is by Rauch, and his portrait by Kolbe, of Düsseldorf, is a very accurate likeness.

I shall now conduct my readers by the nearest route from Leipsick to Carlsbad, through Chemnitz, and across the Erzgebirge mountains at Marienberg. The road, although hilly, was remarkably well kept; and the numerous travellers, to and from the fair, imparted a vivacity entirely foreign to Germany, for it was literally covered with male and female pedlars, not only

PEASANTS OF SAXON-ALTENBURG.

from the remote provinces of the empire, but the adjacent countries, all attired in their national costume: these were mingled with strolling players and itinerant showmen, attended by bears, monkey, and dancing dogs; the noise of whose growling, chattering, and barking, was increased by the harmonious sounds of wandering musicians and Bohemian artists; to which we may add, vehicles of every description, and carriages of such antique construction, as to create the idea that they must have been heir-looms for centuries.

The first town I arrived at was Borna, about five leagues distant from Leipsick, and, being situated in the centre of several great commercial roads, it appeared to be a sort of stage for rehearsing previous to the grand display at the fair. In the front of the principal inn was a mountebank, elevated upon a platform, spouting; near to whom a Frenchman, in the attire of a sailor with his face tattooed, was devouring stones, to the great

amazement of the gaping crowd of peasants collected around him. A large placard, suspended from his breast, enlightened his auditory with the information, that he had navigated the world with the celebrated La Perouse, and having been wrecked upon a barren rock, his sole sustenance, for months, had consisted of nothing else than the most delicate pebbles! Upon entering the inn, a scene of similar variety presented itself in the court-yard: dancing-dogs, bears and monkeys, were performing their antics, and levying contributions on the spectators, while a dozen of Bohemian harpists twanged in concert.

But the pencil of Wilkie alone could do justice to the public eating-room, which was filled with a truly motley group; and, to judge from their variety of costume and language, congregated from every country under heaven. At the head of the table sat a party of quiet-mannered well-fed Vienna merchants, distinguished not less by the ample portions of their well-chosen viands, than by the proudly contemptuous air with which they regarded their neighbours, a company of Prussians, whose love of economy, or poverty, restricted their dinner to the beloved "butter-bemme;" this of itself was sufficient to proclaim their country, were it not still further published by the little black and white travelling cap stuck on the side of the head: repose and quietness formed no characteristics of their demeanour, for they appeared determined, by the vehement, clamorous style of their conversation, to engross the entire attention of the company to themselves.

At the lower end of the room, in the most obscure

corner they could find, a party of Polish Jews, to answer the two-fold object of reducing the amount of their bill, and to avoid eating forbidden food, were making their dinner from the contents of a leathern wallet. Near to these were seated some half-dozen Tyrolian and Swiss pedlars, industriously employed in doing justice to a fine piece of roast pork, as if in derision of the sons of Israel. The side tables afforded studies equally worthy the pencil of the artist, being occupied by the drivers, postillions, and peasants; whose bill of fare was limited to black bread, radishes, and schnapps; while the fumes issuing from the pipes of those who had finished their repast filled the room with tobacco mist.

The country improves much in fertility and beauty as we approach Chemnitz, a handsome town, with fourteen thousand inhabitants, so famous for its manufactures of cotton, that it has gained the honourable soubriquet of Saxony's Manchester. Its stockings are much esteemed in Germany; and a Chemnitz merchant assured me that he exported vast quantities to England! This town has great reason to be grateful to the Prussian commercial league, for since its promulgation the demands for her manufactures exceed her ability to supply them.

On passing Chemnitz, the pallid countenances of the inhabitants, and the dreary aspect of the sterile hills, fully indicate that we have entered the mining district. Tin, iron, and lead, are the metals most frequently found; silver and gold formerly abounded, but are now rarely met with: the working of these mines

employs numbers of the population, and contributes no inconsiderable share to the revenue.

On passing Marienberg, the mountains increase in altitude, and we soon after enter what is termed the Siberia of Saxony; a district cold, arid, and unproductive. Still we are surprised to find, even in this remote region, that the meanest of the population are familiar with the rudiments of education, and filth and poverty never intrude themselves upon our notice. Indeed I have always admired the cleanliness, neatness, and order of the Saxons; and among the inhabitants of these mountains it was exhibited in every article, however trifling, about their persons, homes, gardens, and fields; in all the villages we see men, women, and children engaged in making lace; and those who prefer a more locomotive employment are to be found on the sides of the hills, collecting the herbs from which the celebrated Schneeberger snuff is fabricated. This medicinal snuff is greatly extolled for its efficacy in loss of sight, and head-ache.

On crossing the Bohemian frontier, we enter at once into the country of the Czechans; when madonnas, crucifixes, saints, and stations, greet us at every turn, together with idleness, dirt, beggary, half-naked children, and all sorts of indications of the slovenly habits of the people; while before every door the family dunghill ascends in ignoble elevation.

From the heights of Sebastianberg we catch an occasional glimpse of the beautiful country beneath, through which the river Egar is gracefully winding its course, and which conducts to Carlsbad, through a

country teeming with every production that can contribute to the comfort of man. How changed was the aspect of this brilliant bathing-place during my few weeks' absence! Solitude had usurped the throne of gaiety; gloom and tristeness were the substitutes for mirth and music: the pleasure or health hunting visitors were all flown, scared by a few days' rain, and the chill vapours which hang over the valley when the autumn commences. I therefore bent my steps towards the mountains of Franconia.

On leaving Carlsbad, the stupendous monastery which crowns the Culmer hills constitutes the most beautiful feature in the landscape; and the full and sonorous peal which its bells now sounded, to call the brothers to vespers, quite justified their reputation of being the most melodious in Germany. This religious house has also the honour of being the residence of a miraculous Virgin, who, after wandering about from vale to vale, and hill to hill, finally settled in the hollow trunk of an aged oak; and being discovered by a holy hermit, owing to the rays of glory encircling her brow, the faithful commenced constructing an edifice worthy of so holy a visitor, and in process of time the present sumptuous pile was reared. The very fertile domains assigned by royal piety for her support, shows that the Madonna evinced great tact in having selected it for her abiding place.

Egar, like many other old German towns, depends for interest on the records of its former greatness; for dirt, ugliness, and dulness, are now its pervading characteristics. But the event which has, and will,

render it memorable for ages, is the atrocious murder of Wallenstein. The mouldering walls of the Rathhaus still preserves the halberd that drank his life's blood, and the two-handed sword which he wielded during life, together with a fine contemporary portrait, said to be a correct likeness. The Burgomaster's house, which he occupied, and the room in which he received the fatal thrust, have also escaped the ravages of time and war.

Wallenstein, who twice saved Austria from utter destruction, deserved from her a better fate: but he was sacrificed to the intrigues of the Jesuits, who, suspecting him of cherishing heretical opinions, vowed his destruction. That he was innocent of aspiring to the throne of Bohemia, modern research has proved; but, I suppose to spare a royal memory the odium of an unjust execution, the publication of the documents has been suppressed, and the foul blot of treason still stains his fair fame. When his own soldiers, headed by Devereux, forced an entrance into his bed-room, the hero bared his bosom, saying, "Strike comrades, I am Wallenstein, your commander!" The appeal was in vain, for the Jesuits had already steeled their bosoms to every feeling of humanity. It would seem that the emperor feared him even after death, for he ordered three thousand masses to be said for the repose of his soul. Cruelty and suspicion ever co-exist in the same mind; it was not, therefore, improbable, that Ferdinand, who was conscious of having irritated a most ambitious man, by depriving him twice of his command, should fear his vengeance; neither would it

have been surprising if Wallenstein, contemplating the miseries which a war already of so many years' duration had inflicted upon his unhappy country, should have formed plans for her deliverance from the sway of the most bigoted monarch that ever wielded the sceptre of any country. It appears that he entertained the deepest veneration for astrology; for it is recorded, that a few hours before his assassination he consulted his favourite counsellor, the astrologer Seni, who returned for answer, that the aspect of the stars portended some fatal event! But, as the planets never condescend to give us such warning as will save us from impending danger, so it happened with poor Wallenstein, who resigned himself to sleep, unconscious that his slumbers would be disturbed by a summons to eternity.

In the ruined castle of Egar the remains still exist of the once splendid hall in which was perpetrated one of the most revolting massacres in the long list of the blood-stained records of ambition or revenge, the murder of the officers of Wallenstein. The guise of friendship, nay, even hospitality was assumed, to lure more securely the unsuspecting victims whose crime was fidelity to their general. While the murderers were still reeking with the blood of their victims, they were absolved by their abettors, the Jesuits, in the small chapel adjoining the banquet-room, the only remnant of the castle that now remains entire. It is humiliating to record, that the degraded instruments of the Jesuitical court of Vienna were natives of the British Isles—Butler, Gordon, Leslie, and Devereux, Irish and Scotch adven-

turers, who had been solely indebted to their benefactor Wallenstein for fortune, rank, and preferment; and to this day the Germans proudly assert that the most tempting bribes were insufficient to seduce their countrymen to the committal of so black a deed, as that of embruing their hands in the blood of a hero who had so often led them to victory.

The environs of Egar are exceedingly pleasant, and the mineral waters of Franzbrun, about a league from the town, its greatest attraction. This pretty bath is situated in a plain, surrounded by shady promenades; and although somewhat late in the season, I found some difficulty in procuring an apartment. The water is cold and ferruginous, of an agreeable flavour, containing more fixed air than the springs of Carlsbad; the patients generally mix it with milk or wine, and drink it as their ordinary beverage. The most favourite excursions in its vicinity are the romantic ruins at Liebenstein and the Schneckenberg; and the mineralogist will no doubt be highly interested if he visits the Kammerbühl, a hill famous for the number of precious stones it has produced. I was informed by several persons, that a French student had found one the preceding year, worth several thousand francs, which, no doubt, accounted for the number of youths I perceived industriously pulverising various portions of the hill.

In Germany the autumn is the most agreeable season for a pedestrian tourist, who may be disposed to ramble over her beautiful mountains. Then the burning heat of the sun is tempered by cool refreshing breezes, and

the endless variety of tints which the forest assumes renders the scenery much more picturesque than the monotonous livery of summer. But in order to enjoy such a tour, it is highly desirable to have a companion; for even beautiful landscapes, romantic vales, and picturesque ruins, will not always secure the solitary wanderer from ennui. I therefore considered myself extremely fortunate in renewing my acquaintance with a young Hungarian officer that I had previously known at Vienna, and who now gladly consented to accompany me in my proposed excursion through the Fichtelgebirge mountains.

Soon after leaving Franzbrun, we entered the romantic valley of the Egar, whose lofty hills, clothed with foliage to the summit, were either pinnacled with the crumbling towers of some bandit knight's castle, or terminated in gray pointed crags of the most fantastic forms, which appeared threatening at every step to fall and crush us, while the young Egar furiously roared at our feet, as it broke over the gigantic masses of rocks that vainly strove to impede its progress. A long sinuous path now conducted us through the pines and rocks, till we reached the majestic ruins of Rothenschloss, once the impregnable fastness of the famous robber knight Sparnecker, who so often levied contributions on the citizens of Nüremberg, near to which, in a secluded glen, our guide pointed out the remains of a bear-trap, whose last exploit was performed upon two monks, of all others, we should suppose the last to allow themselves to be caught in a trap. Various have been the conjectures respecting this strange event:

the devout contend, that the holy fathers, unacquainted with its use and machinery, had entered for the purpose of sheltering themselves from the angry elements; while the tongue of slander contends that they were forced into it by the jealous husband of a very pretty wife in the neighbourhood; but why she should have had two strings to her bow is left unexplained.

Wunsiedel, the first town in Franconia, when seen from the heights, wears a most respectable appearance, but on a nearer acquaintance, we found it little better than a first-rate village; however, the valley of the Rosla, in which it is situated, is not only very beautiful, but very fertile; and the humorous author Jean Paul, and Sandts the student, who murdered Kotzebue, if they have not immortalized, will at least cause it to be long remembered, for they were both natives of this place. Wunsiedel being the frontier town, we found the police extremely vexatious, because our passports were not signed by the Bavarian ambassador, and we had no little difficulty in prevailing upon the police officer to allow us to continue our route.

During the time dinner was preparing, the landlord of the inn having ascertained that I was from England, related a singular story, of which he declared he was an eye-witness, that happened during the late war. "I was then," said he, "living in a village not far from Bamberg, and one evening while drinking a glass of beer at the little inn, three remarkably fine youths, each about seventeen, entered dressed in peasants' cloaks and hats, and in very imperfect German demanded refreshment. At that time the country was filled with

French soldiers, it therefore excited no apprehension in us to see a party of them enter, and make preparations for passing the night; not so with the young strangers, who now implored the landlord to conceal them, saying they were English, and offered the whole of their little wealth as a recompense; the women of the house, possessed of more feeling, added their tears and supplications, but all in vain; the dread of the French overpowered even the pleadings of sympathy, and the unfortunate youths were left to their fate; presently the house was filled with soldiers, and soon, too soon, it was discovered they were English, for the next morning they were shot, by order of the commanding officer."

From the inquiries I made of the old man respecting their dress, I have little doubt but they were midshipmen, who had probably escaped from a French prison, and were endeavouring to find their way into Austria.

About a quarter of an hour's walk from Wunsiedel, we have another mineral bath, called Alexanders-bad; this takes its name from the founder, Alexander Margrave of Anspach and Baireuth, to whom it is indebted for the whole of its beauty. The Cursaal, a splendid building, is fitted up with every accommodation for the comfort and convenience of visitors. It is pleasantly situated at the foot of the Louisenberg, and partly surrounded by a pine forest, laid out in promenades. The well, which is chalybeate, springs in the centre of the grounds, and sheltered as it is by an elegant temple of Grecian architecture, with columns of polished granite, forms a very pretty ornament. Those who are partial

to retirement, and wish to unite comfort and economy with the most enchanting scenery, will here enjoy all that they desire.

In 1805, Alexander-bad was made most reluctantly the residence of the King of Prussia, who succeeded to the territories of the late Margrave of Anspach: the unfortunate monarch seemed to have accommodated his mind to his circumstances, for in the absence of more important occupations, he improved the grounds and buildings, and changed the name of the mountain in its vicinity to the more romantic appellation of Louisenberg, in honour of his beautiful queen, Louisa; but that inexorable enemy of the house of Hohenzollern, Napoleon, dispossessed them even of this, and gave it to the King of Bavaria. On leaving the bath we commenced ascending the mountain, and immediately entered a long shady avenue, leading into a thick forest of pines, in which immense masses of granite are lying about in every direction. Our serpentine path passes through a succession of grotesque caverns, corridors, saloons, &c. each of them named after some members of the royal family of Prussia, or Bavaria, and all adorned, or disfigured, according to the opinion of the traveller, with the most senseless inscriptions engraved in gilt letters on white marble inlaid in the rock. Surely, when the intellectual King of Bavaria visits this part of his dominions, he will cause them to be obliterated, as their only effect is to destroy the illusion of solitude. We found on the summit, which is two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, all that remains of the castle of a robber

knight, once the most formidable in this part of Germany. It was perfectly inaccessible, as the gigantic and perpendicular rock of granite on which it reposed presents a surface smooth as if cut by the mason's chisel; a portion of the iron hooks are still visible, to which the inmates were accustomed to fasten the ladder of ropes in ascending or descending.

Our guide now conducted us by a circuitous route to the highest summit of the Fichtelgebirge mountains, the Ochsen-kopf (bull's head). It was with no small difficulty we penetrated through the almost inaccessible forest of pines and rocks; here we see mass upon mass, tower upon tower, many of them appearing as if a breath of wind was sufficient to dislodge them, yet they have maintained their gravity for thousands of years. At one time we wandered through a labyrinth, dark, dreary, and sunless; at another over natural lawns and paddocks, glowing beneath the brightest sunshine: now we ascended what might be termed the turrets of a natural castle, then explored in rapid succession, dens and caverns, the interior of which shone resplendently with that most brilliant of all vegetation, the golden moss.

But these romantic vagaries of nature were too often marred by the blundering attempts of the inhabitants to improve, by artificial means, her extraordinary caprices; whereas the only assistance that can ever be successfully rendered in scenery of this description, is merely to secure a dangerous pass by a railing or fence, and even these should be constructed in such a manner, as to harmonize with the wild character of the landscape.

In one feature these mountains differ from most others of the same altitude in Germany, for the pine continued our companion in its highest perfection to the summit, computed to be three thousand six hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. The ascent, though toilsome, was amply repaid by a very splendid prospect.

On one side we have the beautiful valleys of the Egar and Rösla, surrounded by a chain of hills, each colossal peak crowned with the ruins of a castle. Beyond these the mountains of Saxony and Bohemia rise in grand elevation to the heavens. On the other lies extended to an immeasurable distance the vast plain of Franconia, with the towns of Nuremberg and Ratisbon, looking like dark specks at the extremity of the horizon; and Baireuth, though six or seven leagues distant, seems smiling in sun-shine at our feet. Besides all this, we have the additional pleasure of tracing the Maine, the Egar, the Saal, and the Naab, as they wander through the several charming valleys which their own waters baptize.

Having indulged ourselves by contemplating the source of the Maine, which rises a little below the summit, we then followed its graceful windings to Berneck, and soon began to experience the delights of a milder climate: the luxuriant oak succeeded the spire-like pine; and not unfrequently a noble deer, or a stealthy fox, broke across our path, while hundreds of squirrels bounded from tree to tree. These, with the woodman's axe, and the loud crowing of the cock

of the wood, as they re-echoed through the forest, gave life to the otherwise solitary stillness.

Nothing can be more picturesque than the situation of Berneck, forming, as it does, the gate to the Fichtelgebirge, as these mountains can only be approached on this side through the deep defile that lies beyond it. The town is partly built on the banks of the Maine, which is already a fine volume of water, and traversed by its first bridge, and partly on the brow of the surrounding hills, over which hang the majestic ruins of a castle, formerly belonging to the noble family of Wallenrode, whose armorial bearings still grace its mouldering portal. A few leagues to the right lies the ancient town of Gold-Cranach, formerly no less famous for its gold mines than for being the natal place of the celebrated painter Lucas Cranach.

After leaving Berneck, the road was constantly alternating between hill and dale, animated by numbers of the mountain peasants returning from a neighbouring fair. The women were attired in ample blue cloth petticoats, with countless plaits, descending only a little below the knee, as if for the sake of displaying their red stockings with green clocks, while their tight bodices and variegated stomachers exhibited the contour of the arms and bust; and their rosy countenances, shaded by scarlet handkerchiefs, were laughingly turned to their lords; who, in cocked hats, long blue coats, and scarlet waistcoats, thickly studded with silver buttons, were escorting them home. Their dress and appearance, though bizarre enough to the eye of a

FRANCONIAN PEASANTS.

stranger, yet sufficiently indicated they were in easy circumstances, which is the general condition of the peasantry in this part of Germany, who are for the most part engaged in agricultural employments.

About a league from Baireuth the road rises to its greatest height, where we find it planted with rows of trees, under which are placed seats, affording the traveller an opportunity of enjoying at his leisure a very fine prospect. Behind us the whole range of the Fichtelgebirge mountains, which we had just left, rose in a magnificent amphitheatre; and before us lay Baireuth, with its extensive plain, encircled by another chain of hills of inferior altitude.

The town, with its wide suburbs, towers and steeples, wears the appearance of a very considerable city; and

the long avenue of poplars that conducts to it, resembles a regiment of grenadiers, formed into a half-circle, casting their lengthy shadows across the green meadows. It is really astonishing, in Germany, where nature, by creating such beautiful landscapes, appears as if she wished to infuse into the inhabitants a taste for the picturesque, to find them in this respect so entirely deficient. This is in nothing more evident than in their attachment to straight avenues of poplars, which form the approach to nearly all the large towns in the empire; but the good people of Baireuth, willing, I presume, to exhibit a novel feature, planted theirs in a circle of the most mathematical accuracy.

My travelling companions, for I had now the addition of a Prussian officer, experienced as much satisfaction as myself at finding themselves so near Baireuth; for we were fatigued, and covered with dust, although the ample folds of German Reisehemds had, in some measure, protected us. To say the truth, our exterior was not very prepossessing: complexions deeply embrowned by the sun; mustachios a most warlike length; my companions encumbered with knapsacks, while the pockets of my own shooting jacket, which contained the whole of my travelling gear, were extended to a most unsymmetrical size. Thus equipped, and armed with long mountain staves, we entered Baireuth at the idle hour of sun-set, on a fine autumnal evening, when the lounging citizens appeared to have no other occupation than to smoke their pipes, and observe us.

Our first object was to find a comfortable port; and

as the fine exterior of the Golden Anchor gave promise that we should there attain our wishes, we determined to make that our harbour; but, alas! on demanding a nacht quartier, the host, after most superciliously regarding us from head to foot, muttered between his teeth, "Nein;" adding, that the house was full. Thus repulsed, we resolved to try if the Glorious Sun, hard by, would not give us a warmer reception. Here the consenting monosyllable "Ja" was slowly extorted from the half-reluctant landlord, and we were conducted to the attic of a house five stories high.

When my friends re-appeared at supper, it was most evident that piqued vanity had caused them to perform their toilet with more than usual attention. The Hungarian wore upon his fore-finger a brilliant ring of great value, and upon his breast a military order. The Prussian was not less distinguished; for he displayed a ring of massive gold, engraved with the family arms, surmounted by a coronet, to say nothing of the two little tell-tale gilt buttons on the left side of the pocket-hole of the coat, which, in Germany, invariably announce the wearer to be a chamberlain; and as they were both fine young men, and possessed the tournure and manners of those accustomed to command, our little party immediately attracted the attention of the numerous guests assembled around the supper-table, who gazed with astonishment at the haughty Hungarian, as he ordered a selection of the choicest viands, and the most recherché foreign wines. This was still more increased when the officer of the gens d'armes, having

perused our passports, whispered to the landlord the rank of his new guests, which he softly communicated to his next neighbour, and so it passed in a sotto-voce telegraph through the whole circuit of the room, who then became aware that the Count de H——, Captain in the Hungarian life-guards of the emperor of Austria, and the Baron Von B——, major in the Prussian army, together with an Englische Lord! were now the inmates of the Goldenen Sonne.

As bells are a very rare appendage to the hotels of Germany, I was much surprised to find them here, not only in every room, but suspended in the centre of every one of the twelve brass candlesticks that adorned the supper table, with little chains attached to them. How fervently I wish, for the sake of my travelling compatriots, that all hotel-keepers on the continent entertained a similar predilection with that of mine host of the Sun. How often have I heard them, while the wintry wind was rushing up the stair-case, and through the comfortless passages, calling first in gentlemanly recitative, and then in the most stentorian altissimo, at the top of the stairs; some who are unable to stay exposed to the chill blast, or to bridle their impatience, set out upon a voyage of discovery to the kitchen. The expedients resorted to by the gentry on the continent, in the absence of bells, are perfectly ludicrous—whistling or clapping the hands is the usual mode; and I have known more than one gentleman who kept a silver whistle on the table for that purpose; the instrument, however, of an old hussar officer, whom I was acquainted with in Silesia, was somewhat

more noisy, for he summoned his domestics by sound of trumpet!

Baireuth was formerly the capital of the Margravates of Anspach and Baireuth, and the brilliant residence of its sovereigns, which is every where evidenced by the splendour of the public buildings; and though only containing a population of ten thousand, yet, from its size, I should deem it capable of holding at least thirty thousand. The beautiful opera-house is worthy the meridian of London, but unfortunately its dimensions are of such vast extent, that during winter it is deserted for a more confined locale, the profits not being adequate to the expense of purchasing sufficient fuel to preserve the audience from freezing. The environs are very beautiful, and the famous Hermitage, with its park, has been long the attraction of travellers. It is connected with the town by a noble avenue of beech and lindens, which is conducted through a charming country, varying from the gentle eminence to the quiet dale, from groves of trees to fertile fields.

On entering the park, we immediately perceive on an ascent the Temple of the Sun, and about a hundred paces further the Hermitage; from whence promenades diverge in every direction: besides these, the grounds are adorned with various small temples, triumphal arches, bridges, ruins, &c. But the most interesting feature in the grounds is the abrupt transition from the refinement of art to the simplicity of nature, as we occasionally find ourselves wandering over the purple heath, surrounded by the natural charms of forest scenery. It is, however, now sadly neglected, and in

a few years most probably the temples, bridges, and arches will become ruins, and the ruins a heap of stones. The citizens of Baireuth make it their favourite lounge; and being Sunday, the grand day of public diversion, they were either taking refreshment under the tents, or dancing in the ball-rooms, into which the stables and other out-buildings have been converted. The Hermitage looks ruined and miserable, but the glory of the Temple of the Sun has not yet set,—its Lilliputian dome is very beautiful, and the whole of the interior is incased with marble; the handsome portico, which runs the entire length of the semi-circular wings, gives it a light appearance, and as the exterior is stuccoed with various-coloured pebbles, formed into stars, it shines in the sun like a fairy palace, glittering with diamonds and rubies.

The whole owes its origin to the whim, or spleen, of Alexander the last Margrave, who married the late Lady Craven; and abdicated in favour of Prussia. It is reported to have cost upwards of two millions of florins, which he received as an indemnification from England, for the legions he furnished during the American war.

On our return to Baireuth, we passed through the great square opposite the new palace, and amused ourselves by criticising the equestrian statue of Margrave Ernest, Baireuth's greatest prince, who distinguished himself against the Turks, during the siege of Vienna, in 1683. The hero is represented as field-marshal, crushing under his horse's hoofs an ill-fated Turk; at the head of his steed stands his favourite page, the

dwarf, who it is said acted as courier during his campaigns. Although considered here a work of great merit, yet every traveller must agree that it is sadly defective in its proportions. The horse, which history tells us was a noble Arabian, is a mere pony! and the tall, majestic commander a dumpy Falstaff!

We now took our departure for the grottos of Muggendorf, and about half a league distant entered the domains of a younger branch of the house of Würtemberg, with a park and palace, called the Phantasie, close to whose gates is one of the most miserable villages in Germany, with heaps of manure and ponds of mud before every door, the effects of absenteeism, as the princely proprietor rarely resides here. We presume his highness is a greater friend to utility and profit, than to picturesque beauty, for we find the avenue leading to his palace bordered with apple trees; and, notwithstanding the desolate appearance of the grounds, it well deserves a visit, were it for nothing else but to admire the number of grottos, glens, and labyrinths of rocks, all in miniature. On the high road, near the park, is one of the finest old lindens I ever beheld; tradition asserts that it was planted in the tenth century, to commemorate a victory gained here over the Huns. It is thirty feet in circumference, and, though entirely hollow, still blooms luxuriantly.

We left the high road at the Phantasie, and engaged a guide to conduct us across the mountains to the grottos. The country was exceedingly picturesque till we entered a forest of pines, so thick, as to exclude entirely the rays of the sun. After threading its dense

mazes for about half an hour, we commenced ascending a precipitous cliff, from whose beetling height we beheld spread out before us such a plain as a poet delights to describe, and an artist to paint—varied, picturesque, and fertile, with the bright sun shining in all its splendour over the numerous villages.

In passing over these Arcadian fields, we were much struck by the cleanliness of the villages, and the air of comfort and neatness every where visible. The doors and windows of the houses were all open, and the peasantry, men, women, and children, engaged in getting in the harvest. Upon attempting to enter a small village inn, a large mastiff flew at us from behind the door, but we escaped his fury by speedily retreating beyond the reach of the massive iron chain to which he was secured, the other end being attached, by means of a strong ring, either to an iron or a wooden rod, that passed around the house immediately beneath the roof. By this simple plan, the animal was enabled to protect every part of the building, as the ring slips along the rod like that of a bed curtain; he is, moreover, prevented deserting his post, or injuring those who may happen to arrive on business, provided they keep at a respectful distance. All our attempts to gain admittance were ineffectual, till one of the family made his appearance from the field. This is, undoubtedly, the very best method I have observed in any country, of calling into action the trust-worthy qualities of dogs, who are thus rendered the most efficient guardians against strolling vagabonds and nightly depredators; add to which, the poor animals themselves are afforded

sufficient space to take exercise. My travelling companions expressed their intention to introduce it among their tenants on their return home; and my object in giving it a place in these volumes, is also to recommend its adoption to my compatriots. Speaking of these very useful animals, we cannot forbear alluding to the rare occurrence, in Germany, compared with England, of that horrible malady hydrophobia, and this notwithstanding the number of dogs constantly prowling the streets, and the heat of the climate, which, in summer, is considerably more oppressive than our own: the disease is probably prevented by the facility with which the poor animals can procure water; for every town and village is furnished with ever-streaming public fountains, of which they invariably avail themselves.

From this beautiful plain we passed into a deep ravine, flanked on either side by a barrier of stupendous rocks, one of whose peaks, near the entrance, was crowned by the picturesque ruins of a castle, and another by a neat church, with a pretty pointed spire, that seemed to imitate the outline of the mountain pine, which not only issued out of every fissure, but appeared to have taken root in the rock itself. We were now in the region of the grottos, the most attractive district in Franconian Switzerland; and, our guide having sounded his horn, which had a fine effect, as its various echoes resounded from rock to rock, we were presently joined by the person to whom the Graf Schönborn, the proprietor, had deputed the care of the grottos. He first conducted us up a winding path, cut in the almost perpendicular rock, to a spacious cavern,

containing several apartments, capable of holding upwards of a thousand men; the most interesting is that into which we first enter, as it forms a dome, of such exact proportions, that one might almost imagine it to have been executed by the hand of man. The exterior of the grotto is decorated by a white marble slab, with the following inscription, in gold letters, surmounted by a crown—

"Heil! unsern gerechten unsern Harlichen König Lndwig."

All hail! Louis our just and glorious King.

On demanding the purport of this inscription, we were informed, that it referred to a splendid banquet given in these rocky halls, some time since, by the Graf Schönborn to the King of Bavaria, and a numerous assemblage of the neighbouring gentry. In honour of the illustrious guest, the surrounding hills were brilliantly illuminated, and the various bands of wind instruments, which filled the air with their martial music, must have given to the whole a character worthy a tale of the Arabian Nights.

However, the grotto most deserving the attention of the traveller is that on the opposite side to which we were now conducted, and only discovered a few months previous to our visit. On arriving at the summit of a projecting cliff, our conductor left us for a few minutes to the enjoyment of a fine prospect, and presently unlocked a small door at our feet, when we entered a subterranean corridor, where we were furnished with torches, by whose aid we threaded our way through its

damp mazes. When we came to the termination, a scene of dazzling splendour burst upon our view, and we passed into an immense cavern, brilliantly illuminated; from thence we proceeded, by creeping, rather than walking, through a variety of arches, domes, galleries, and dungeons, to an extensive salon, the conclusion of our subterranean tour. The whole range I have described is very barren in stalactites; such as there are, the creative fancy of our guides had invested with various forms, and given, both them and the different divisions through which we passed, all sorts of fantastic names; even the grotto itself is baptized after the Countess Schönborn. However, the grand object of interest to us was the fossil bones, partly decomposed, and partly petrified, comprising not only the different species of the common bear, but the arctic, and several other animals, entirely unknown to naturalists, together with an endless variety of insects, marine shells, fishes, &c.; but, above all, we were exceedingly gratified on seeing part of the remains of the mammoth, whose bones the labourers were in the act of exhuming.

It is supposed, that these grottos and caverns extend throughout the whole of this ridge of mountains, consisting of a very porous calcareous rock; of which, it is the intention of the noble proprietor to explore as much as possible. Indeed, every amateur of natural history must feel deeply indebted to him for the expense he has already incurred, and also for the facility by which he is enabled to visit every remarkable object; nor are his thanks less due for the care taken to prevent imposition; as there are fixed prices for the illu-

mination of the grottos, and also for the guides that conduct the stranger through the mountains: and I would recommend all travellers to demand of their guides a list of the prices, which they are obliged to carry with them; otherwise, their consciences will not restrain them from making double charges.

A part of the ruins of the adjoining castle, Rabenstein, has been recently repaired, for the reception of the best specimens of the fossil remains found in the grottos. Nevertheless, it is to be regretted, that the idea was not suggested, of the propriety of leaving, at least, part of the petrified bones of the animals in their original position, some of the skeletons having been found whole, and upright: the interest would then have been considerably increased, and the impression made upon the fancy far more lively.

We were informed, that an English nobleman recently purchased a cart-load of these fossil petrifactions; but the Bavarian government, having received notice of the transaction, dispatched a band of gens-d'armes to intercept them. However, English gold clipped the wings of the warlike Mercuries, for they arrived just in time to see that they had safely passed the frontier!

The valley now became more confined, and gloomy: the river Wiesent roared through its rocky channel; the majestic cliffs on each side assumed the forms of crumbling ruins; and, after following a labyrinth of windings, we perceived an isolated rock, distinguished by its altitude; upon whose summit sat perched, like an eagle's eyrie, the romantic ruin, Rabeneck. The

scenery was most sublime, and the grave-like stillness that reigned around was only occasionally broken by the clashing of the distant water-mill. Among the numerous ruined castles that crown almost every peak in this part of the country, Rabeneck was deemed the most formidable; not only on account of the reckless character of its bandit lords, but its inaccessible situation; as the only approach is through an opening at the foot of the rock, barely affording sufficient space for a man of moderate size to pass. From hence, a succession of natural caverns, connected by passages and staircases, lead through the interior of the rock to the summit.

After passing this den of rapine, the valley assumed a wilder character, and the hitherto insignificant stream, swelled by the accession of the waters of the Aufsees, had become a considerable river, roaring furiously as it burst down a precipice of rocks, and now forming a picturesque cataract. Indeed, the valley was most appropriately termed the Schauder-thal (valley of horrors), and the lonely inn which now disclosed itself looked more like the retreat of some bandit chief, than a house of refreshment: but experience proved that a solitary inn may not be a robbers' nest, for the host provided us with a good dinner, to which I had the pleasure of adding an excellent dish of trout from the river which flowed past the door.

When the repast was over, our obliging landlord conducted us to the Riesenberg (giant's castle), of which nature has been the architect and artificer. It is

a rock of most stupendous height, and the number of recesses, corridors, arches, rooms, &c., in its interior is truly astonishing. Our attention was next directed to a most singular freak of nature, the form of a human being of gigantic dimensions in the rocky roof of one of the halls; the head, limbs, and ribs, were distinctly developed. The castle derives its name from this figure.

We now left the Valley of Horrors, and winged our flight to the region of the eagles; at least, it had the advantage of being nearer the sun, for in less than an hour we stood on the highest summit of the mountains, called the Adlerstein (eagle's stone); the prospect it commands, considering its altitude, which is under two thousand feet, is very extensive, and few are more interesting, as it embraces fifteen burghs, fortresses, and ruined castles, together with many charming valleys, villages, and hamlets, among which the numerous pointed crags that start up in all their grotesque forms are not the least striking feature: taken altogether, it is a scene of great beauty, in which the sterner, as well as the gentler aspects of nature, are delightfully blended.

It was with no little difficulty we shaped our course from hence, to the gem of all the grottoes in the neighbourhood, called the Rosenmüller. After descending a ladder of fifty steps, we unexpectedly entered, what might be termed without exaggeration, a fairy temple. It was brilliantly illuminated, and, with little exception, the whole surface glittered with stalactites,

moulded into the most fanciful forms, and although there are several more in the neighbourhood, yet the two I have described possess the greatest interest; the former for its extent, the number of its petrifactions, and fossil remains, and this for the beauty of its stalactites.

CHAPTER XII.

Muggendorf—Scene at the inn—Bamberg—Miracles of Prince Hohenlohe—Erlangen—Students—Anecdote of the King of Bavaria—Nuremberg—Cathedral—Monument by Peter Fischer—An English traveller—Anspach—Wildbad—Werthheim wines—Wurzburg—Legend of the Scottish Saint, Kilian—Public institutions—Wurzburg wines.

THE small town of Muggendorf is generally the pilgrimage of all tourists who visit Franconian Switzerland; for it is not only situated in the centre of all that is picturesque and interesting, but the only place in the whole district containing tolerable accommodation; and as the mountain air is no encourager of abstinence, we hastened thither with feelings of peculiar interest, and hailed the little inn with as much satisfaction as the mariner enters a harbour. But its name? Whether the sign that creaked on its rusty hinges indicated a golden swan, or goose, I defy the most learned ornithologist to determine. We were not a little mortified to find every room in the house occupied; but as the host assured us that capital beds should be arranged for us in the travellers' room, we somewhat reluctantly entered to reconnoitre. It was certainly a room at once airy and spacious, and the number of windows

sufficiently proved, that our host was not burdened with a window tax. The furniture consisted of one long table, together with a few wooden benches, and sand appeared to have completely usurped the right of soap,—the room was strewed with it, every article of furniture was scoured with it, and little square boxes, filled with it, were placed at the feet of each individual of a sedate company, who, seated around a huge tankard of beer, were industriously engaged in imparting a still darker shade to the walls once white-washed, by the assistance of volumes of tobacco smoke, exhaled from pipes whose silver mounting and silk tassels proclaimed they belonged to persons who had no cause to complain of the frowns of fortune. For myself, I had been too long a traveller in Germany, not to have been by this time thoroughly smoke-dried; therefore, it gave me but little concern, provided the beds were clean, and to say the truth, every article upon which my eye rested bore evident marks that the virtue of cleanliness was strictly practised.

My travelling companions, who regarded every deviation from the usual routine as an adventure, were delighted with the arrangement, and in the greatest good-humour instantly divested themselves of their knapsacks and reise-kittles. I was not slow in following their example, and thereby exhibited a costume perfectly foreign to these wonder-loving mountaineers, who now turned their broad countenances upon me full of curiosity: this was still more excited when I drew from the capacious pockets of my light shooting-jacket the whole of my travelling equipage; pipes

were thrown aside, the beer deserted, and every separate article examined, and re-examined, then passed from one to the other, as if my consent was by no means necessary to the investigation; my sandwich-case was baptized a tobacco-box, and my water-proof cloak became an object of interest, not less on account of the small place it occupied, than its admirable qualities, which they proceeded to ascertain by sprinkling and filling it with water; but when, they found that my walking cane could be transformed into an umbrella, gun, dirk, and fishing-rod, every expression of astonishment in the German vocabulary was exhausted, and they evidently regarded me as the native of some country in which the age of miracles had not yet ceased; but the geographical position was the next point to be discovered, and the room being by this time filled with strangers to see the wonderful traveller, I was doomed to be tormented with endless inquiries.

The first person who mustered sufficient courage to put the anxiously wished-for category, was a little, corpulent man, distinguished from the rest of his companions by the enormous size of his gold seals, and the brilliant brooch that secured his white neck-cloth; and who, with the most formal politeness, demanded, of what country I was a landsman? Not feeling inclined to detail name, country, profession, &c., (for all these questions were certain to follow the first,) to edify a room-full of ignorant strangers, I laughingly answered, that I was not a landsman, but a son of Neptune! which my companions, having taken the hint, gravely confirmed. This declaration occasioning a gene-

ral laugh among the auditors; the catechist, being somewhat piqued, observed, in an authoritative tone, that perhaps I was not aware of his rank, station, &c., adding, that he was commissioned by his most gracious majesty the king of Bavaria to question all strangers, and concluded by requesting that I would instantly produce my passport.

I quietly replied, that I certainly would not give up my passport, unless he clearly proved his right to demand it, which he immediately did by dispatching the landlord for the gens d'armes, and, in a few minutes, two of these very useful protectors of civilized society entered with fixed bayonets, respectfully saluted their chief, for such my little interrogator proved to be, and then civilly demanded my passport. The avidity with which it was seized was perfectly ludicrous: the spectacles were adjusted, but to look, and read, are two different things; the assistants of imperfect vision were a second time diligently cleaned, still the passport was a mystery: in despair, it was first handed to one friend, and then to another; but they all shrugged their shoulders, and returned it in silence. The various police visas in German were perfectly correct, and also the signatures of the ambassadors; in short, every thing was perfectly legible that could be necessary to convince the most sceptical, that I was neither a French propagandist, nor an exiled Pole; but the information necessary to appease the craving appetite of the police officer and his companions remained a sealed book, for it was written in English, and in the Italian character. However, my

short acquaintance was not to be so foiled, and, therefore, after making a thousand apologies for incivility, he begged that I would do him the favour to decypher it. Now, though there are a thousand and one laws and penalties in despotic countries to compel a man to produce his passport, there is not one to oblige him to read it, and the affair ended by my paying the police-tax of two florins: but the name, rank, and country of the stranger, remains to this day a mystery to the wonder-loving inhabitants of the good old town of Muggendorf.

We deviated a few leagues from the general route, for the purpose of visiting Bamberg, one of the handsomest and most ancient towns of Franconia, celebrated for the beauty of its situation, as it stands at the junction of three delightful valleys conducting to Erlangen, Schweinfurt, and Coburg. Prior to the French revolution, Bamberg was the capital of a considerable territory, and the residence of its own sovereign, the prince-bishop; but Napoleon made a present of it to his faithful cousin of Bavaria, and the congress at Vienna confirmed the grant. The Michaelsberg, a splendid monument of the greatness of the monks, hangs majestically above the town; but the Bavarian government, compelled by its necessities, expelled the venerable fathers, converted their property to the use of the state, and the beautiful edifice into an hospital for the sick.

Among the public buildings, the cathedral is the most interesting. The high altar is adorned with a splendid painting of the Resurrection, by Tintoretto, and

the others by Vandyke, Merian, Schönfeld, and Sandrart, are little inferior. Here are also the monuments of Henry II., Emperor of Germany, and his Empress Kunigunde. The petticoat of this lady holds a high rank among the collection of sacred relics in the treasury, being a sovereign remedy for the tooth-ache! And though seven or eight centuries have elapsed since its fabrication, yet the colours are as brilliant as if it came yesterday from the loom! The fame of her sanctity is rendered more remarkable by an antique bas-relief, which represents her undergoing the fiery ordeal, to purify her fair fame from the charge of adultery.

The palace, a dark, ill-built, monastic-looking building, offers little of amusing occupation, in contemplating either its architecture or interior: it was, however, the scene of the melancholy end of Berthier, the favourite of Bonaparte; who, it is said, on hearing that the Cossacks were approaching the town, threw himself in despair from one of its windows.

In the history of German literature, Bamberg holds a high rank, having printed the first German work, the Fables of Bonner, in the year 1461, and in modern days has gained considerable celebrity, in consequence of being the theatre of the miracle-working Alexander, Prince of Hohenlohe. His last wonder, and which exceeded all his former miraculous deeds, was performed upon the lame Princess of Schwartzenberg, whom he not only endued immediately with the power of walking, but of skipping like a young chamois. The King of Bavaria operated a still greater miracle, for he compelled the prince to discontinue the exer-

cise of his superhuman power. Query, Were the doctors jealous?

While taking a promenade in the environs of the town, we strolled into the ruins of the Castle of Babenberg, of which Bamberg is a corruption: these time-worn walls have been the subject of many an old ballad and tragic tale. The tower is still in good preservation, and commands an extensive prospect. The Rednitz, which is navigable at Bamberg, is seen winding its course through the town towards the Maine, whose banks are a succession of gardens and orchards; and the numerous boats and rafts we perceive on its bosom, induces the idea of commerce, and communicates to the landscape a cheerful aspect.

Having completed our survey of Bamberg, we continued our route towards Erlangen, and slept at the small town of Forchheim, whose antiquity is indisputable, for its chronicles relate that Pontius Pilate was born there! Erlangen is one of the prettiest towns on the banks of the Rednitz, and till within the last few years held a high rank among the German universities; but as the students assisted in the wild attempt at Frankfort of subverting the governments of Germany, it has been proscribed by Prussia and Austria, and its glory and importance are fast passing away to the university at Munich, the Diet having decided, that on account of the large garrisons kept in those towns which are the residence of the sovereigns, they are the best calculated to keep in subjection the wild spirits of the students; hence the universities are being gradually transferred, as the various governments take

care to secure the most talented and learned professors for the capitals. While dining at the table d'hôte, this, and other matters relative to the political state of Germany, were discussed by the guests with no inconsiderable share of acrimony; among whom a student, just returned from the university at Munich, related several anecdotes respecting the government. It appears that a great number of students are incarcerated there for political offences, which has so irritated the whole body, that a general revolt was apprehended.

"The Bavarian government," said our informant, "a few days since received information, that the students intended to burn the long wooden bridge which connects the city with the Faubourgs, in order to cut off the line of communication, the prison being situated in the latter, and the military almost exclusively quartered in the former, and then proceed to release their comrades. On receiving this important intelligence, the king gave orders to the commander-in-chief to hold the troops in readiness, and, on the first appearance of fire, to charge the rebellious youths, and give no quarter. For several days the unfortunate soldiers were under arms, and the artillery waiting with lighted matches. It so happened that a fire actually broke out in a remote part of the city, which was announced in the usual manner by the tolling of bells, cannon, &c. and as may be supposed, the frightful intelligence created a commotion as great as if the enemy had been at the very gates of the town. Cuirassiers were now seen

flying sword in hand, parks of artillery scampering with lighted matches, infantry soldiers running, some fastening on a bayonet, others a knapsack, all looking terrified and pale at the idea of the dreadful conflict they were about to encounter. The civilians were not less alarmed; shopkeepers were fastening the doors and shutters of their houses, equestrians, pedestrians, and carriages, flying in every direction; in short, ten minutes had hardly elapsed, before Munich wore the appearance of a town besieged, for there was not a single human being to be seen, save the military and a few students, the latter most probably enjoying the hoax they had played off upon the government."

"The king," he added, "since the July Revolution, has become extremely nervous, and the slightest appearance of disrespect is treated with uncommon severity. This morbid sensitiveness to insult has induced him to issue an edict, forbidding all persons in carriages or on horseback to pass those belonging to the royal family, on pain of fine and imprisonment; and those who commit slight political offences, in addition to the usual penalties, are obliged to do penance before his Majesty's statue."

On leaving Erlangen, we bade farewell to all that was beautiful and picturesque, for the plain we now entered was extremely monotonous, and the almost total absence of meadows, pastures, trees, hedges, and farm-houses, imparted a character of nudity, particularly at this time of the year, when the sickle had deprived the land of its beauty; indeed, the only relief afforded to the landscape were the long rows of fruit trees, in

full bearing, which lined each side of the road. The custom of planting the public roads with fruit-trees is very general in Germany, and might be introduced in our own country with much advantage; and although we cannot admire their crooked, unpicturesque forms, yet they constitute a considerable source of wealth.

The historian Bertius tells us that Nuremberg is situated in the very centre of the world: however this may be, at the present day she is one of the most interesting of all the free and imperial cities of ancient Germany, whose wealth and influence during the middle ages were so great as to constitute an empire within an empire. And, although Nuremberg is now shorn of her glory, she still holds a high rank among the towns of Germany. The fifteenth century was the most prosperous period of her history; she then counted within her walls eighty thousand inhabitants; she can now only reckon one-fourth of that number. At that time her riches and commerce were the envy of her competitors, and the fame of her sons spread throughout Europe. She gave birth to the German Raphael, Albrecht Dürer; to the famous sculptor Peter Fischer, the poet Hans Sachs, and the gallant knight Beham, the friend of Columbus. Kekerman moreover says, so great was the ingenuity of the citizens at this period, that one of them actually made a wooden eagle of such mechanical excellence, that it flew half a league out of the town, to meet the emperor Maximilian, whom it then preceded to the palace provided for his reception by the inhabitants,

and then hovered over it for a few minutes in the air!

Nuremberg embraced, at a very early period, the reformed religion. From this time the feelings of the people underwent a total change: the arts, sciences, and commerce, were exchanged for the tumult of camps; the national wealth was exhausted to advance the progress of her newly-adopted creed; while the protracted length of that dreadful scourge, the religious war of thirty years, reduced her to the almost semi-barbarism of the rest of Germany. The late war, and the unnatural partition of the empire, gave her up to her ancient enemy, Catholic Bavaria; and now her streets, instead of bales of merchandise, are filled with bands of soldiers; and the sound of martial music is the substitute for gaiety and mirth. Still her splendid churches and public buildings remain lasting monuments of her ancient greatness, and continue to attract the antiquarian, the artist, and the man of taste.

The portal of the Cathedral St. Laurence is very beautiful; and as I entered its colossal walls, covered with the numerous heraldic memorials of Nuremberg's rich patricians, I was struck with the deep religious tone of this fine edifice, illumined, as it then was, partly by the dim lights burning on the high altar, and partly by the beams of the sun, glowing in rainbow hues through the exquisitely painted windows, which are said to excel those of Cologne, both in brilliancy of colour, and in the excellence of the painting. But what an evidence is afforded of the Vandal taste of the

inhabitants, by the fact, that a few years since they permitted the burgomaster to increase the size of his pew, by mutilating the base of one of the noble gothic columns which support and ornament this venerable building. The pyramidical Sacrament-häuschen, or tabernacle, the work of the celebrated sculptor Adam Kraft, supported by three figures representing himself and apprentices, is of such exquisite workmanship, and the sculpture so delicately executed, that many believe the artist possessed a peculiar method of softening stone, and moulding it into any form, and afterwards restoring its original durability; indeed Sandrart, the painter, in his work on the fine arts, affirms this to be a fact; and such is the elaborate workmanship of the bas-reliefs, that it appears inconceivable how any artist could have executed them in the time specified, without some aid of this description, as they embody the whole of the remarkable events in the life of Christ.

The church of Saint Sebalde contains one of the most interesting works of art in Germany, the splendid monument of that saint, executed by Peter Fischer, after a design by A. Dürer. The beautiful figures of the twelve apostles must be familiar to every person conversant with fine sculpture. The baptismal font of bronze is of great antiquity, and beautifully executed; it is recorded that King Wenceslaus of Bohemia was baptized in it. St. Sebalde also contains several fine old paintings, by German artists. The most distinguished is the "Descent from the Cross," by Albrecht Dürer, and the most curious the "Last Supper," by

Adam Kraft. The Saviour and the twelve apostles are represented by the same number of contemporary senators of Nuremberg, and, from their plump, round, rosy faces, we may safely aver that they lived upon better cheer than the self-denying saints they represent: but the artist, I presume, fearful of offending his patrons, by even making one personate Judas, judiciously substituted the famous robber-knight Sparnecker.

Among the numerous public fountains, there is none more worthy the attention of the traveller than that in the large market-place, surmounted by the bronze figure of a peasant, with a fat goose under each arm; this is also the work of Peter Fischer, and deservedly admired: the square opposite the Gymnasium has a fine modern statue of Melancthon; and the house of A. Dürer is still a gallery for the sale of paintings; the exterior is distinguished by a large bronze medallion of the great artist, executed by his friend Peter Fischer. Albrecht Dürer was the son of a goldsmith; his father caused him to be taught drawing and engraving, with the view of bringing him up to his own trade; but such was his love of the fine arts, that he made himself master of geometry, perspective, and architecture: his first production, the "Adoration of the Magi," in 1506, was regarded as a masterpiece; but his "Adam and Eve," produced the year following, was so beautiful, that it not only astonished all Germany, but drew crowds of artists from Italy, who could not be persuaded, without ocular demonstration, that a German barbarian was capable of

executing such a work; however, they not only acknowledged its merit, but wrote beneath the following couplet:—

"Angelus has cernens miratus dixit: Ab Horto
Non ita formosos vos ego depulerim."

The castle of Nuremberg is of such high antiquity, that no precise date can be assigned for its erection; some say it was built by Drusus, others by Nero. It is situated upon a rock of red stone, unlike any other found in the country; but tradition accounts for this, as it does for many other wonders, by relating, that a magician transported both rock and castle from the neighbourhood of the Rhine in one night. It is still in very good preservation, and was occasionally the residence of the Emperors of Germany. It is said, that the noble linden in the court-yard was planted seven hundred years ago by the hand of the beautiful Empress Kunigunde; there is also a gallery of paintings in the castle, not remarkable for their excellence. I sought in vain among them for A. Dürer's famous painting of Adam and Eve; but the Herr Inspector informed me that they had departed on a visit to his majesty at Munich. However, the great attraction of the castle is its small chapel, supported by four Corinthian pillars: these said pillars, says the legend, were brought from Rome by the Evil One, who laid a wager with the almoner, that he would carry them in less time than the ceremony of the mass could be performed: but whether his Satanic majesty was fatigued, or stopped on the route to tempt a nun, I know not; but after

depositing three pillars before the priest had come to the memento, he did not arrive at the chapel with the fourth till the clerk was extinguishing the candles, the mass being ended; which put him in such a fury, that he threw the pillar to the ground, and broke it in two places;—the fractures may easily be discovered by the cement. In commemoration of this extraordinary event, and also for fear that some heretical traveller should doubt its authenticity, an image of the devil's head is set into the wall, between the two altars facing the door of the chapel.

We are indebted to Nuremberg for many useful inventions. Here the pocket-watch first navigated its tiny dial; here the air-gun, gun-lock, wood-cuts, and various mathematical and musical instruments, first sprung into existence, and at present, half the children of Europe are indebted to her for toys. The industry of the inhabitants is even extended to teaching birds to pipe; and, through the sale of the little warblers, many an urchin is clothed and fed.

Nuremberg claims the honour of being the first German town that possessed a theatre. At present it is a miserable building, and the citizens are either too poor, or too pious, to support a distinguished company. Few towns in Germany can boast of so many fine remnants of the architecture of the middle ages; those in the best preservation are the Rath-haus, Oranienhaus, and Pellerischenhaus. The four circular towers, which guard the gates of the town, are built in a style of such massive strength, that they appear to defy assault. It is evident that the patricians of Nuremberg, like those

of Venice, reposed but little confidence in their plebeian brethren, for several subterranean passages, leading from the Rathhaus, by which they could escape to their own dwellings, in the event of any popular commotion, were discovered at the dissolution of the oligarchical power: and, most singular to say, the secret was most faithfully preserved among themselves for centuries!

Fürth, about a league distant from Nuremberg, is usually termed the New Jerusalem, on account of the number of Israelites settled there, who are the most locomotive traders in the empire; for they are to be seen with their wares at all the fairs in Germany. Here they have a well-endowed seminary, public schools, hospitals for the sick, and, certainly, more than the splendid capital of Solomon could boast, a printing-press; and, if we may judge from the number of squeaking urchins which crowd the streets, the command, "Be fruitful and multiply," is most implicitly obeyed. She is also in a fair way, in conjunction with her neighbour, Nuremberg, of giving the first impetus to rail-roads in Germany, for there is one now in progress to unite the two towns. Fürth contains upwards of thirteen thousand inhabitants, and is one of the most commercial towns of Franconia.

The evening before my final departure from Nuremberg I made acquaintance with an English gentleman, and, as our introduction involves a little history, that may be useful to some of my travelling readers, I shall not apologise for relating it.

On arriving at the hotel, he was shown into a room, merely separated from mine by folding-doors, through

which I was edified, nolens volens, with the concerns of my neighbour. He was entirely ignorant of German, and, consequently, a victim to the cupidity of his German servant, who spoke a little English. Previous to the gentleman leaving his carriage, the servant came to inspect the rooms, and enlightened the landlord with the information; that his master was as rich as a lord, but miserly as a Jew! "therefore," said he "you must demand considerably more than you intend to take; still you can make him pay four times the German prices:—remember, however, I expect my board free!" This being agreed to, in a few minutes he returned with his master, when the bargain was concluded in French, by which he stipulated to pay a dollar (four shillings) for his apartment, while I was charged, for one precisely the same description, thirty-six kreutzers (one shilling), and his dinner, without wine, in his own apartment, four florins (nearly seven shillings), mine, at the table d'hôte, was much better for a florin, including a pint of wine;—breakfast, tea, and every other article, were equally exorbitant; but, as the landlord reluctantly consented to a trifling abatement, the inexperienced traveller considered he had made a most advantageous arrangement. This was not all, for in the evening I observed the servant swaggering about the sal à manger, half drunk, surrounded by a crowd of vulgar Germans, whom he was edifying with an account of the amours, adventures, whims, spleen, &c. of the English lord, each of which was received with shouts of loud laughter. Feeling excessively indignant that my compatriot should be thus made the subject of public ridi-

cule, I sought an opportunity of making his acquaintance, when I detailed every particular. I need scarcely add, that the faithless servant was instantly discharged. From motives of consideration for the family of the landlord, I forbear mentioning the name of the hotel.

My young friends, with whom I made a most agreeable tour, now left me to return to their respective homes; and as my compatriot intended to journey in the same direction as myself, we set off early the next morning for Anspach, distant about ten leagues. The route was uninteresting, with the exception of the small town of Heilbron, famous for its holy well, which gives its name to the town, and for the circumstance that its water had been used to baptize the whole of the petty sovereigns of Anspach, from earliest history to their extinction. The town is pleasantly situated in the valley of the Retzt, surrounded by pretty cottages and neat gardens, and, like all others that have been the residence of a sovereign, extremely dull. The palace of the late Margraves is a fine building, but now much neglected. The windows, formerly of purple plate glass, being replaced, as they were broken, by common green glass, look not only bizarre, but impart a mean appearance to the whole building. From the outside of these variegated windows I perceived several rows of mould candles suspended, which induced me to demand of my ciceroni if the palace were really inhabited by a tallow-chandler? "Oh dear no," replied he, with astonishment, "they belong to the Hochgebornen Herr Statthalter;" adding, that perhaps I was

not aware that candles were much improved by exposure to the air.

If I am to judge of the political tone of the inhabitants of Anspach by the guests at the table d'hôte, I should pronounce them the veriest radicals in Germany. They denounced the government with great bitterness, particularly the king, who, they said, was ruining the country by his extravagant devotion to the fine arts, the number of his mistresses, and annual tours to Italy; adding, that he was also draining the population of the country to support his son on the throne of Greece, against the popular inclination. With respect to the first charge, no person who has visited Munich will refuse his tribute of admiration to its superb gallery, even though it may appear disproportionately magnificent to the wealth of the country; and with regard to the latter, if half the inhabitants of Bavaria were to go and colonize Greece, it would be a fortunate circumstance, as it might be the means of teaching the benighted children of Hellas industry, cleanliness, and honesty. But the real cause of the discontent of the citizens of Anspach is, that none of the royal family reside with them; for their town having been for centuries the residence of a Margrave, they were accustomed to gain their subsistence more by the extravagance of the court, than by manufactures or industry; consequently they are every day becoming poorer. The population, which consists of twelve thousand, are nearly all Lutherans. It is exceedingly cheap, as a residence, with excellent schools, and other

advantages for a family, the neighbourhood delightful, and the extensive grounds surrounding the palace a very pleasant promenade; to which may be added, the inhabitants speak German with a more correct pronunciation than the inhabitants of most of the towns in Bavaria and Swabia.

In the evening we went to witness the favourite opera of Joseph and his Brethren, got up expressly in honour of her Majesty's birth-day. The scenery was wretched, and the acting execrable; but the music being good, compensated, in some measure, for these deficiencies. Upon leaving the theatre we were much amused on seeing the number of female lantern-bearers waiting around the door to guide home their masters and mistresses. The effect of the moving lights, as they disappeared through the dark streets, might be said to resemble a flying army of Will-o-the-wisps.

The country improved in picturesque beauty as we approached the old town of Rothenburg, prettily situated on a sloping hill, whose base is washed by the silver current of the Tauber: the surrounding landscape is rural and undulating, partly covered with luxuriant woods and vineyards; and, as the old towers and extensive walls occasionally emerged through the deep foliage, it gave the impression that we were about entering a town of very considerable importance.

Like Nuremburg, it was formerly a free and imperial city of the empire, with a territory of twelve square leagues. It is now incorporated with Bavaria; a union which appears to have ruined it. There still remain a few handsome streets, whose verdure too plainly tells

the scantiness of the population. The town-house is, nevertheless, a superior building to that at Frankfort; and the gothic cathedral, with its fine portal, attests the wealth of the town that reared it; but the famous organ, with its angelic organists, sleep in silence, like its burgomaster and senators.

As we were told on all sides of the splendour of the bathing establishments of the mineral baths Burgbernheim and Wildbad, we paid the latter a visit, and received a most hearty welcome from the master of the ceremonies. The presence of two Englishmen, even for a few days, was an important event in the annals of the little bath. This person, of so much consequence in his small circle, edified us with an account of its mineral waters, and their efficacy.

"In the twelfth century," said he, "the favourite charger of a powerful lord in the neighbourhood having become unfit for use, was humanely turned into the forests to seek his own living. In process of time, it so happened, that the owner, while hunting, observed his gray favourite bounding with the agility of a deer, and displaying a coat sleek as that of the pet palfrey of a lady. Astonished at such a renewal of his youthful vigour, the animal was closely watched, when he was seen to bathe daily in these mineral waters, whose fame soon spread, and they continued in high repute, till the late wars desolated and impoverished Germany."

Whatever it might have been in former days, I cannot say much in praise of the present splendour of the bathing establishment, nor yet of the fashionable

exterior of the visitors; nevertheless, it is memorable to me for the good cheer I enjoyed, and the moderation of the charges. Our worthy host, who served his apprenticeship in the cuisine of his majesty Louis XVI., albeit bent with the weight of years, displayed no inconsiderable culinary talent, and in truth the dinners were served in a style calculated to please the most fastidious; and, although we dined in our own apartment, the charge was no more than a florin each, including a bottle of genuine Werthheimer. The table d'hôte is even still less; there the visitor may have an excellent dinner for a shilling, with a pint of wine. Every thing else is equally reasonable; and, if we had taken an apartment by the week, we might have had a very good one for five shillings. And those travellers, who may be desirous of being treated with distinction, will find the visitors some of the politest people in Germany; for we had low bows from all the gentlemen, and smiles and curtsies from all the pretty ladies, while every sentence that was addressed to us concluded with " gehorsamer Diener." In addition to this, they will find the environs delightful, and abounding with many varied and beautiful prospects.

We found the scenery considerably increased in beauty, by confining our route as much as possible to the banks of the Tauber, which seemed to summon all her charms when she unites her waters with those of the Maine at Werthheim. Notwithstanding this town is ill-built, with narrow streets, yet the fine old Schloss perched on the top of a high rock, with the noble Maine sweeping round the neighbouring hills covered

with the richest forest scenery, and terraced vineyards, present a picture calculated to excite the admiration of every traveller. The Werthheimer wine is held in high repute; it is not so fiery as the Wurzburger, nor so heating as the Rhenish, and much more agreeable to the taste than either: it improves by age, and is considered a specific against the gout and calculous complaints. The space unfortunately allotted by nature for its growth is very limited, being merely confined to the sides of the small hills Wetterberg and Remberg: it is termed "der König aller Franken Wein;"—that which grows on the neighbouring hills and on the banks of the Tauber is very inferior in quality.

As we approached Franconia's capital, the hills which skirt the Maine became more steep, and the vineyards multiplied, till at length every other species of culture gave way to the grape—planted in rows stiff and formal, like regiments of tiny soldiers, presenting a most unpicturesque coup d'œil. The ancient city of Wurtzburg is extremely happy in its situation: the valley of the Maine here widens into a fine fertile plain, protected from the chill blasts of the north, by an elevated chain of hills, leaving it only exposed to the genial heat of the south; while the Maine, a very considerable river, and navigable, adds to her importance, by affording a cheap transit to Frankfort, the towns on the Rhine, and Holland. As we enter the town, the eye first rests on the lofty Marienberg, its fortifications, and church; and on crossing the bridge, we see towers, domes, spires and palaces mingled together, which impart to it a most imposing city-like appearance. It is also distinguished

for possessing the most beautiful palace, the choicest wines, and the finest climate in Germany.

We took up our quarters at the Baierischehof (Court of Bavaria), a remarkably good hotel, situated in the spacious square opposite the palace, from whence this splendid edifice, with its fine colonnade, is seen to the best advantage. The most correct taste is displayed, both in the interior and exterior; and it remains a beautiful monument of the wealth and refined judgment of the spiritual sovereigns who so long reigned here. The garden, laid out in the English style, is the most fashionable promenade of the beau monde. Its orangery, green-house, fountains, gravel walks, &c., are so well kept as to command the admiration even of an English connoisseur.

The cathedral, dedicated to the patron of Wurtzburg, Kilian, possesses a number of ancient monuments and fine old paintings; the most distinguished is Sandrart's Descent from the Cross; the Madonna over the high altar is an object of great wonder and admiration to the peasants, for she appears wreathed with glory, owing to the bright colours of the painted windows behind. Among the sacred relics of the treasury was a very curious quarto manuscript inscribed on vellum, in half gothic characters, which, it is pretended, was written by Saint Kilian, in the seventh century. Another manuscript enlightens us with sundry particulars of the life of the said saint and his two friends, Colonat, and Tottenham, by which it appears they were poor Scottish gentlemen, inspired with a desire to go and preach the Gospel in Franconia, a country infinitely

more fertile than their own. Having suffered a variety of perils, hardships and privations, they ultimately accomplished their object, at least so far as to convert Marcomirus, Duke of Franconia, and his whole court: the duchess, who, it is said, was very beautiful, alone remained hostile to the new faith. Saint Kilian was elevated to the high dignity of Bishop of Wurtzburg, and his holiness and piety preserved him firmly seated in the favour of the duke, which so operated on the vindictive temper of the duchess, that she vowed to exterminate the saint and his friends, the first convenient opportunity. This soon occurred, for in consequence of an invasion by the Saxons, the duke was obliged to quit his capital, and defend the frontier. During his absence the duchess bribed her servants to strangle the bishop and his friends: which they too faithfully executed, when their bodies were thrown into a well, where, according to the legend, they remained for years without undergoing decomposition. On the duke's return, he inquired for his spiritual friends, and being met with frivolous excuses, immediately surmised the truth. The servants, when examined, audaciously denied all knowledge of the cause of their absence, and declared that Beelzebub and his legions might run away with them, if they knew aught of the destiny of the holy men: no sooner was the impious falsehood uttered, than Asmodeus and his attendants actually made their appearance, seized the blaspheming servants by the hair, and enveloped in flames, whisked them up the chimney of the kitchen, where it appears the investigation was conducted! To confirm the truth of this

most wonderful legend, our obliging Sacristan led us to the very hole through which the assassins and their fiery companions disappeared! and to dissipate all doubt he showed us the chapel, formerly a stable, where the sacrilegious deed was perpetrated, and where its memory is preserved by a picture that minutely delineates the event.

The edifice appropriated to the university is more distinguished for extent than elegance, and like Erlangen, owing to the revolutionary spirit manifested by the students on a late occasion, has been proscribed: hence the number of its members is now considerably diminished.

The Julius-spital, an hospital capable of accommodating a hundred and fifty patients, is a fine building, and forms a splendid monument to the memory of the Prince Bishop Julius, who richly endowed it. A school of anatomy, and a botanical garden, are appropriated to the use of the students, who are abundantly supplied with every facility requisite for the study of medicine; and the whole establishment reflects more honour on its munificent founder, than all the magnificent edifices of his predecessors.

Doctor Heine's Orthopädische Institute is celebrated for the cure of bodily deformity, and contains patients from every part of Europe; a workshop is attached to the establishment, in which machines and instruments are made expressly under his own direction, for the use of his patients. There is not the slightest quackery in the doctor's treatment, which consists principally of

baths, friction, and pressure, applied perseveringly for a length of time, perhaps years: by this means he succeeds in recovering his patients, in many instances from the most frightful state of deformity. The charges are by no means unreasonable, and when I visited the establishment, he had a hundred and eighty patients.

In the cabinet of natural history, the Natur Mosaiken, executed by the late Professor Blank, are unequalled. These beautiful Mosaic pictures are formed of various coloured moss and woods, wings of insects, feathers, seeds, corn, flax, &c. composed together with a patience almost superhuman, representing landscapes, with all their diversified foliage, cascades and torrents, the ocean, ships in a tempest, burning mountains, &c.

The Casino is not only distinguished by the exterior beauty of the building, but the excellent arrangement of the interior. The theatre is also very well conducted, and few towns in Germany offer more resources as a place of residence. The nobility and gentry are hospitable, and intellectual, society good, and living extremely cheap. The town is encircled by a handsome promenade, and the environs abound in public places of diversion; and, like most wine countries, the people are lively and fond of enjoyment. On that side of the hill lying towards the Nicolaiberg, is produced the famous wine called Leiste, the private property of the king of Bavaria, and adjoining this the Stein-wine, known by the name of the Vin du St. Esprit: the latter is fiery, and requires age. The Calmus wine is produced near the convent of Trefenstein, and

is generally sold for Tokay. In short, nearly all the vineyards in the immediate neighbourhood of Wurtzburg are more or less distinguished for the goodness of the wine. The population of the town, independently of the military and students, is upwards of twenty thousand.

CHAPTER XIII.

Franconia—Mineral Baths—Kissingen—Bocklet—Bruckenau—Beautiful Scenery—Fulda—Cassel—Wilhelms-höhe—Anecdote of Jerome Bonaparte—Pyrmont—Character of the Hessians—Ruins at Gelnhausen—Taunus Mountains—Ascent of the Alt-König—Wiesbaden—Schwalbach—Schlangenbad—Ems—Rhenish Innkeepers—Hints to Travellers.

FRANCONIA, although the smallest of all the ancient divisions of the empire of Germany, was, nevertheless, at one time the most important, for when the greater part of Europe was sunk in barbarism, the inhabitants of this Duchy were distinguished for civilization, and carried on a lucrative commerce with the more refined nations of the East, and to this day have bequeathed their name there to all Europeans. Charlemagne was a Frank; and no doubt can be entertained but that Pharamond held his court at Wurtzburg. Is it not, therefore, absurd in some of the French historians, to say that Francus, an imaginary son of Hector, was the founder of the French nation?—whereas they are really the descendants of the Franconians, a colony of whom settled in France, and subsequently gave their name to the country; indeed, the modern Franconians still proudly term their country "Francia Orientalis," and

vehemently protest against being called Bavarians, to whose sceptre they now belong. This beautiful country was long swayed by its own dukes: on their extinction, part was annexed to the adjoining sovereignties, and the remainder erected into independent bishoprics; the priests taking good care to appropriate to themselves the most fertile parts, Würzburg and Bamberg, with their surrounding territories; under their feeble sway monasteries and nunneries multiplied, and with them idleness and mendicity. Since the peace, Franconia has made rapid strides in industry and intelligence; and owing to her commanding situation in the centre of Germany, together with the advantages she possesses of a fertile soil, and mild climate, with the river Maine running through the whole Duchy, and thus uniting her with the Rhine and Holland, she will probably again assume a high station, particularly if the project of uniting the Rhine and the Danube should be carried into execution.

Franconia, like Bohemia, is belted by a chain of picturesque hills, in whose bosom are several romantic valleys, with mineral baths. During my stay at Würzburg, I visited the principal of these, Kissingen, Boklet, and Bruckenau, all lying within ten or fifteen leagues of the capital. My first pilgrimage was to Kissingen, whose waters are said to have operated numerous cures in gout, cutaneous and nervous disorders, obstructions, &c. The bath is pleasantly situated on the river Saal, in a most picturesque country; but the visitor who has been domiciliated at Carlsbad and Töplitz would find it dull: he may, perhaps, be consoled by its

economy. Boklet, which was discovered in 1720, is only a few leagues distant. The waters are considered quite as efficacious as those of Pyrmont, and are generally used to give strength and tone to such invalids as have been taking those of Kissingen.

After travelling a short distance further, we came to Bruckenau, which owes its visitors and celebrity to its baths, scenery, and the King of Bavaria. The first, containing steel, and alkali, attract those who are seeking health; the second, the amateurs of lovely scenery; and the palace of the last, being usually occupied by his majesty or some of the royal family during the bathing season, is the magnet of those who are fond of breathing the same air as royalty. This bath and its environs afford abundant evidence of the refined taste of the king, particularly the surrounding hills, which have been laid out in well directed promenades, offering to the view many varied and delightful prospects; these, together with the Rhöngebirge mountains in the vicinity, and several romantic ruins, render it a very agreeable summer residence; in addition, the charges at the hotels and lodging-houses are moderate, the society select, and surely the presence of a king so intellectual as his majesty of Bavaria, and of a queen so amiable as Theresa, must not be forgotten, while enumerating the charms of Bruckenau.

Having visited the ancient castle of Salek, once the residence of Amelia, sister of Charlemagne, we set out on a pedestrian excursion to visit the Kreutzberg, the highest peak of the Rhöngebirge, distant four

leagues from Bruckenau; and notwithstanding the altitude of the mountain is under three thousand feet, yet the prospect it commands is truly magnificent: we see far and wide over the hills and valleys of Franconia, enlivened by numerous towns and villages, with here and there a glimpse of the Saal, and Maine, hastening to pay their tributes to the Rhine. If we are to credit tradition, the cross on the summit was planted by the hand of St. Kilian, whose memory is so deeply reverenced by the good mountaineers, that they assemble around it at stated periods of the year in religious processions.

This very interesting chain of mountains, which extends about sixteen leagues, and forms a conjunction with the Fichtelgebirge on one side, and the Spessart (silva spissa) on the other, will by their beauties amply repay the tourist for his visit. It abounds in fertile valleys, deep glens, noble forests, and picturesque ruins; the inhabitants are as interesting as their mountains, resembling the ancient Germans, as described by Tacitus, "strong, powerful men, with yellow hair, and piercing blue eyes." Their dress is still the tunic of forest green, and their manners and customs have undergone no very considerable alteration. The greatest ornament of the women is their fine hair, which they usually cut off when they marry, to deprive themselves of at least one temptation to coquetry: their gala costume consists of a short green petticoat, red stockings, blue aprons, and variegated bodices.

After descending the mountain, we almost immediately entered Fulda, a pretty town, situated on a river

of the same name, long the residence of a sovereign abbot, and the capital of a small principality; which, after changing its masters as often as a worthless servant, finally became united to the dominions of the Elector of Hesse-Cassel. We from hence followed the beautiful windings of the river to the capital, the landscape presenting a happy mixture of fine wooded hills and luxuriant valleys; but I cannot say much in favour either of the towns, villages, or their inhabitants, whose exterior at least displayed dirt and poverty; and from which we passed at once into a town that may be numbered among the finest in Germany. Indeed nothing can be more delightful than the situation of Cassel, and few towns of the same rank present a more imposing exterior: the best part of the town stretches in a noble sweep along the brow of a hill, at whose base rolls the rapid Fulda; on the opposite bank we have the palace of the ci-devant King Jerome, and although a ruin, having been consumed by fire, yet it forms a very beautiful object in the landscape, aided by an amphitheatre of hills that rise majestically behind it.

In Cassel, we also see some of the finest squares in Germany, particularly the Königs-platz, which unites the upper and lower town; and if we stand in its centre, any sound we may utter is repeated six times successively, owing to the same number of streets branching from it. The Frederics-platz, another fine square, is disfigured by a very ugly statue of the late Elector Frederic, and ornamented by a splendid Ionic building, dedicated to the fine arts. The gallery con-

tains some good paintings; but the great magnet of attraction at Cassel is the electoral palace at Wilhemshöhe, about half a league distant from the town. It is truly a magnificent residence (for an Elector, sovereign over five hundred and eighty thousand subjects.) The Emperor of Austria has nothing comparable to it! Its situation, upon the eastern slope of a richly-wooded eminence, which forms the outpost of the Westphalian ridge of mountains, is singularly beautiful; but an Englishman, accustomed to the well laid out parks of his own country, where nature is imperceptibly blended with art, cannot admire the unnaturally artificial grounds, intersected by avenues elaborately irregular; he will also dislike the hydraulic music, jets d'eau, &c., which seem only to be made for the amusement of children, and the profit of gardeners. The original expense of their construction must have been immense; for which the electors have been, in some measure, repaid, as their palace has obtained the flattering soubriquet of the German Versailles, and also produces a handsome revenue, by attracting visitors from every part of Germany.

The population of Cassel, including the garrison, amounts to twenty-three thousand, about one half of what it numbered under King Jerome; but it was then the capital of an extensive kingdom, Westphalia, and consequently the residence of a great number of public functionaries, independently of the large troop of dissolute retainers of the dissipated court of the good-natured, but voluptuous king; and, notwithstanding the bustle, splendour, and wealth, which the court

spread around by their extravagance, yet Jerome was as much the object of the contempt of the Hessians, as his stern brother was of their fear. Perhaps no king ever deserved more justly the title of merry monarch than Jerome; he encouraged at his court amusements of every description, nor did he consider the progress of the Russians towards his capital a circumstance of sufficient importance to interrupt his gaieties. Accordingly, when a French envoy was dispatched to announce his immediate danger, though well acquainted with the thoughtless character of the monarch, yet, in this instance, he was not a little surprised, on arriving at the palace, to find the whole of the courtiers engaged, not in a council of war, not in devising the best means of resisting the enemy, but in sacrificing to Bacchus! and, on approaching the presence chamber, his ears were met by incessant peals of laughter, and loud shouting, as if a troop of school-boys had just broke loose. In such a critical moment ceremony was out of the question,—he therefore opened the door unannounced, when he beheld the furniture piled up in a corner, and the king and his attendants engaged at blindman's buff! Jerome was not a little dismayed to learn that his game was terminated, and that the Russians were almost at the gate of the capital. He, however, contrived to escape, carrying with him some of the most valuable articles of the public treasury. Jerome's levity, which in this instance might have had serious consequences, prevented any from ensuing to his loving subjects, when they parodied his royal inscription, H. N. R. (Hieronymus Napoleon, Rex) by Hier, Nisten, Räuber (Here, Nestle,

Robbers). In this respect the Hesssians were more fortunate than the Milanese painter, who was severely called to account for applying Pilate's inscription over the crucifix, I. N. R. I., to Napoleon, when he declared the coincidence to be entirely accidental, his translation being "Imperator, Napoleo, Rex, Italiæ."

During the bathing season the high-born nobles of Cassel usually transport themselves to Pyrmont, distant eleven German miles. This bath, one of the most expensive in Germany, is a perfect temple for *les hommes comme il faut*, and gamblers, from every part of Europe. The exportation of its mineral waters constitutes the chief source of the revenue of its petty sovereign, the Prince of Waldeck. I would, however, recommend the traveller, who intends to visit Pyrmont, to bear with him two passports, one from the Foreign Office, for crossing the frontier; and another from the Heralds' College, for passing into society; as he is about to mingle with the high blood aristocrats of the north: and, though he may have wealth, talents, education, and gentlemanly manners, yet they will avail nothing without the indispensable quarterings!

The dominions of the Elector of Hesse, with the exception of the principality of Hanau, are more picturesque than fertile; the country being chiefly composed of elevated ridges, stretching across each other in every direction, and covered with beech woods; the intermediate valleys are alone capable of cultivation, or, at least, it is only there that we see corn-fields and orchards. On witnessing the poverty of the people, which is glaringly evident in their villages, and every

thing appertaining to them, we feel puzzled to imagine the source from whence the revenue can be derived, and are equally surprised at the insurmountable attachment evinced to old customs, as they still build their houses of wood, notwithstanding that fuel is scarce and dear, the country abounds with stone, and fires are both frequent and destructive; a single house being too often the means of reducing a whole village to ashes. Although the Hessians exhibit neither the neatness nor cleanliness of the Saxons, nor the industry of the Franconians, yet they have their peculiar virtues, which distinguish them from the other German tribes—the most unflinching bravery and devotion to their princes. From these valleys went forth the hordes that, under Hermann, annihilated Varus and his Roman legions. These valleys furnished the most valiant soldiers of the thirty years' war; and Frederic the Great had good reason for publicly embracing old General Gulse, who, at the head of his six thousand Hessians, destroyed fifteen thousand Frenchmen. They are certainly a stouter race of men than we usually see in Germany, and their general deportment is decidedly martial. The peasants, like the soldiers of Hermann, still wear their hair flowing over their backs and shoulders—a fashion much in vogue among the students of Germany,—I presume in honour of the immortal legion. Their dress is also different from their neighbours; being tight pantaloons and boots, round jackets, and very low-crowned hats, with a most capacious brim. I cannot say much in praise of the beauty of the women; for high-cheek bones and broad faces, though consistent with the

manly beauty of the sterner sex, do not harmonize with the more delicate contour of the feminine.

On leaving Fulda, the country assumes a tamer aspect till we arrive at Gelnhausen, an ancient imperial town, situated in the fertile valley of the Kintzig, and bordered by the chain of mountains which form the junction between the Rhöngebirge, in Franconia, and those called the Vogelsberg, in the Wetterau. The first object that attracts our attention is the ancient residence of the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, a splendid ruin, beautiful even in decay, and which history relates equalled the Alhambra of the Moors in magnificence. The emperor erected it for his fair mistress, the beautiful Gela, whose name it still bears; and, in truth, it was a gift worthy an imperial lover. While contemplating the formidable defile at Gelnhausen, which is formed by stupendous masses of hanging rocks, we are surprised it did not occur to the Bavarian commander, Prince Wrede, that this was the most favourable position to attack the French in their retreat from Leipsick, for the forces then under his command, of forty thousand men, were sufficient to destroy Napoleon and his flying troops, and terminate the war by one decisive blow; instead of which he concentrated his troops on the plains of Hanau, Bonaparte passed the dangerous defile unmolested, (laughed at German stupidity,) gained a signal victory over the Bavarians, and arrived triumphantly at Mayence.

At Gelnhausen we left the great Frankfort road, and made a pleasant excursion on foot to Friedburg, a very old town, now merely interesting for its castle, ruins,

and historical recollections; from hence we ascended the Altkönig, the highest summit of the Taunus, which rises upwards of two thousand feet above the Rhine. Our progress was totally devoid of difficulty till we came to Kronberg, with its ruined castle. The situation of this village is truly romantic, and the old watch tower appears to defy the devouring influence of time. Tradition relates, that the noble chestnut trees we see here, still blooming, first sprung into life in the Holy Land, from whence they were brought and planted in this spot by the Lord of Kronberg, on his return from the Crusades.

Among the various castles that linger in mouldering beauty on the surrounding hills, that of Falkenstein is the most distinguished, not only as a fine ruin, but for commanding a superb prospect over a great part of the Rheingau. The road that conducts to it is termed the Teufelsweg (Devil's Road), for which appellation the following tradition is the authority:—"One of its lords, in the ninth century, called Kuno von Sayn, a most valiant knight, was passionately in love with the fair Irmengard, who promised to surrender her hand if he made a road expressly for her to his inaccessible castle in one night. Kuno immediately assembled the whole of his vassals, when they unanimously declared, that five hundred men, working day and night, would not complete it in a week. On receiving this intelligence, the disconsolate lover sunk into despair, when, fortunately for the enamoured knight, as the gray shades of evening were veiling the deeds of mortals, the great King of the Gnomes stood before him, and, on learning the cause

of his unhappiness, offered to complete the road in the time specified, if he would sign an agreement not to work any more at the mines in a certain hill which he named in the vicinity, as it appeared the Gnome king held his court in the gold and silver halls in its interior: the bargain was instantly concluded, the road completed, the fair one yielded, and Kuno was happy."

Our walk from Kronberg to the summit of the Altkönig occupied about an hour. It was somewhat difficult, owing to the numerous abrupt acclivities over which we had to pass; and although the height is far inferior to that of the Brocken, the giant of the Hartz, yet the prospect it commands is more rich, beautiful, and diversified, when compared with the monotonous plains of Hanover; besides, the vapours which almost eternally hover around the lofty summits of the Hartz mountains, interpose an envious veil between the spectator and the landscape: but in this more genial climate the tourist is rarely disappointed. Indeed, no description of mine can do justice to the splendid scene that disclosed itself; for it embraces one of the most fertile and populous districts in Germany, watered by the Rhine, the Maine, the Neckar, and their tributary streams. There were hills, vales, rocks, ruins, towns, villages, and hamlets, intermingled with forests, vineyards, orchards, and corn-fields; the whole encircled on one side by an amphitheatre of mountains, which continued to the Vosges in Alsace,—and the other by the great chain which crosses Westphalia, and unites with the Rhöngebirge, in Franconia. The famous Brunehault, queen of the Franks, appears to

have been fully sensible of the wide extent of country which this mountain commands, for she caused a tower to be erected, that she might see, at one glance, her vast dominions.

After a tiresome march through the mountains, we arrived, just as the night had closed in, on the heights overlooking Wiesbaden, which appeared, with its innumerable lights, like a colossal gem glittering at the bottom of an immense bason. We took up our quarters at the Vierjahrzeiten (Four Seasons), one of the largest hotels in Germany, and no less distinguished for its excellent accommodation than for its moderate charges; and though the subject is not one of sufficient importance to dedicate two or three pages to the description, as a modern authoress has lately done to a similar establishment at Baden, I shall merely tell my readers, that the wines were admirable, not expensive, and the society good.

I found Wiesbaden much improved during an absence of a few years. The want of foliage, then so apparent, has been supplied by judicious plantations; and new buildings have sprung up in every direction, neat and elegant in their architecture; but the splendid Cursaal, supported by fifty-eight marble columns, rivals every other establishment of the kind in Germany. The immense banquetting-hall, capable of dining four hundred persons, is superbly fitted up with marble statues and busts after the antique, many of them well executed. The rooms adjoining, equally well appointed, are principally occupied by private parties. There is also a Café Restaurant, and a room appropriated to

gaming. This abominable vice is, unfortunately, but too prevalent at the baths of Germany. I cannot suppose that the paltry revenue of twelve thousand florins, derived by the government, is a sufficient recompense for its toleration; and if the duke of Nassau were to follow, in this respect, the example of the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia, he would confer a lasting benefit on society.

The pleasure-grounds attached to the Cursaal, for the use of the visitors, are laid out à l'Anglaise, and extend far and wide over the adjoining hills, presenting a charming variety of lawn, lake, rivulet, hill, vale, shrubbery and forest, intersected by capital gravel walks, with seats, temples, &c.

Being Sunday, and the Duke, who is very popular, having signified his intention of honouring the table d'hôte with his presence, the Cursaal was more than usually gay; and the dinner provided for the occasion would not have disgraced the Rocher de Cancale, at Paris. The number of guests amounted to nearly three hundred.

Wiesbaden holds the first rank among the baths of South-western Germany. The waters have been in constant use from time immemorial. Here the voluptuous sons of imperial Rome revelled; to these succeeded the Carlovingian kings; Charlemagne built a palace here, in which he occasionally resided; and Otho the Great, emperor of Germany, passed much of his time here, having made it his principal residence. It contains fourteen springs, some of them rising to a hundred and fifty of Fahrenheit. They are particu-

larly efficacious in gout, rheumatism, palsy, lameness, diseases of the skin, and in allaying the pains which frequently attend old wounds.

Wiesbaden being the capital of the duchy, and the seat of government, is, independently of its baths, a most agreeable séjour. The lovers of mirth may enjoy themselves in the numerous establishments devoted to that divinity: an extensive field is opened to the antiquarian in the different remains of feudal castles in the vicinity, and the fine collection of Roman antiquities in the museum. The studious valetudinarian may not only recover his health at the medicinal springs, but add to his intellectual stores in the ducal library, containing upwards of forty thousand volumes of rare and valuable books, among which the "Visions S. Hildegardis" is considered a perfect gem. The delights, however, of the artist and the lovers of the picturesque, are endless: every hill affords a prospect more or less beautiful; and the quiet, secluded vales seem like so many Edens. In addition to this, the Rhine offers an infinite variety of aquatic excursions; or, if visitors prefer Frankfort, its variety, and luxury, it lies within a morning's drive.

Having paid our respects to the duke, who is one of the most amiable and intellectual princes of Germany, we proceeded to visit the mineral baths Schwalbach and Schlangenbad, only distant from Wiesbaden between two and three leagues. Our route lay through a delightful succession of hill and dale. However, I cannot pass over that part of the road called Hohe-Wurzell, without alluding to the beautiful prospect it

affords, and which can be enjoyed by the traveller even while seated in his carriage. Before us we have the extensive valley of the Rhine, bounded by the mountains of the Black forest: in the foreground of which Mayence majestically rises from the river, with its towers, steeples, and fortifications; and in the distance, the gigantic Mont Tonnerre appears wedded to the clouds. The prospect on this side, to the right, is closed in by the heights on the banks of the Rhine, through which we catch occasional glimpses of the villages of the Rheingau. On the other side, towards the left, we have another bold range of hills, among which the lofty Melibocus is the most prominent, extending in a magnificent curve to Heidelberg. In front of these is the Berg-strasse, and the beautiful valley of the Maine, with the town of Frankfort at its extreme point. And, last of all, we can look down beneath upon Wiesbaden, partially concealed by the surrounding hills.

After descending for about a quarter of an hour, we entered Schwalbach. This pretty rural bath is charmingly situated, in a most agreeable valley, surrounded by the loveliest scenery. The hotels and lodging-houses are as unpretending in their appearance, as the rides and promenades in the vicinity; indeed, the charm of simplicity constitutes Schwalbach's most attractive feature, to those visitors who have just left the fashionable Wiesbaden, and its multiplied fascinations. Its mineral waters are considered by far the strongest chalybeate in this part of Germany; their tonic qualities have produced the most beneficial results

in numerous instances that have passed under my own observation, but as their effects are extremely powerful, they should be used with the greatest caution, and never without the advice of an experienced physician; the neglect of this has been fatal, for in some constitutions they produce apoplexy. However, when used with caution, I know of no mineral waters more likely to strengthen the delicate, and particularly the dyspeptic, in which they are powerfully aided by the invigorating air, and the inducements to take exercise, afforded by the numerous hills, picturesque ruins, and romantic valleys, in the immediate neighbourhood.

Schlangenbad, distant about half an hour's ride, is equally happy in its situation. The waters of these baths, which are perfectly transparent, and of a temperature varying up to twenty-two degrees of Reaumur, hold in solution alum and magnesia, and are celebrated for cutaneous diseases; hence they are in high favour with the ladies as a cosmetic, and also with the children of Israel, who are much subject to this class of diseases. Those who prefer nature in her primeval loveliness, and tranquil retirement, will be highly gratified by a short residence at these two bathing places. If they are partial to assinine exercise, or, in plain English, donkey riding, they will here find numbers of the patient animals always ready for hire, gaily caparisoned. Among the lions of the neighbourhood, the ruins of Hohenstein and Adolphseck, are the most popular; the latter, not only on account of its imposing and picturesque appearance, but for the tradition annexed to it. We are told that the Emperor Adolphus of

Nassau, having been carried to a convent in consequence of a wound he had received in battle, became deeply captivated with the charms of the fair nun who attended him, and she no doubt thinking that the arms of a brave young knight would be a most agreeable exchange for a cloister, eloped, and her royal lover, to screen her from clerical vengeance, built her this castle.

A capital mountain road conducted us to Limburg, on the river Lahn, a town of great antiquity. It was formerly the residence of the Counts Palatine, and Conrad Emperor of Germany lies buried in its venerable cathedral, a splendid monument of the middle ages: but, like many others in Germany, it has been left for posterity to complete. It contains several interesting paintings of the German school. A noble avenue, a league in length, unites this town with Dietz, in the neighbourhood of which we have Oranien-stein, the ancestorial castle of the illustrious house of Orange Nassau, at present the sovereigns of Holland. It is seated on a rock in the centre of the most beautiful scenery, and about three leagues further are the famous springs of Selters.

At Dietz the Lahn becomes navigable to the Rhine, and those who are partial to wild and beautiful scenery may make an agreeable excursion along its banks, passing through the little bath of Fachingen, whose mineral waters, though not generally known, are preferred by many physicians to those of Selters, on account of being more easy of digestion: persons

afflicted with fainting fits and giddiness are represented as deriving great benefit from them: when compared with those of Selters, they contain less muriate of alkali, but more pure potash, iron, and carbonic gas. When mixed with wine and sugar this water forms an agreeable beverage, and thus prepared, is not unfrequently sold by the hotel-keepers on the banks of the Rhine for champagne, and also exported to England and other countries in the same deceitful form: surely, the consumers are much indebted to those who deceive them, for the mixture never causes the head-ache! I could not help smiling, while dining at my hotel, to observe a party of my compatriots dispatching large draughts of this most salubrious champagne, and extolling its flavour, effervescence, and cheapness, when, only a few minutes previous, I had overheard the waiter demand of his master, whether he might serve die Englische Herren with the champagne made in the morning!

The same varied prospects, the same rich country, here and there studded with verdant hills, and vineyards, or enamelled with blooming meadows, washed by the sparkling Lahn, continued to surprise and charm us to Nassau. The picturesque situation of this very old town excited our admiration, but this feeling speedily vanished as we entered its narrow, gloomy streets. The Crown hotel, where we stopped for refreshment, is remarkable for its fine situation on the banks of the Lahn, and for the prospect it commands of the ruins of the castles of Stein and Nassau. The

latter is situated on a bold, imposing mountain, and was, in days of yore, the feudal château of the illustrious family who now wield the sceptre of Nassau.

How many interesting historical reminiscences are there not associated with the name of Nassau!—a name not only famous in the annals of Germany, but in those of England and Holland. This very ancient house trace their descent from Otto von Laurenburg, a famous chieftain, who reigned over this romantic region in the tenth century, whose numerous castles, now in ruins, lend their aid in increasing the picturesque beauty of the country.

The principal riches of the duchy consist in its choice wines and never-failing mineral waters, whose exportation increases the revenue, reduces the taxes, affords employment to the industrious, and, in conjunction with the romantic beauty of the scenery, attracts visitors from every part of Europe, who not only diffuse wealth, but intelligence. In rambling over the country, we are every where reminded that it was at one period the theatre of vast volcanic explosions, and that the subterranean fires still exist. This assumption is founded on the supposition, that during the great eruptions of Etna and Vesuvius, and the earthquakes which have happened in various parts of Europe, the mineral springs have been in a greater or less degree affected. What ample cause, then, have the inhabitants to be thankful! for they have in their vicinity not only a remedy for human suffering, but a channel is opened by which the dreadful enemy escapes that rolls moun-

tains and cities into one confused mass, like the billows of the ocean.

The fashionable bath of Ems is only two leagues distant from the town of Nassau. It contains several springs, varying in heat from twenty-four to thirty-one degrees of Reaumur. The water contains alkali, muriate of alkali, carbonate of lime, carbonic gas, and carbonic acid. They are considered particularly salutary in diseases of the eyes, and pulmonary complaints. Like Wiesbaden, Ems was known to the Romans; but from some cause the springs were little used, till the Congress held there in 1786 again brought them into repute, since which time they have been advancing in popularity, and at the present day, Ems has arrived at the honour of being a pet Spa of the aristocracy. Its situation is very picturesque; but it is disagreeable as a residence, for owing to the close proximity of the hills, and the great heat during summer, visitors are obliged to submit to a compulsory vapour bath. It is also inferior in accommodation for strangers to Wiesbaden. The Curhaus, an enormous pile of building, is only remarkable for its ugliness; however, it produces a handsome revenue to the Duke, who is the proprietor, and offers peculiar advantages to the stranger who makes it his abode, as imposition is impossible, for the amount of the rent is written over the door of each apartment, together with a catalogue of the prices of each article served in the hotel. I was assured that there are beds sufficient to accommodate four hundred persons.

I found Ems much more expensive than Wiesbaden, and the hotel-keepers more prone to impose upon strangers. Like its great rival, it has also a public gaming-table; but it is seldom visited by the more aristocratic among the guests, who, like those of Carlsbad, throw the veil of privacy over their misdeeds in this respect. The environs are very romantic; rocks, ruins, ravines, mountains, and vine-clad hills, rival each other in picturesque beauty. But the great attraction is the lovely valley of the Lahn, along whose banks a well-kept road conducts us to the Rhine at Lahnstein; nevertheless, that carried across the heights of Arzheim is usually preferred, owing to its being much shorter, and also for the splendid prospect it affords over Coblentz, the Rhine, and surrounding country.

It is not my intention to describe the scenery of the Rhine; for every curve of that noble river, and each ruin that adorns its vine-clad hills, must be already familiar to my readers. We shall also bid farewell to Nassau: but those travellers who are partial to beautiful scenery, and a highly interesting country, will be much gratified by a tour through this delightful duchy; however they must leave the monotonous vineyards on the banks of the Rhine, ascend the Taunus mountains, and explore their secluded valleys. Traces of the Roman dominion will be met with in every direction, in the remains of paved roads, mouldering forts, &c.; particularly the grand military line, and palisadoed ditch, called the pfahlgraben, which extends throughout the whole of the Taunus, on to the banks of the Ohm, in the electorate of Hesse

Cassel. In these mountains, more than twenty mineral springs have their source, and every commanding situation is crowned by the ruined castle of one of its ancient lords; nor are the inhabitants less interesting, as they are genuine Germans, who still retain their ancient customs, manners, and dress; these peculiarities are especially displayed by the mountaineers of the Westerwald, in the northern part of Nassau; these children of nature, rough as their own mountains in their exterior, yet exhibit all that good nature, honesty, disposition to oblige, and independent feeling, so characteristic of the German, when found unsophisticated in the mountain village, or lonely valley, differing but little at the present day in their manners from the description given us by Tacitus, in his "Dissertation on the Manners of the Germans." Their language is a peculiar German patois, and their chief support is derived from burning charcoal.

PEASANTS OF THE WESTERWALD.

The traveller, who may be desirous of prolonging his tour for a few weeks longer, will perhaps be still more gratified by a visit to the Brocken, the giant of the Hartz mountains, of which the following sketch may serve as an outline:—

On leaving the mineral bath, Ems, we wind our course for the most part along the beautiful banks of the Lahn, passing through the towns of Limburg, Giessen, and Marburg, and now find ourselves in the Electorate of Hesse-Cassel, a circumstance with which we are made acquainted the moment we pass the frontiers: indeed, every one of the thirty-five sovereigns that rule over Germany appear very solicitous that strangers should be informed of this particular; for we find their armorial ensigns emblazoned over every public office, and in all the towns and villages through which we pass, to say nothing of their colours, which are painted on all the posts that border the sides of the road, and also on every Schlagbaum. This most primitive of all turnpike gates, which we find in every part of Germany, consists of an immense beam placed transversely across the road; to one end of it is attached a huge stone, and to the other an iron chain with a pulley, by means of which it is elevated or lowered at pleasure.

Marburg is a gloomy old town, with narrow streets, and a wretched pavement; the surrounding country is, however, very beautiful, and the ruined castles that crown the heights command delightful prospects: there is also a university, containing a few dozen students, and a fine old Gothic cathedral (the only magnet of

the town), dedicated to Saint Elizabeth, respecting whose sanctity there is a legend too long to repeat: it, however, records that the Saint was not the mother of Saint John the Baptist, but a pious Westphalian, whose shrine was at one time as famous a pilgrimage as that of our Lady, at Loretto. But, in proportion as the preaching of Martin Luther spread light among the people, the fame of the Saint declined; and we now find her shrine deserted, except by a few doting old women. Nevertheless, the deep furrows in the stone in front of her chapel, worn by the devotees who approached it on their knees, show the high rank her sanctity had attained. In addition to the shrine of the Westphalian saint, we find several monuments, interesting from their antiquity, — some finely-painted windows, and carvings in wood by Albert Durer, one of which represents Eve driven out of Paradise, and at the same time most industriously and philosophically spinning from her distaff!

After passing through a delightful country, populous and fertile, with several uninteresting towns and villages, in which the poverty of the inhabitants was most glaringly evident, the dress of the women reminding us of the German broom girls seen in London, we arrive at the capital, Cassel, (described in a former chapter,) and enter almost immediately the kingdom of Hanover. We receive a most favourable impression of the country on reaching the highest part of the road, called the Lutterberg, as it commands an extensive prospect over the most picturesque and fertile district in the whole monarchy, embracing the

town of Münden, with the rich valleys surrounding it, watered by the Weser, the Fulda, and the Werra; and which, being covered with small trading vessels, announce at the same time trade and industry, while neat villages and small towns are plentifully scattered in every direction. Nor are these agreeable features in the landscape confined to the neighbourhood of Münden; for the same varied, pleasant, and well-cultivated country continues to cheer us to Göttingen. The peasantry also appear active and cheerful, and we no where see such marked traces of poverty and slovenliness as those to which we have alluded in the Electorate of Hesse-Cassel; but if we leave the vicinity of the Hartz, we shall soon discover Hanover to be one of the most uninteresting countries in Germany: the population of the north are for the most part poor, the villages few and far between, and the scanty foliage of the stunted pine vainly tries to shade the land it fails to ornament. Indeed, the traveller who is doomed to traverse Hanover's sandy plains, will frequently turn his longing gaze towards the lofty ridge of the picturesque Hartz, which probably at one time formed the boundary of the ocean, the whole of this part of the country being a complete level to the North Sea and the Baltic.

Göttingen is not only the most attractive town in Hanover, but one of the most agreeable and well-built in Germany; the streets are wide and regular, and possess the rare merit in that country of being well-paved: its far-famed university, Georgia Augusta, was founded by George II. on the most liberal footing, and

maintained for nearly a century the soubriquet of the queen of German universities; and certainly none have contributed more to accelerate the progress of knowledge, or have produced a greater number of clever men. The greatest ambition of a German savant was the honour of a professor's chair, and to study at Göttingen was the pride of the youth of Germany.

When I visited Göttingen, in 1833, I found it declining, the number of students then being only eight hundred, having decreased more than one-half in consequence of the wild attempt of the students, led on by a few mad professors, to subvert the existing government. I cannot but think that some blame rests on the rulers of Germany, in the first instance, in attaching so much political importance to the rows of refractory school boys. Would it not be more consonant with their youth and inexperience to punish them with academical correction, instead of incarcerating them as political offenders? With what mingled astonishment and contempt would the English government and people regard their beardless students, if they were to assume the station of political regenerators!

Notwithstanding the university of Göttingen has fallen into disrepute, yet, from the facilities it affords the student, above all its rivals in Germany, in every branch of education, it will probably, ere long, re-assume its proud pre-eminence. The library alone contains upwards of three hundred thousand volumes, valuable alike to the professor and the student; not mere literary curiosities, but books of information: and the

professors have the peculiar advantage of a specific allowance from the government, independent of their salaries, for the purchase of new books—a liberality I am not aware of being accorded to any other German university. In short, every department connected with science is furnished with a munificence and a provident attention to the wants of the student, that reflects the highest honour on the government.

The manners of the inhabitants of Hanover, from the long union of that country with Great Britain, have become, in some degree, Anglicised; this, together with the same armorial ensign as that of his own country, reminds an Englishman, in many respects, of home. Our language and literature are also much cultivated; and certainly the natives cannot complain of injustice in our government, for throughout the whole country the public offices are filled by Hanoverians; nevertheless they anticipate, with pleasure, the day that will separate them from the crown of Great Britain, not from any dislike to the English, or the government, but from a feeling that it will be the means of saving them from becoming the first victim of any rupture that we may have with a continental power.

The vicinity of Göttingen to the Hartz mountains, renders this university very desirable for those students who may be desirous of cultivating an acquaintance with botany, mineralogy, &c.; while the traveller, who is disposed to ascend the Brocken, will be certain of meeting with society in the students, who daily make parties to explore its wonders during September, that

being the only month in the year when the fogs and storms of this northern clime will allow an uninterrupted view. It is not advisable to attempt ascending the Brocken without a guide, as these mountains abound with dangerous marshes. The route usually taken is through Osterode, Clausthal, and Schierke; from the latter the tourist must depend upon his own exertions as a pedestrian: there is, however, a much more convenient, though longer road, from Neustadt and Wernigerode: from thence he may ascend for a few crowns with the assistance of a mule; and should he be detained on the summit, or is desirous of enjoying the beautiful spectacle of sunrise, he will find a good mountain inn at Heinrich's-höhe, for which we have to thank the Graf Stollberg Wernigerode. The landlord resides there throughout the year; the prices, by no means extravagant, are regulated by the police; and the tourist who has once enjoyed the luxuries of Hartz mutton, trout, game, &c. will not easily forget them.

Although the height of the Hartz giant, the Brocken, is only three thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea, yet being isolated from its diminutive brethren, and no other mountains of equal altitude intervening to obstruct the view, we have consequently a more extensive prospect than from one of much greater height in the Tyrol, or Switzerland; but those persons who tell us that the Baltic, the German Ocean, and the Vosges mountains, are visible, we may be assured are most imaginative tourists. How-

ever, Magdeburg, with the Elbe, Erfurt, Gotha, and Wilhelmshöhe, at Cassel, may be distinctly seen, together with the towns of Brunswick and Wolfenbüttel. The surrounding country is also exceedingly interesting, as it affords numerous excursions, and at the same time a fund of amusement to the imaginative tourist; for he is now in the region of enchantment, and every hill, glen, and wood, has been the theatre of some supernatural legend.

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